

The

NEW MOVIE

MAGAZINE

A TOWER
MAGAZINE



Hend Barclay

AUGUST
1932
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SIDNEY FOX

Rebel of the Films By JIM TULLY
If I Were a Picture Producer By PETER B. KYNE
Hollywood's Greatest Friendship By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHN

SEPTEMBER

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Wears \$10 shoes
Ignores her tender gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

CAN'T BLAME HER for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people always have considered and always *will* consider a *face* more important than a *foot*:

If she doesn't do something to get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to *smile*!

Think this over: gums need stimulation—they need work. But the foods of this day and age allow them

to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. (Sometimes even to the dread but far less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can threaten the *soundness* of your teeth.

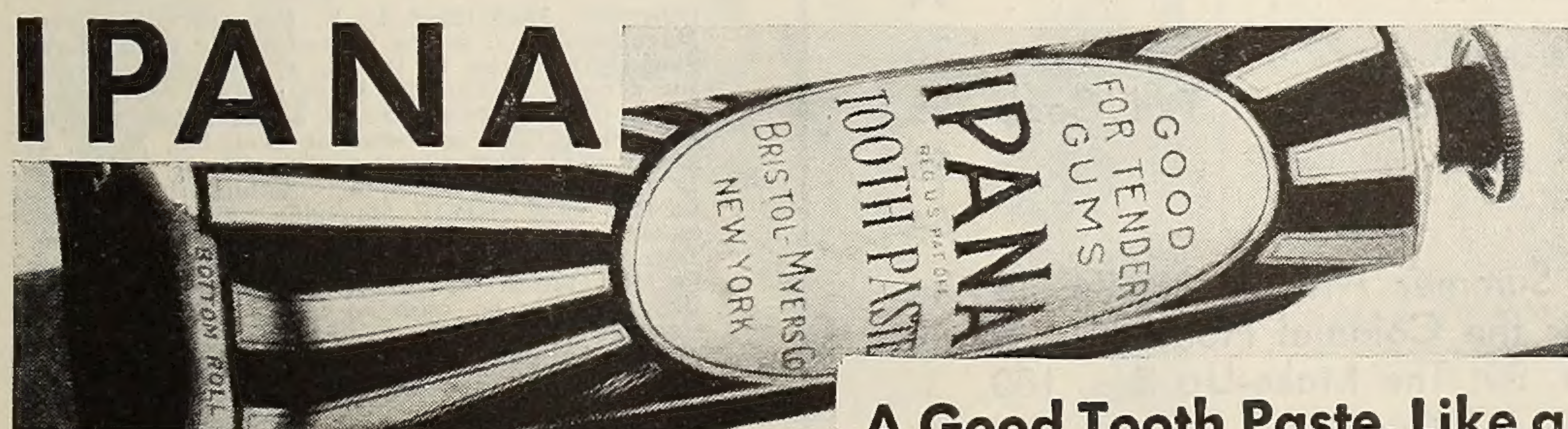
Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. (Ipana is first of all a splendid mod-

ern tooth paste, and cleans the teeth thoroughly and brightens them.)

Each time you clean your teeth, put a little *extra* Ipana on your brush and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. For there's ziratol in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in bringing the gums back to healthy hardness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." You'll be through with it. And your smile will still be attractive *years* from now!

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Beginning next month—Will Hays' Own Story of his ten years in movies, told for the first time, to his friend Will Irwin, noted author. The most startling chapters of inside Hollywood history ever given to the public.



The New Movie

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

VERNE PORTER, Executive Editor

VOL. VI. No. 2

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McCLELLAND BARCLAY

AUGUST, 1932

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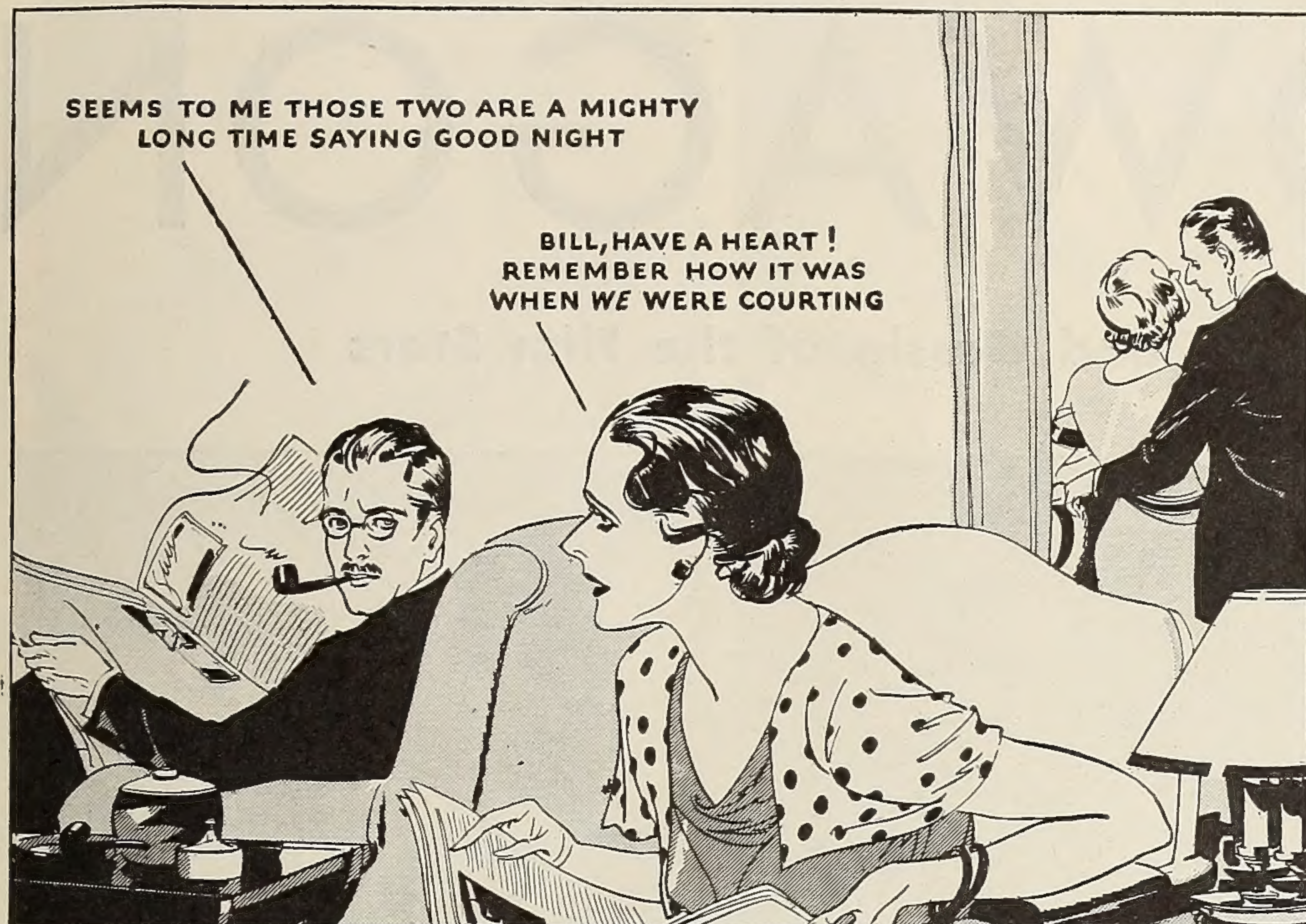
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A HELPING HAND FOR CUPID. . by ALBERT DORNE



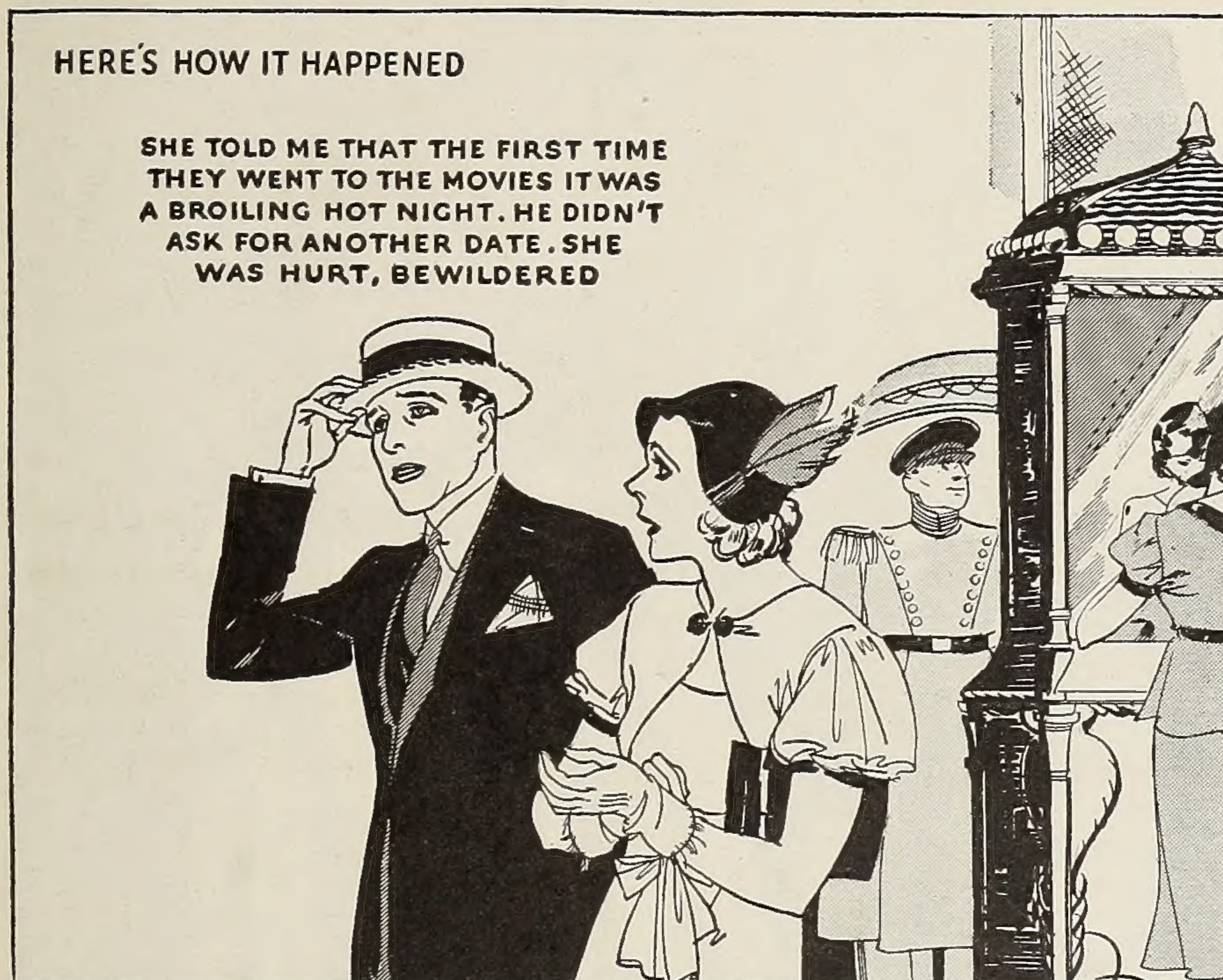
SEEMS TO ME THOSE TWO ARE A MIGHTY LONG TIME SAYING GOOD NIGHT

BILL, HAVE A HEART! REMEMBER HOW IT WAS WHEN WE WERE COURTING



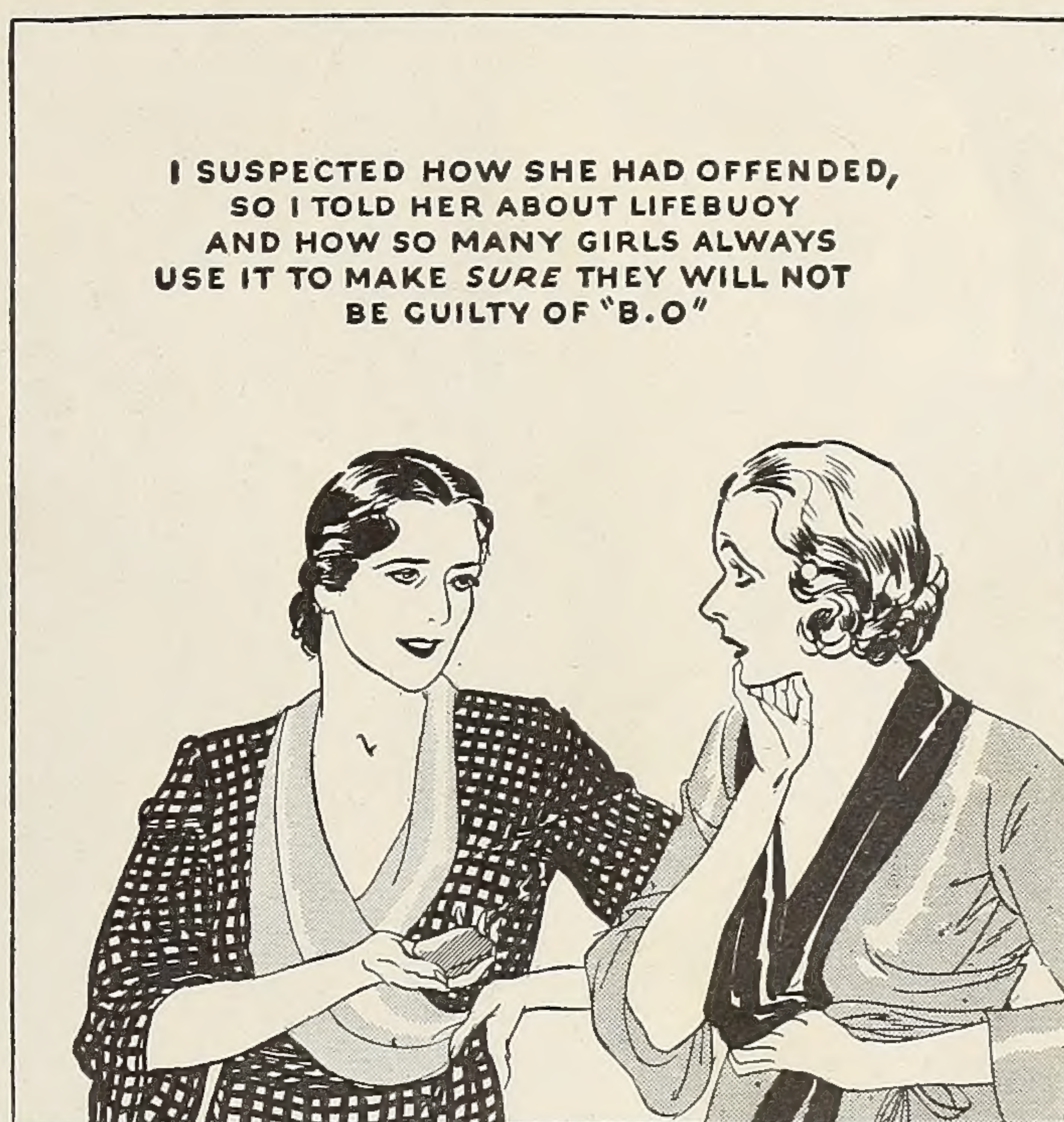
YOU KNOW, I TAKE SOME OF THE CREDIT FOR YOUR SISTER'S ENGAGEMENT

OH, YOU PLAYED MATCHMAKER, DID YOU?

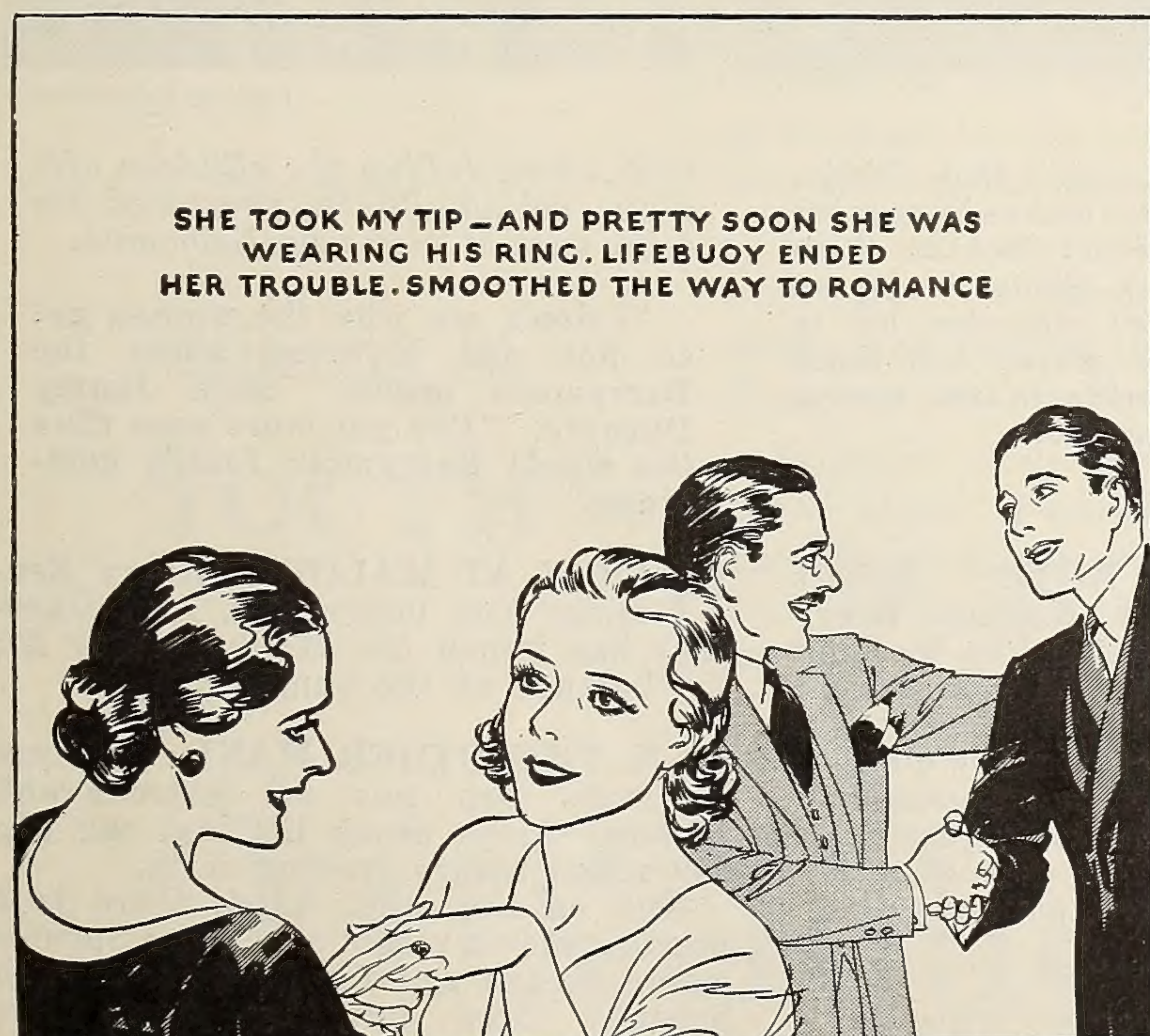


HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED

SHE TOLD ME THAT THE FIRST TIME THEY WENT TO THE MOVIES IT WAS A BROILING HOT NIGHT. HE DIDN'T ASK FOR ANOTHER DATE. SHE WAS HURT, BEWILDERED



I SUSPECTED HOW SHE HAD OFFENDED, SO I TOLD HER ABOUT LIFEBOUY AND HOW SO MANY GIRLS ALWAYS USE IT TO MAKE SURE THEY WILL NOT BE GUILTY OF "B.O."



SHE TOOK MY TIP—AND PRETTY SOON SHE WAS WEARING HIS RING. LIFEBOUY ENDED HER TROUBLE. SMOOTHED THE WAY TO ROMANCE

"B.O." weather now—beware!

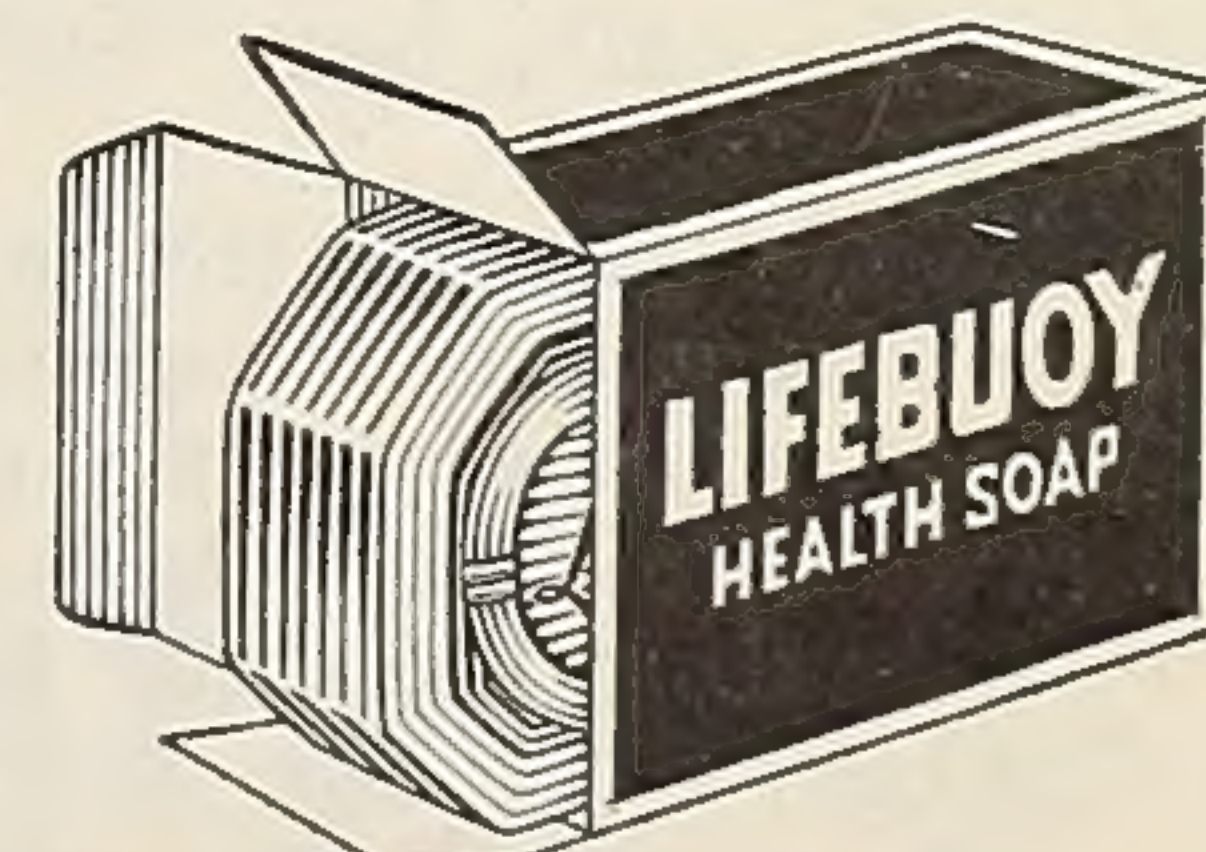
(body odor)

WE CAN'T help perspiring freely these sweltering hot days. But we *can* prevent "B.O." (body odor) from offending! Just bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, cooling lather washes away heat and stickiness—every trace of odor, too. *Purifies* pores—gets germs off hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you better than words why Lifebuoy *protects*.

Complexions that charm

Every night, cleanse the face thoroughly with Lifebuoy. Its pure, bland lather is kind to the skin—makes it glow with the healthy, *natural* loveliness everyone admires. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



HOLLYWOOD BANDWAGON

All the Latest News and Gossip of the Film Stars



Photo by Culver Service

SALLY AND THE BABY: One sad thing about the marital difficulties of Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers is the genuine affection that has sprung up between Sally and Hoot's little girl, Lois.

By an arrangement between Hoot and his former wife, Helen, he has full custody of the child, and during the months that have elapsed Lois and Sally have become great chums.

CECILIA'S NICE, TOO: Matters between George O'Brien and Cecilia Parker have progressed to the point where he calls her "Sooky."

Eddie Kane, the actor, saw an item in a trade paper that he and Eddie Cantor were partners in a vaudeville act fifteen years ago.

Clipping it out, he sent it to Cantor with the following query: "Now aren't you sorry you didn't stick to me?"

Word comes from "Lunnon" that Gloria, Michael Farmer (the new husband) and the new baby are soon to set foot on these shores again—and that Gloria is to try another picture. Do you remember her in the old days when she played with Mack Swain and Chester Conklin in the famous Sennett comedies?

DOTTED LINE NOTE: Robert Montgomery and Wallace Beery have signed on the dotted line for long terms at MGM. Who said depression?

Sidney Fox's car backed off a hillside, turned a complete somersault and landed in a tree forty feet below. Sidney didn't even suffer a scratch. . . . You're wrong! She was in the car.

Following the recent argument between Buster Keaton and his

wife about taking the children airplane riding, Buster presented his wife with a nice new limousine.

"I don't see why the women get so hot and bothered about the Barrymore profile," says Jimmy Durante. "I've got more nose than the whole Barrymore family combined."

HARRY AT MALIBU: Harry Bannister (no longer Mr. Ann Harding) has joined the Malibu colony for the balance of the summer.

ON THE OTHER HAND: Picture stars are not all extravagant. Richard Arlen drove his last car 87,000 miles before trading it in.

And on the other hand, there is a popular movie resort near Palm Springs where steaks sell for \$5 apiece, being brought there daily by plane from Chicago.

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray New York



"I'M

"I'M

"I'M OVER

20"

30"

40"

Jean Harlow

Viola Dana

Alla Nazimova

Screen stars

keep the
charm of
YOUTH

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to *keep* youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for

so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is a marvel, that soap. For years I've used it."

*9 out of 10 Screen
Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so *white* that no other soap can rival it!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

Joan Crawford, the girl who sets the styles Joan, and sun tan
Joan and Doug, Jr., at home and abroad



Photo by Culver Service

At last, George M. Cohan has succumbed to the talkies, and will act in—and possibly direct—them. And here's the same George M., with his father and mother and sister, Josephine, years ago when they were known as "The Four Cohans."



Photo by Wide World

Anna May Wong, breaking ground for the Chicago World's Fair replica of the Golden Pavilion of Jehol, finest example of Chinese Lama architecture.

JOAN SETS THE STYLE: Joan Crawford started all sorts of things in the spring. She came out with bangs with such startling success that barbers were kept busy all summer cutting Joan Crawford bangs. Everything Joan does she manages to make interesting.

She is the ideal of young America. You will hear collegiate America say, "You can have your Greta Garbos but we'll take our Joan!" She represents the dramatic and romantic spirit of the times. She is probably MGM's best box-office draw, not excluding Clark Gable, the Garbo, Beery and the beloved Marie Dressler.

JOAN swung popular favor toward deep 'sun tan' again this year. Hollywood is decidedly on the fence as to whether to keep just a healthy brown or lean toward last year's negro blend again.

Joan, looking like a native South Sea island belle when she went into "Rain," decided the popular trend instantly. She was such a rich chocolate brown that her Hollywood girl friends and competitors could stand it no longer . . . so sun tan was immediately acquired in its deepest shades.

WITH all these rumors of domestic trouble for film couples it's nice to see Joan Crawford attending previews of Doug, Jr.'s newest picture.



COUNT THE HITS



Number 1

"CAUGHT SHORT"



Number 2

"REDUCING"



Number 3

"POLITICS"

AND NOW *those furiously funny females*

Marie **DRESSLER**

Polly **MORAN**

in (what this country needs)

Just around the corner, at your favorite movie theatre, the laugh riot of the year! Instead of moping around the house worrying about the Depression—see Marie and Polly tackle the money problem in the funniest picture they've ever made. All the world's been waiting for PROSPERITY. Here it is!

PROSPERITY
A
METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER
SCREAMIE!
with
Anita Page
Wallace Ford
Directed by **Leo McCarey**



What the Well-Dressed Parisian will wear!—as exhibited by Robert Young, of M-G-M, following the dictates of the French Master Tailors' Federation. Note that he wears a white summer jacket with the regulation black tuxedo trousers.

(Right) Polly Moran and her son, John Michael Moran, with their new car, between scenes on location during the filming of "Prosperity," in which she and Marie Dressler team up in hilarious combination.

(Below) Dainty June Clyde gets a rest, if only a brief one, at last. She has appeared in four pictures in three months, her last being "Back Street." She is a starlet from whom great things are expected.



Photo by Ray Jones

Marlene Dietrich and perfume Marlene and her daughter Marlene as a movie fan Marlene as one of Hollywood's best-dressed women.

ABOUT MARLENE: While we are on the subject of Marlene Dietrich—now that we are—it is surprising to learn that Marlene Dietrich never uses perfume. She prefers the light, wafting scent of toilette waters. She keeps these waters in enormous atomizers at the studio and at home. She sprays the scent on her hands and hair only.

ONE reason why most of the Paramount players want to be cast in Miss Dietrich's next picture, "Blonde Venus," has been unearthed. It seems that on every picture Miss Dietrich makes it a point to bring a plate of some delectable food almost every day to the members of the cast. She is very proud of her cook and the unusual continental dishes she can concoct.

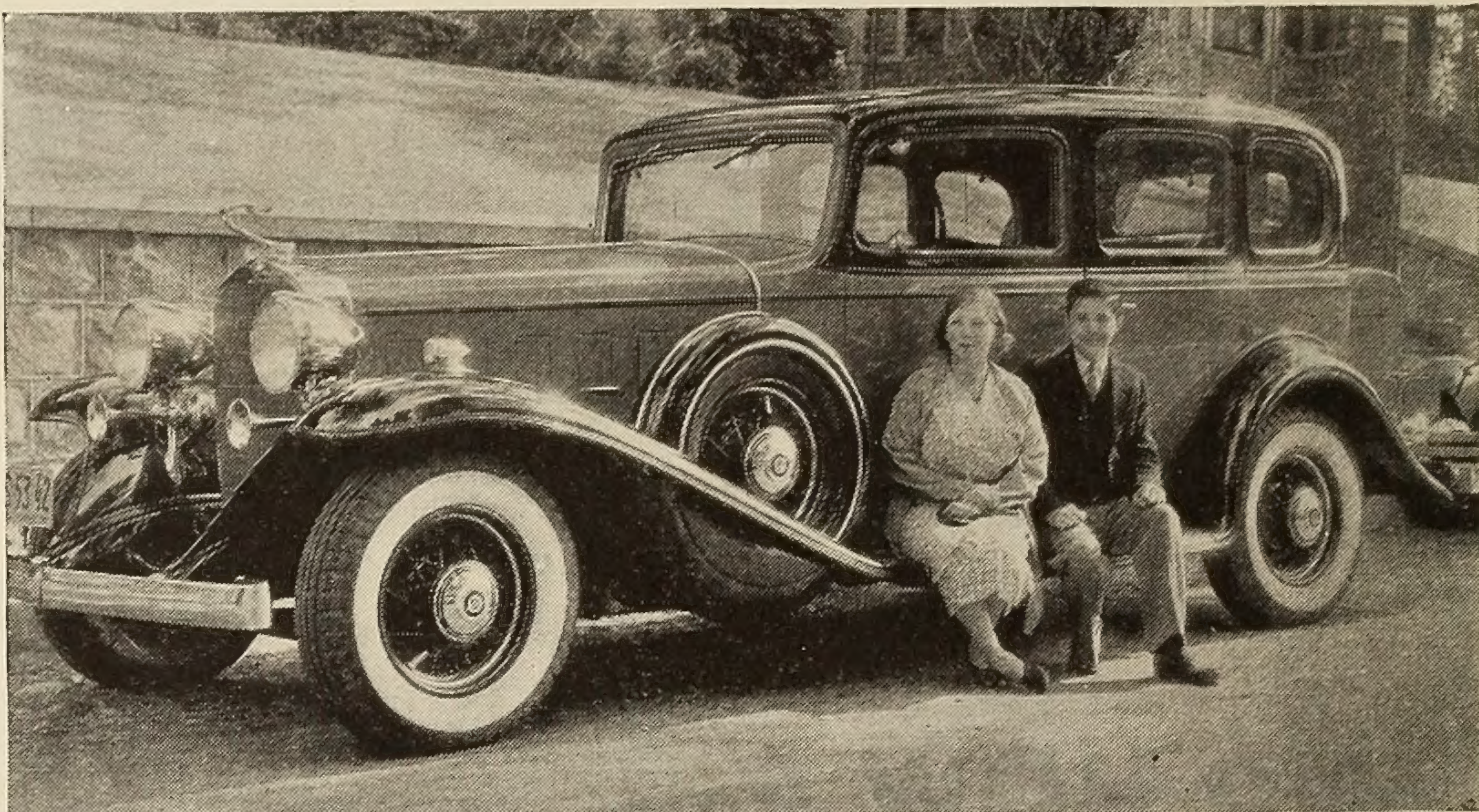


Creighton Chaney, son of Lon, is taking up horseback riding, and the Paul Whiteman diet. He's a big fellow, anyway—and keeps getting bigger.

Photo by Gaston Longet

ALMOST any night during the week, the neighborhood theater in Beverly Hills is visited by Marlene and her daughter. Both Marlene and Maria are "movie" fans and never miss any of the big pictures. They usually arrive for an early show, and the audiences are quite used now to the nightly visit of this famous pair.

BUT Marlene's easily recognized Rolls, in green and beige, has changed its color scheme. It is now a smart dull gray. Just another sign of spring in Hollywood.



AND, while we are talking about her, Marlene has developed into one of the film colony's best-dressed women this season. Her collection of spring clothes displays a remarkable understanding of style, color and line. Among the most startling of her costumes is one tailored suit comprising a lipstick-red jacket and dark-brown skirt. The pert hat that accompanies it is brown straw with one impudent red pompon and one brown in the front.

Another ravishing outfit is of dark green and bright yellow, and as for those people who say that a blonde should never wear yellow, we advise just one glimpse of Marlene in this costume.

BEBE DANIELS' lovely early American beach cottage at Santa Monica has been rented for the year by Marlene. Maria, her daughter, is a budding athlete, and she likes her dip in the ocean every day, no matter what the weather may be.

THAT famous trio in white now takes on a fourth. There's Marlene, her husband, von Sternberg, and the little girl, seen places together, all garbed in white with berets to match.

"The OLD DARK HOUSE"



WEIRD!

Travelers on a mountain road overtaken by a thunder-storm and torrential rain, seek shelter in a mysterious old mansion. It is full of queer characters and uncanny happenings. A remarkable picture with a remarkable cast.

BORIS KARLOFF
MELVYN DOUGLAS
CHARLES LAUGHTON
GLORIA STUART
LILLIAN BOND and others

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

From the novel by J. B. Priestley

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA

Carl Laemmle
President

730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER

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NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

Is Janet Gaynor still popular? Charlie Farrell and his chauffeur Janet in the "Also Muffed" Club Charlie and Virginia

Joan Marsh loves horseback riding, and gets into the saddle at every idle moment. Her latest picture is "Fancy Free," with Adolphe Menjou.



(Right) For the stars don't work all the time; sometimes they play. Here are Harriet Hagman, who was snapped up for pictures from Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and Rochelle Hudson—and don't fail to read about her in Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary next month—doing a tandem on stilts, "pogo style," at Santa Monica.



Photo by Wide World

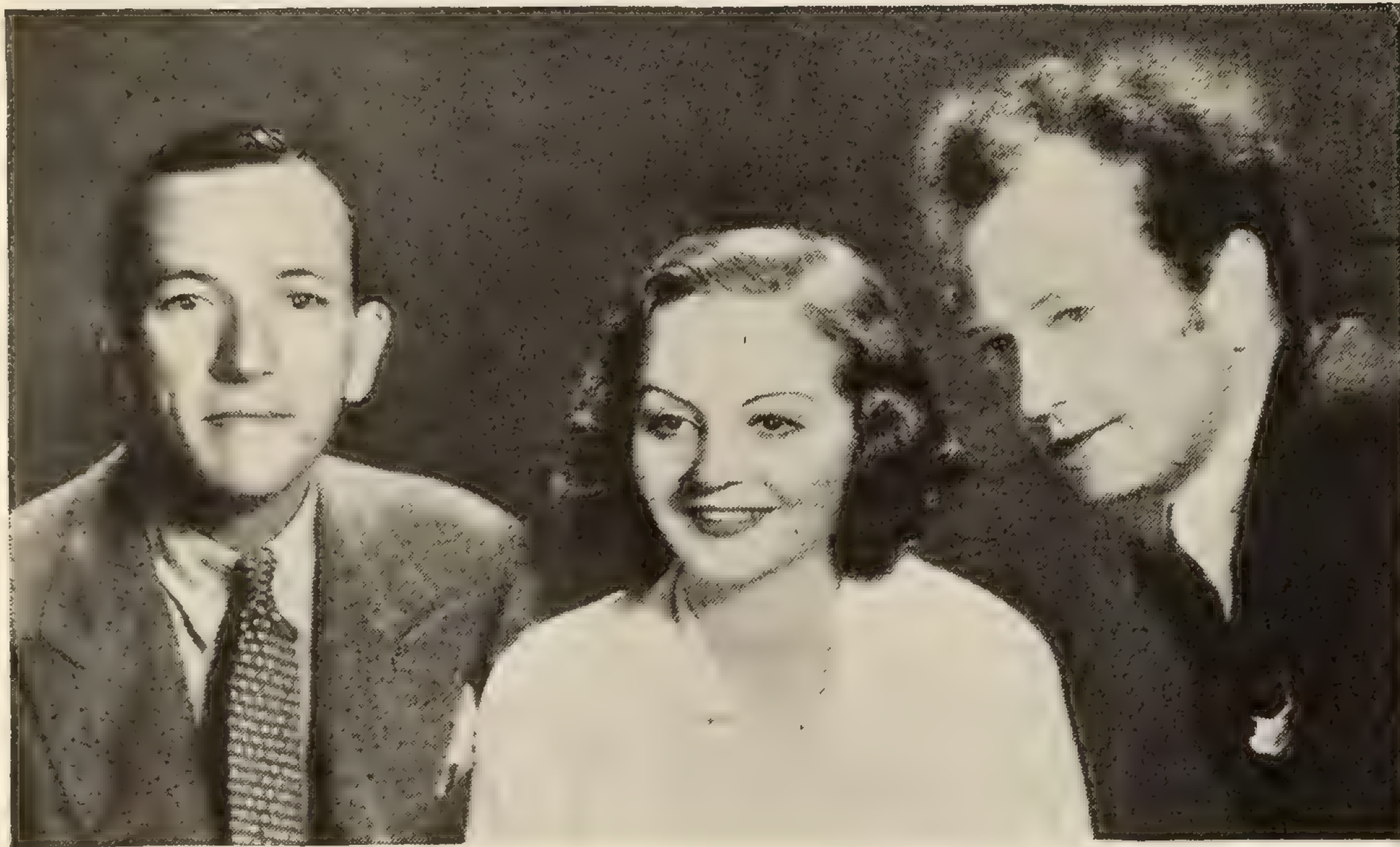


Photo by Wide World

When Noel Coward, English playwright and stage star, visited Hollywood, he was the guest of Tallulah Bankhead. Here you see them with Richard Wallace, who is directing Miss Bankhead.

AND IS JANET POPULAR? Janet Gaynor still popular with the public? Well, we guess! The very next day after a popular writer had announced over the radio that she had returned from Europe and had her hair cut in an entirely different manner, he received over 700 letters begging him to describe the exact sort of hair cut she had had, and how she was having it waved, and how becoming it was to her, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*—according to his report.

Janet had no intention of keeping a different hair cut or dress for her pic-

ture, but she knew she had time before she started another picture to take liberties with it—so she did!

CHARLIE FARRELL is driving behind his very own chauffeur for the first time in his life these days! Believe it or not, Charlie has never had a chauffeur in his life before!

He bought such a beautiful new Packard that he didn't have the nerve to drive it around all the time himself. "It probably would feel slighted or hurt," grins Farrell. "Maybe it's because I'm getting old or something,

but I surely enjoy, after a long day at the studio, sitting in the back seat and taking it easy!"

Then, too, of course, he and Virginia are still apparently very much in love—and almost *any* one will tell you it's tough to drive a great big special chassis Packard with one hand! Also, it's rather hard to arrive at a swanky affair with immaculate evening clothes after sitting behind a wheel all the way over. . . . Oh, there are just lots of reasons why Charlie has bought himself a chauffeur. Perhaps it's the unemployment situation! Who knows?

SPEAKING of Janet again, she belongs to the "Also Muffed" club ever since "The First Year"!

You see, she had bets, along with several other players and Bill Howard, the director, that she would not muffle a single line during her scenes. . . . But one sad, sad day, her throat was dry, and the lights were hot, and—well, any alibi will do, the result is the same—Janet muffed a line!

She was almost ready to weep at first, but took it all in good spirit and went around shaking every one's hand who had bet for and against her and hoped for better luck next time!

She felt particularly bad because Bill Howard, her director, had started the "Also Muffed" club when he directed Joan Bennett in "The Trial of Vivienne Ware," and she set the record of never missing or muffling a single line! Janet wanted to show him she, too, could not make him retake a single scene. It did not comfort her any to know that every other player on the lot was a member of the same club.

(Please turn to page 16)



Photo by Don English

Here are two new-found beauties you'll want to watch—Sari Maritza and Adrienne Ames, Paramount starlets. Before the year is out, the studio will have decided whether either—or both—is star calibre. Read about Sari in Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary in this issue of New Movie.

Our Hollywood



From Fargo, North Dakota, comes Virginia Bruce; is 21, was discovered by Director William Beaudine, played a small part in Chevalier's "The Love Parade," and now holds an M-G-M contract—and John Gilbert's attention, both in "Downstairs," his new picture, and socially. She's a blue-eyed blonde, loves playing tennis, wanted to be either a nurse or an artist, plays the piano and reads the classics. And did you see her in "The Wet Parade"?



Today's starlets will be tomorrow's stars. Which of these movie newcomers do you pick for fame?



William Gargan, Broadway stage comedian from "The Animal Kingdom," signed by RKO, lent to United Artists to play the male lead opposite Joan Crawford in "Rain." Then he goes back to his old part—but this time, in the film—in "The Animal Kingdom." He has appeared in a number of New York stage productions.

This is Sheila Terry, twenty-one, blonde, blue-eyed, five feet five inches, 115 pounds, born in War Road, Minnesota. You saw her in "Week-end Marriage," "Big City Blues," "The Crooner"—and she's a Warner-First National starlet. Studied dramatics in Toronto and New York, isn't married . . . and if she couldn't be an actress or a writer, would like to be—hold your breath!—a hotel manager. Plays golf, tennis, bridge, and is a checker champion. Anything else you want to know?

KINDERGARTEN

You'll hear more about Paulette Goddard, Hal Roach baby star. Incidentally, she's a naturally wavy platinum blonde, blue eyes, five feet four inches, weighs 110 pounds, was born in Great Neck, Long Island, and her first film is "Pack Up Your Troubles." A Hal Roach scout discovered her bathing—on the beach—at Malibu.



How about Helen Mack? Did you know that: She's nineteen, five feet four and a half inches, 105 pounds, brown eyes and auburn hair, is a farmer's daughter from Rock Island, Ill., began in dramatic school in New York when she was ten years old, played in a number of stage plays, some silent pictures, was more recently in "The Silent Witness" and "While Paris Sleeps," and is a Fox find? Doesn't smoke, isn't married, favorite color is green, wears no jewelry, and is easily frightened.

Anna Sten, blonde, twenty-three-year-old Russian peasant girl, made her world hit with Emil Jannings in "Tempest." She has been signed by United Artists. Her mother Swedish, her father Russian, she has blue-gray eyes, silky yellow hair, low, vibrant voice, she speaks Russian, German, French and English. Will she be another Garbo or Dietrich or Negri?



Joan Bennett and Gene Markey How she established a studio record Their new home at Malibu Joan as the most conscientious worker on the lot



Jean Harlow and Jack Conway, her director, greet the president of the Motion Picture Theater Owners, M. A. Lightman, on "The Redheaded Woman" set.

Photo by Hurrell

Helene Barclay, under contract at M-G-M, and her talented husband, McClelland Barclay, at his Hollywood studio, where he is making covers for New Movie Magazine.

Photo by Hurrell

JOAN SETS A RECORD: Bets have been running between players and directors on the Fox lot ever since the completion of "The Trial of Vivienne Ware."

Joan Bennett set a record which others have found it almost impossible to duplicate. She went through the entire making of "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" without miffing a line! Bill



Are you just as crazy about Clark Gable as ever—with his new moustache? He wears it when he plays the older part in "Strange Interlude" with Norma Shearer.

Photo by Hurrell

Howard, the director, did not have to retake one scene in which Joan appeared because she blew up in a line!

Every player on the lot now starts a picture with bets on his or her ability to duplicate Joan's amazing record.

No one, unless he lives in Hollywood, or has watched moving pictures being taken since the players have had lines to speak, knows what a record of accomplishment, self-control, and concentration Joan has set!

THE new owners have added two new rooms onto the house and have also decorated it with the soft blue Joan loves.

Constance and the Marquis have their Malibu house with green predominant. Both houses are full of charm and good taste. Constance's is a bit more formal and conventional than the simple hospitable, informal warmth of sister Joan's.



Joan Bennett poses for a portrait by the well-known illustrator, Henry Clive. On the left are Ben Lyon, her leading man, and Alan Crosland, her director in "Week Ends Only."

Garbo's sense of humor Garbo's love for her mother Garbo nervous and relaxed Garbo, the sun bather



And can this be no other than our Ambassador Bill Rogers, actor, author and speaker, working right on the set? He is playing in "Down to Earth."

GARBO IN JOKING MOOD: Greta Garbo likes fun. One noon Bob Montgomery passed the waiter carrying Garbo's tray to her dressing-room. Bob picked a withered, brown fern leaf from a shrub beside the sidewalk, laid it across the tray and said, "Please give this to Miss Garbo with my compliments." A few minutes later Alma, Garbo's maid, appeared at Bob's dressing-room door. "Miss Garbo sends this to you with her compliments," she said, and gave Bob a tiny chocolate dog, carefully wrapped in tin-foil, its neck ornamented by a huge satin bow of bright pink.

Greta speaks German, French and Swedish fluently, and her English is grammatically perfect.

SHE keeps up a lengthy and faithful correspondence with her family in Sweden, writing long letters several times a week to her mother, who has never visited this country.

CONTRARY to popular belief, she does not live entirely to herself. She does not mix in the social affairs of Hollywood, but she has a close and intimate group of friends, many of them members of the foreign colony. At

their homes she is a frequent guest, and they are often invited to her home. Garbo's informal suppers are delightful.

GARBO'S maid, Alma, has been with her during her entire motion picture career. "Mata Hari" was the only picture which Alma missed, and during the making of that picture she was in the hospital. She was lost without Alma, who has learned to anticipate Greta's every wish.

GARBO loves the sun. It is almost a phobia with her, this desire to be in the warm rays of the California sunlight. If there is a long wait between scenes, she sits in a chair outside the stage door or walks up and down one of the studio streets in the sunshine. When the company goes on location, she spreads a rug on the ground and lies there while waiting to be called for work.

WHEN she is working in a picture, Garbo is nervously tense. She eats dinner either in bed or at a small table by her fireside, studies her speeches for the next day's scenes and goes to bed at nine o'clock. Garbo has never been known to be late on the set or not to know her lines.



Photo by Fred Hendrickson

Laurence Olivier lingers on the set during idle moments in the filming of "Westward Passage," Ann Harding's new picture. You're to hear much more of this young Englishman who, in less than a year, has definitely established himself in the films.

Bits of the latest gossip, on the stages and off . . . a fascinating chronicle of everything that's happening in Hollywood

CHARLIE KEEPS HIS TONGUE: Whether or not Charlie Chaplin is stubborn we can't figure out. He is now considering appearing as a deaf and dumb clown in his next, "The Jester." The rest of the cast will all talk.

Clark Gable makes his debut as a star in "China Seas."

Here's proof that talent is never recognized at home.

Irving Pichel's wife took their two sons to a play to see their father act. A minute after he appeared, one boy suggested: "We've seen father. May we go now?"

THE STORK: The stork is giving George Lewis and his wife that dizzy eye of his. . . . Hollywood has kept the old bird rather busy lately.

HONOLULU FOR REST: Mae Clarke has decided that Honolulu is the only place to convalesce from that recent illness.

COMEDY TEAM BREAKS UP: The completion of "Hold 'Em, Jail" marks the dissolution of the three-year-old team of Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Wheeler went into a ten weeks' vaudeville tour with Dorothy Lee, while Woolsey went to Mexico City to sign a bullfight act to be used in a musical comedy he and Tim Wheelan plan to produce on Broadway this fall. Woolsey will make a trip to the Far East before beginning preparations for the play.

One can't help but admire Billie Dove for not changing the color of her very beautiful grey hair.



International News Photo

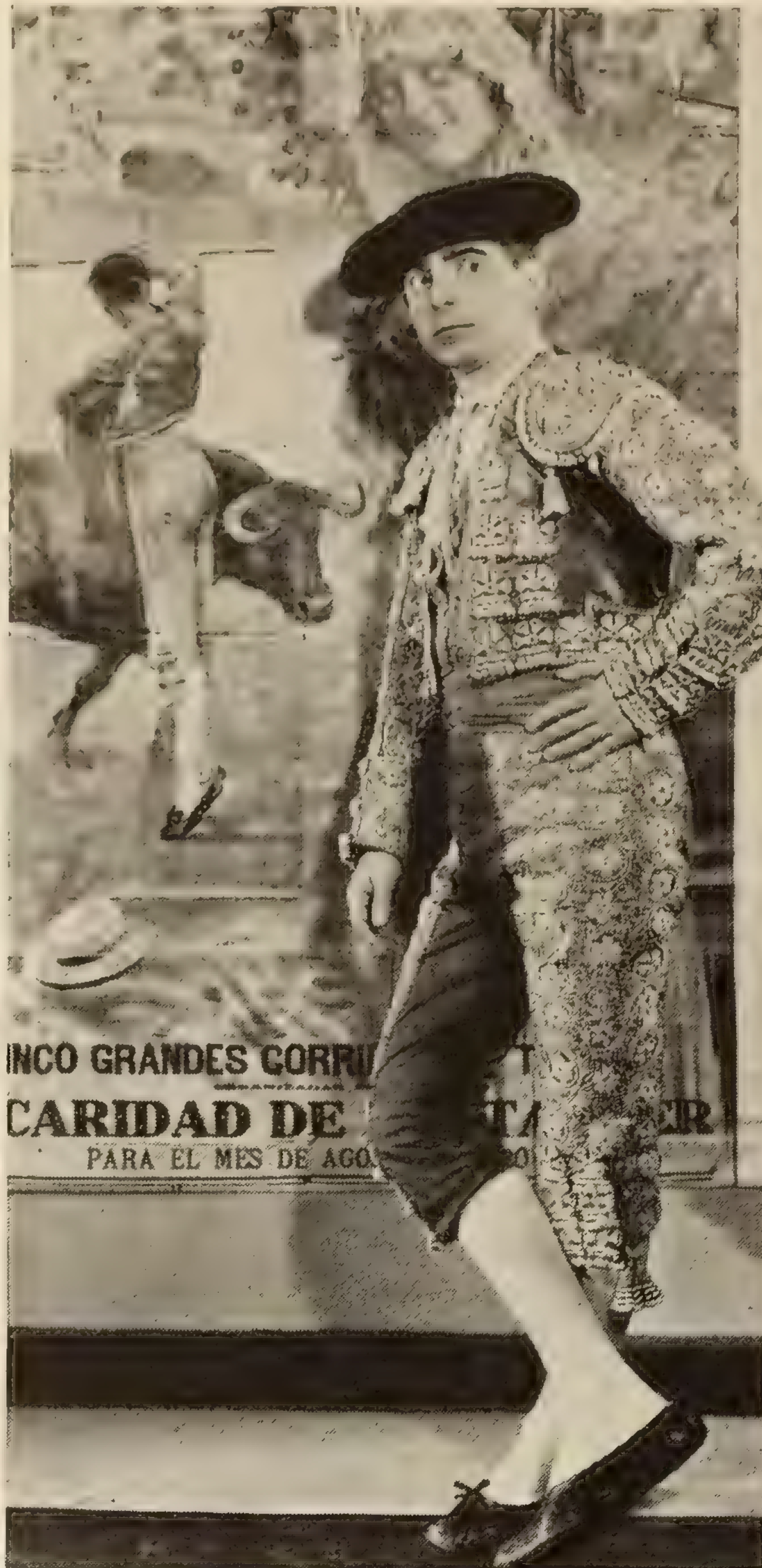


Photo by Charles E. Bulloch

LORETTA AT HOME: Loretta Young has just built herself a new home. The rooms are large and the closets roomy. They have to be, to hold the wardrobe of an actress. There is a lovely solarium where she and her sisters, Sally and Polly Ann, indulge in sun-baths. It's quite some place—and she sketched her own plans.

Those turtle-necked Clark Gable sweaters have taken Hollywood by storm. Some one hazarded the guess that they had become so popular around the studios because they hide the hinges in the necks of the "yes-men."

BANCROFT AT LIBERTY: George Bancroft is making his last picture for Paramount on his present contract. He hasn't decided what he expects to do, but says he has plenty of offers from both Hollywood and England.

HELEN AWAITING EVENT: Helen Twelvetrees has gone to the summer home of her mother and father in the Maine woods to await the happy event. She is as excited and thrilled about her new rôle of motherhood as any event of her life. "I always wanted to play that rôle in real life," Helen smiled, "and now that I have really been assigned the part I'm half frightened and wholly delighted."

BOB SCORNS MALIBU: No Malibu for Bob Armstrong! He has bought a house at Laguna Beach, quite in the opposite direction. "They have too much fun. . . . There's too much doing at Malibu," says Bob. "I'm so afraid I'll miss something that I can't ever rest! So it's the wild sea waves and quiet I'm seeking—and I think I've found it."

Laguna is quite an artists' colony. Maybe Bob's taking up art—or something.

DIX ON HONEYMOON: For the first time since Richard Dix has had the clause in his contract which permits him a six weeks' rest between pictures, he exercised that right and went to Honolulu on a much belated honeymoon. "Honolulu is a paradise for honeymooners!" says Dix. "I should think it would be an ideal spot for married folks who had forgotten their first honeymoon—to start over, too," he grinned.

JOEL IN A TENT: Joel McCrea, the romantic cynic, has gone back to nature or is pulling a Garbo—or something. At any rate he is living in a tent in bachelor glory all his own.

He has picked himself a spot on the beach, lonely and uninhabited, pitched his tent and is cooking his own meals over a wood fire. Every evening after his strenuous day at the studio, he drives to his tent.

It won't be long now before Joel will—like the Arabs—pick up his tent and silently steal away.

(Please turn to page 119)

Ol' Don Eddie Cantor, the Toreador—all fixed up for his musical comedy picture, "The Kid from Spain," which Samuel Goldwyn is producing. Lyda Roberti, a large number of Andalusian beauties and a large flock of cattle support Eddie—in the picture.

When a fad sweeps over Hollywood, it's a fad! Ice-skating is the latest, and its devotees have transformed Hollywood into another St. Moritz. Here are five of its most ardent exponents: Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Constance Talmadge, Mrs. William Taylor, Seena Owen, and Sally Eilers.



Do you remember that highly successful stage play, "The First Year," that ran to startling box-office records? Well, anyway, that's the new vehicle for winsome Janet Gaynor—and, of course, Charles Farrell. And after that they are to make two more romantic pictures—always romance for these two.

WHAT I WOULD DO — IF I Were A

PETER B. KYNE, one of America's most famous authors, gives the writer's view on how pictures could be improved

IF I were a producer I would approach the production exactly as I approach the production of a short story, the which is the most absurdly simple method of approach known to man. I would first make very certain I had a story to tell and then I would proceed to tell it.

Nowadays there is no more basic difference between telling a story in print and telling it through the medium of photographs and spoken lines. Merely different methods to achieve the same result.

Now, of course, I know very well that this is exactly what the motion picture producers try to do. But they do not succeed more than ten per cent of the time, and for a very simple reason: They do not employ professional story-tellers to tell the story, to prepare it for telling in the new medium we call the talkie.

Instead, they bewitch themselves into believing that because the talkie picture is a different medium the story must be told differently. And, alas, it generally

is—so differently that when at last it is told he is a wise author who knows his own brainchild.

I am one of those unfortunate wretches who's wife makes him accompany her to the movies. I yield because I do not wish to be convicted of being a dog all the time, but I go with my ears pinned back like a mean horse, figuratively speaking, because I know I shall very likely see and hear a story told, not by one non-professional story-teller, but by a syndicate of them. I tell my wife that this is analagous to asking Paderewski to listen to little Mabel, aged five, pound out:

Up, up in the sky,
The little birds fly.
Down, down in the nest,
The little birds rest.

However, with the years I have learned discretion. No matter how great the yearning to do so, I refrain from telling my wife, in the middle of the picture, exactly how the story is going to end.

If I should do this she would declare passionately (as some of the movie people do) that I'm a knocker and a kill-joy. And I do not want to be a knocker and a kill-joy. I want to be helpful and educational—all of which reminds me of the dreadful experience which once befell a lunatic producer and director who purchased a story from a lunatic author (myself) and produced it exactly as I wrote it with the exception of one small scene, a change that was vitally necessary, but which did not at all affect the story.

TO begin, I hooted at them when they selected this particular story. I said it wasn't a motion picture story, in that it did not lend itself to alteration into the standardized motion picture form. The capable Edward Sloman, who was to direct the piece, told me I was crazy and I told him he was, washed my hands of all responsibility and pouched my check.

About two months later I received a telegram from the producer begging me to come to Hollywood for a conference. I went—and found him and the director in the lowest slough of despond. The picture, they felt assured, was a flop and I must write a set of snappy titles to bolster it up. (This was a silent picture.)

The director was really ill. "I've fluffed it," he almost sobbed. "It was such a beautiful story to read but somewhere along the line I lost the spirit of it. I've busted my producer."

"Before you two chaps die of grief," I suggested, "let me look at the monstrosity. You will recall that I warned you against it."

"When Lewis Milestone made 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' and followed Remarque's story so faithfully, its success was not an accident."



Movie Producer



A scene from Mr. Kyne's "Never the Twain Shall Meet," showing Conchita Montenegro and Leslie Howard.

I HAD Rob Wagner with me and together we sat in the projection room and saw the opus unrolled. After the third reel Rob said: "These boys are crazy. There's nothing wrong with this picture or the titles. It's a corking picture."

At the finish I thought so, too. I said to those two unfortunates, "Nothing has happened, except that you two have fractured the unwritten law of the movies by producing an author's story exactly as he wrote it. Now, when you fail to see the old standardized form you have got afraid. You're so close to the trees you can't see the woods. The titles are good. Leave them alone."

They didn't believe me, but inasmuch as I refused to touch the perfect job they got up sufficient courage to give it a pre-view at a Pasadena theatre. And the

audience wept and laughed and chuckled and at the conclusion cheered and clapped.

Outside in the foyer, producer and director fell into each other's arms and cried in unison: "I don't know a thing about the picture business."

Well, that little picture stepped out and grossed better than half a million dollars and the producer told me later it had saved him from bankruptcy.

Now comes my confession. I had so little faith in the story that before I received the check for \$5,000.00 for it, I taunted the producer for being such a sucker as to pay me that much money. Said he: "I'll roll you the bones, one flop, to see whether I pay you \$2,500.00 for it or \$7,500.00." I accepted—and departed with a check for \$2,500.00! What a bright boy I turned out to be!

"When at last the story is told he is a wise author who knows his own brain-child."



Tower Studios

IF I were a producer, I'd never produce a story or manhandle a story to fit a star. I'd make the star fit the story.

I'd never make the mistake of thinking that because Greta Garbo gave a wonderful performance in "Anna Christie" she was incapable of performing in any part other than that of a lady of uncertain virtue. Good artists can play any number of parts equally well and it must be terrible on them to be confined to one dreary role until the public sickens of them and they disappear into oblivion.

If I were a producer I'd bet anybody a ripe peach I'd know a good story when it was submitted to me, and (Please turn to page 32)

Bon Voyage

GARBO





Do frantic directors fuss, fidget and foam?
Our Greta says calmly, "Ay tank ay go home!"

Do contracts displease? With a shake of her dome
She alters the terms with "Ay tank ay go home!"

Do suitors propose in the glimmering gloam?
She gives them the gate with "Ay tank ay go home!"

It's rumored she'll stay, and it's whispered she'll roam,
Well, what does she mean by "Ay tank ay go home!"

Is "home" built on Swedish or Hollywood loam?
All Greta replies is "Ay tank ay go home!"

Should Greta quit—millions, from Capetown to Nome,
Will say "Nix on movies! We tank we go home!"

By
**BERTON
BRALEY**



K. O. Rohmn

Frances Marion, the scenario writer whose salary is reported to be from \$7500 to \$10,000 a week, and her bosom friend, Mary Pickford, for whom she will write Mary's "come-back" picture.

Can Mary Pickford COME BACK?

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

A SLIM, nervous young man stared with a puzzled air at the embarrassed and very beautiful woman who sat on the other side of his enormous desk.

Between them lay the matter of a contract—a vital contract involving unbelievable sums of money. Yet they were agreed upon all that had to do with money, upon all that had to do with work. There was only this matter of a leave of absence. To that the woman clung with a sweet but immovable obstinacy, and the presiding genius of a great and successful business could in no wise move her.

The handsome young man was Irving Thalberg, who controls Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

The woman was his premier writer, Frances Marion, who in the past year had written no less than four box-office smashes—"The Big House," "Min and Bill," "The Champ" and "Emma."

Mr. Thalberg wanted Miss Marion to write a new

story for Marie Dressler, he wanted her to write immediately a new story for

Marion Davies, and there was, too, that idea for Clark Gable. What was all this about a leave of absence?

"You had a three-months' vacation in Europe with Marie Dressler just a little while ago," said he.

The great lady—a famous producer told me not long ago that if he had his choice of all the contracts in Hollywood he would rather own Frances Marion's—fidgeted, squirmed, and finally it came out.

She wanted a leave of absence to write and supervise a new story for Mary Pickford. Nothing could shake her. She wouldn't sign a new contract with M-G-M, no matter what the salary, no matter what interesting assignments they had for her, no matter how much she adored working with Mr. Thalberg, unless Irving would let her do this one thing first.

And Irving, being an exceedingly wise young man and well used to handling the vagaries of genius, agreed.

Continuing— EDGAR WALLACE'S Hollywood Diary



Robert W. Coburn

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Edgar Wallace, famous English author, playwright and sportsman, writer of 140 novels with a sale of more than 5,000,000 copies a year, arrived in Hollywood December 4, 1931, on a short-term writing contract with Radio-Keith-Orpheum pictures. Each day until sudden death from pneumonia he wrote a letter to his wife in England; these letters she kept as his Hollywood diary. . . . The first instalment of these, published last month, tells of Mr. Wallace's arrival, his leasing a house, his preliminary work for the studio and some of his social activities. Now take up his diary at its most interesting part.*

Tuesday, 22nd December, 1931.

I WORKED till quite late last night and was up early this morning. I have promised to do the scenario for the new story for Merion Cooper by 12 o'clock tomorrow, and only a bit of it is done. As I have told you, we did a little on Sunday night.

My ambition, which may not be realized, is that the

Edgar Wallace, in his Hollywood home, dictating to his secretary, whom he always affectionately refers to as "Bob." The table at which Mr. Wallace is shown sitting is the one referred to in his diary as having been sent out to him by the studio officials. In the rear is the gas-and-wood fireplace that intrigued him so much.

film I have made, roughly designed for Constance Bennett, will be directed by me. There is a possibility, of course, that as she is such an important and expensive star, they may choose one of the better-known directors. But that's my secret ambition, and I whisper it into your ear so that I may have all the sympathy if it doesn't come off.

Wednesday, 23rd December, 1931.

I TOOK the scenario down to the studio, where I was interviewed by the *Variety* correspondent, a decent fellow called Fred Stanley, and, having handed the story over to Cooper, I met him an hour later at lunch in the restaurant. There was a little bit about a







Robert W. Coburn

missionary which he thought might not get past the Will Hays office, but Cooper said it was the most powerful story of mine he had read, and the seduction scene (!!!) the best he'd ever read. I then went down to the animating room, where they are working on models for a prehistoric story, the 'script of which I am going to write, as I think I told you.

Thursday morning. 24th December, 1931.

I DID no work last night. Bob and I went down to the Brown Derby and had some coffee. It was very beautiful to see the illuminated Christmas trees. As I think I explained to you, they decorate not special Christmas trees, but fir trees that are already growing in front of the houses. Some of them are thirty feet high, and they look wonderful with thousands of lights on them.

Where they haven't trees they decorate their windows or balconies or porches, and there was quite a procession of cars from Los Angeles moving slowly down the road, evidently doing all the drives and admiring the trees. There was also a group of Christmas carolers, and tonight ten thousand of them are going out to sing, in small parties.

This morning I got your wire, and at about 8:45 put through a call to you, being quite under the impression it was Christmas Day. It was not until the call went that I realized I had slipped a cog. Exactly half an hour after the transatlantic service called through and said they had got you and they were putting me through. It was grand to hear your voice, and Penny's, of course, was as clear as in the proverbial next room; so was Pat's. Michael was a little booming, but eventually I heard him. I gather he was one large grin and therefore incapable of being coherent.

It was very odd to hear you were going to have dinner in bed, whilst the remains of my breakfast were on the table. In fact, at this very moment I am drinking the coffee that was poured out before your call came through.

Thalberg and Norma Shearer asked me to go to dinner on Christmas night and go on to a grand opening, but I had already refused an invitation to dinner at Guy

"They took some pictures outside of the house—Bob (his secretary) and me, with Robert (his valet) in the background, showing the house itself."

Bolton's. I wanted to have dinner at home quietly.

Today I am lunching with Bayard Veiller on the M-G-M lot.

I am sorry to tell you that my cook is much too good; the food she prepares is so wonderful that I simply can't refuse it; but I am limiting my breakfast. This morning was a typical one: prunes and a few slices of bacon.

I am devoting today to sentimentalizing "The Frightened Lady" and an article for the *Sunday Graphic*.

The beauty of this work is that you can write a scenario and put your best into it, and you have a story, or rather the guts of a story, for serial and book publication. I can go on doing this for a very long time, and of course I am working under ideal conditions in this delightful, lofty sitting-room. It is not magnificently furnished, but it is terribly pleasant. I am having the photographers up, and they are going to give me some snaps. (EDITOR'S NOTE: *These are the photographs shown in this issue.*)

I shall send this instalment of the diary off today. By the way, I have a wire from Michael Beary saying he left on the *Majestic*. I am afraid I shan't be able to put him up at 716, but I will take a suite for him at the Beverly Wilshire. He'll be here a fortnight. I never dreamed he would come at all.

Later.

I drove round to the M-G-M lot and met one of the executives, Mannix. They are all very nice. I lunched with Bayard Veiller.

The M-G-M lot is terribly like a factory, full of people running about in all directions, and bears a striking resemblance in some respects to a mad-house.

I drove back through to Beverly Hills, went into the flower shop and spent money extravagantly. I sent roses to Norma Shearer; she asked me to dinner tomorrow night, but I wasn't able to accept. I sent another bunch up to Mary Pickford. Douglas has just returned by airplane from the east to spend Christmas with her. I sent some azaleas to Mrs. Cook, my landlady, and to Virginia Bedford (*Please turn to page 82*)



"Bird of Paradise" is the current attraction in which you see the boy all Hollywood is picking for a bright star—Joel McCrea. You see Dolores Del Rio in the same picture. Big, brawny, good-natured and likable, Joel is winning his way into American hearts.



Loretta Young, the young and charming, has become a recognized fan favorite—whether the critics scold or praise. Her latest picture is "Week-End Marriage." Loretta has just built herself and her sisters a swanky new house—made from plans that Loretta drew herself.



Whether in pictures or out of them, Tom Mix seems never to lose one jot of his popularity. Here he is shown in "The Good Bad Man." His next will be "Kings Up," with Lucille Powers as his leading lady. Tom's picture comeback has been in many respects remarkable. His public has not been fickle.



Photo by Russell Ball

Jim Tully and Charles Bickford, photographed in front of the Brown Derby in Hollywood.

Bickford and Thelma Todd, at Bickford's gas station opposite the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City.



Bickford, on his own fishing schooner, on a fishing trip in Mexican waters.



Photo by Russell Ball

JIM TULLY, himself a famous literary rebel, applauds—

Hollywood's REBEL

The human story of what
happened to three hoboes

HE is elemental as thunder, and gentle, at times, as dew on withered grass. His screen personality is greater than Garbo's. He proved it in "Anna Christie."

No matter how far he goes as an actor, his personality will still be miles ahead.

Not facile with moods, he must not be allowed to change too suddenly. An intuitive master of dynamic crescendo, he must move slowly toward diminuendo.

He acts as easily as a tiger walks, and with the same terrifying power. He has never even touched the edge of his capacity. He would make a *Danton* to shake the guillotine, or disturb the clouds as *Lucifer* leading the fallen angels from heaven.

His moods are as strong as primary colors, and without nuance.

With less compromise than Cromwell, his sorrow is as real as *Lear's*.

As Irish as the tail of Paddy's pig, he has the gifts of charm and laughter. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and lived his formative years in the average, uninteresting manner of a spirited boy caught in such an environment. He spent a year at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After that period, school and student gladly separated.

As a boy in Cambridge he would start to school, his books under his arm, his mother watching. When school was out he would return, carrying his books. His mother, proud of her son's attention to his studies, met the principal of the school and thanked him. The good man gave the surprising information that her son had not been near the school in a month.

At last, after the pleadings of his parents, the boy managed to get enough (Please turn to page 104)



Photo by Russell Ball

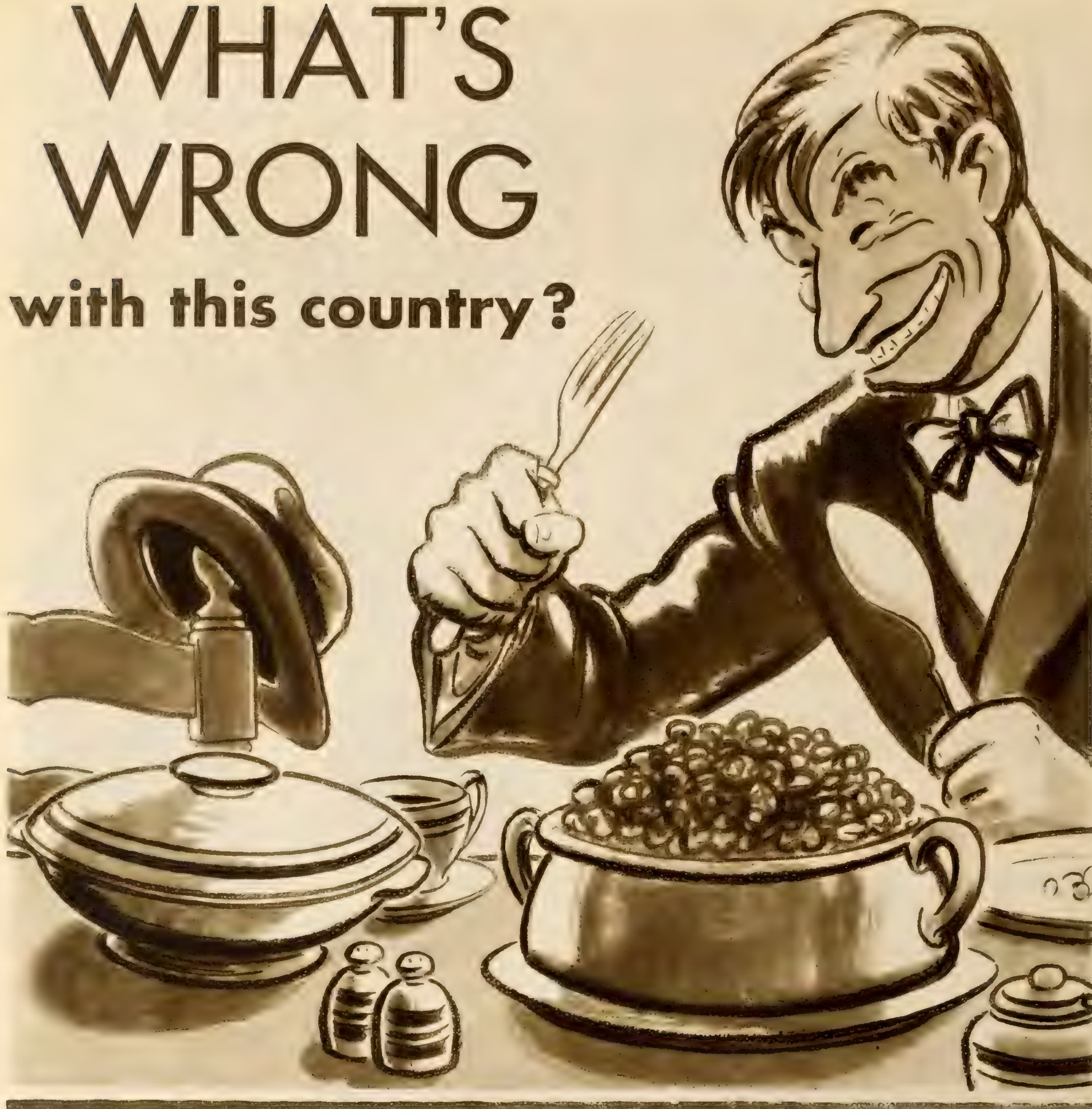
Bickford acts as easily as the tiger walks, and with the same terrifying latent power.

Photo by White Studio



The three Irish ex-hoboes—Jimmy Cagney, Jim Tully and Charles Bickford, as they appeared in New York in 1926, when Tully's play, "Outside Looking In," in which Cagney and Bickford appeared, was produced.

WHAT'S WRONG with this country?



"Boy, you ain't seen nothin' yet! Bring on more beans."

Our Hollywood Boulevardier Discusses Will Rogers, Garbo, Novarro, Garbo, Spanish food, Garbo and the Political Situation . . . By HERB HOWE

IT'S consoling to know that even Will Rogers can't joke about Garbo.

Will confesses heroically it was his idea for Wally Beery to appear in female attire on the stage at the opening of "Grand Hotel" when the audience was expecting the Divine One in person.

Wally was greeted with a sour silence. The next day Will wired all the papers that he was the villain who put Wally up to it.

I'm not heroic enough to think I may have conveyed a similar idea in a recent Boulevardier. No, sir, I've suffered enough. I've learned my lesson. You can't joke about the deity. Not even if you happen to be a Buddhist.

on. He occupied three chairs at a table—his hat on one, his coat on another and his gum under the third.

The waiter thought he was serving three people, an idea stimulated by the amount of food Will ordered. When the other guests failed to appear, the waiter in his soft Mexican voice said: "Mr. Rogers, if your friends don't come pretty soon their food will be cold."

"No friends," said Will, scooping in the frijoles. "Food's mine."

"But can you eat all this?" gasped the waiter.

"Boy, you ain't seen nuthin' yet," said Will. "Bring on more beans!"

WILL ROGERS is almost as elusive as Garbo herself. His words are cash and he doesn't fling them around riotously for thieving writers to steal.

I did catch a few the other day at La Golondrina. It was a swell close-up of Will with the feed bag



Ramon demurred with Lindberghian modesty. Having been a publicity man myself, I took the side of the camera, and Ramon consented.



Illustrations by Chamberlain

WILL put over some good jokes in person at the opening of "Grand Hotel." He said it would probably be the only hotel that would be filled this year. Also that the picture was part of Mr. Hoover's anti-hoarding campaign to bring out hidden money. "The box-office has even taken in some Confederate money," Will added.

THE "Grand Hotel" premiere was the biggest event in years. Everyone was there except Greta. She listened to it over the radio and laughed. She's the only one who dares laugh at herself. And at that, if the fans caught her, she'd get a good bawling out, along with the rest of us atheists.

"PADRINOS—Dolores del Rio e Ramon Novarro." This is the inscription, with autographs, on the first parchment page of the guest-book at La Golondrina.

This Mexican restaurant occupies an old adobe wine cellar in Olvera Street, Los Angeles. This street is the most charming bit of the city.

Novarro introduced me to Señora de Bonzo, the hostess, who always addresses you in Spanish, though she speaks English fluently.

The Mexican waiters are all orphans. Shyly beautiful girls and lithe cavaliers in native dress.

"They are not waiters," the Señora explains. "They are hosts. I explained that to them when we started the place. I wanted this place to have the hospitality typical of a Mexican home."

If you prove simpatica, you may have the privilege of meeting the kitchen boys. Warner Oland succeeded by posing as a Mexican. Warner owns an island off the Mexican coast and loves the people.

Hearing the kitchen boys singing at their work, Harry Carr asked them to come into the dining-room and sing for us. They politely obliged, gazing fixedly at their toes throughout.

The youth who served us had the grace and manner of a young prince, conversing with us as a host should. I learned he was an artist. His particular exhibit is a painting of padrino Ramon Novarro, of whom every Mexican is proud.

(Please turn to page 90)



William Farnum, Priscilla Dean and Ralph Ince, left to right, were once big names on the screen. Now they play supporting rôles. This is a scene from Monogram's picture, "The Law of the Sea."

The Town of Forgotten Faces

Walking side by side with the stars of to-day, the favorites of yesteryear pass like shadows through Hollywood

By RAMON ROMERO

IN the skeleton closets of Hollywood lie broken dreams and dead careers and living corpses with forgotten names, the dust of age upon them. Names that will not accept the death of defeat, more like drifting flotsam—ghosts who were yesterday's stars.

One meets them in the cold waiting-rooms of casting offices, in the small cafes, on the Boulevard. They are like a procession of the dead, marching wearily in one direction, while from the opposite comes the parade of Rolls-Royces carrying ermine-coated women and prosperous men who have taken their places—who have become the new darlings of a fickle public. They, too, to fall.

They make me think of tired, maimed soldiers, back from the wars, with their hearts torn out and their souls scarred in the battle—the battle to stay at the top of the heap. What price glory? And like the war veterans, these veterans of the screen who gave their youth, all the beauty of their souls, all

the blood of their hearts, to the cause of entertainment and happiness for the world—are almost forgotten.

Ella Hall! . . . Virginia Pearson! . . . George Hackathorne! . . . Mary MacLaren! . . . Mae Busch! . . . Francis X. Bushman! . . . Beverly Bayne! . . . Fay Tincher! . . . Alice Lake! . . . King Baggot! . . . Florence Turner! . . . Ethel Clayton! . . . Names that wrote screen history over the world, personalities that drew long lines to the box office—great stars, lost in the infinity of space, supplanted by the Garbos and the Gables and the Dietrichs. And when the Merry-Go-Round has whirled madly around once more will they, too, be phantoms?

Theirs are faces no longer caressed by the bloom of youth—but what courage the lines in their faces spell! On the Boulevard one meets them and they lift their heads and smile as if nothing at all were wrong.

And so we find them playing small parts, bits, some even extras, in support of new stars who—who knows?—might have been beginners and extras, when they shone in all the glory of their stardom.

It is no secret that Clark Gable was a Hollywood extra several years ago, playing one of the college boys in a series of Alberta Vaughn comedies. Today Alberta is not a star and Gable is Hollywood's newest and greatest sensation. Hollywood is like that.

Ella Hall works in a dress shop on Hollywood Boulevard for a mere frac-



Elmer Fryer

Blanche Sweet, a nationwide favorite of a few years ago, is now in vaudeville.

Remember Virginia Pearson, the famous siren of the screen? She organized her own company after a period of great popularity. Then she met with an accident which disfigured her face and kept her from further success. Shown here in her own production, "The Bishop's Emeralds."

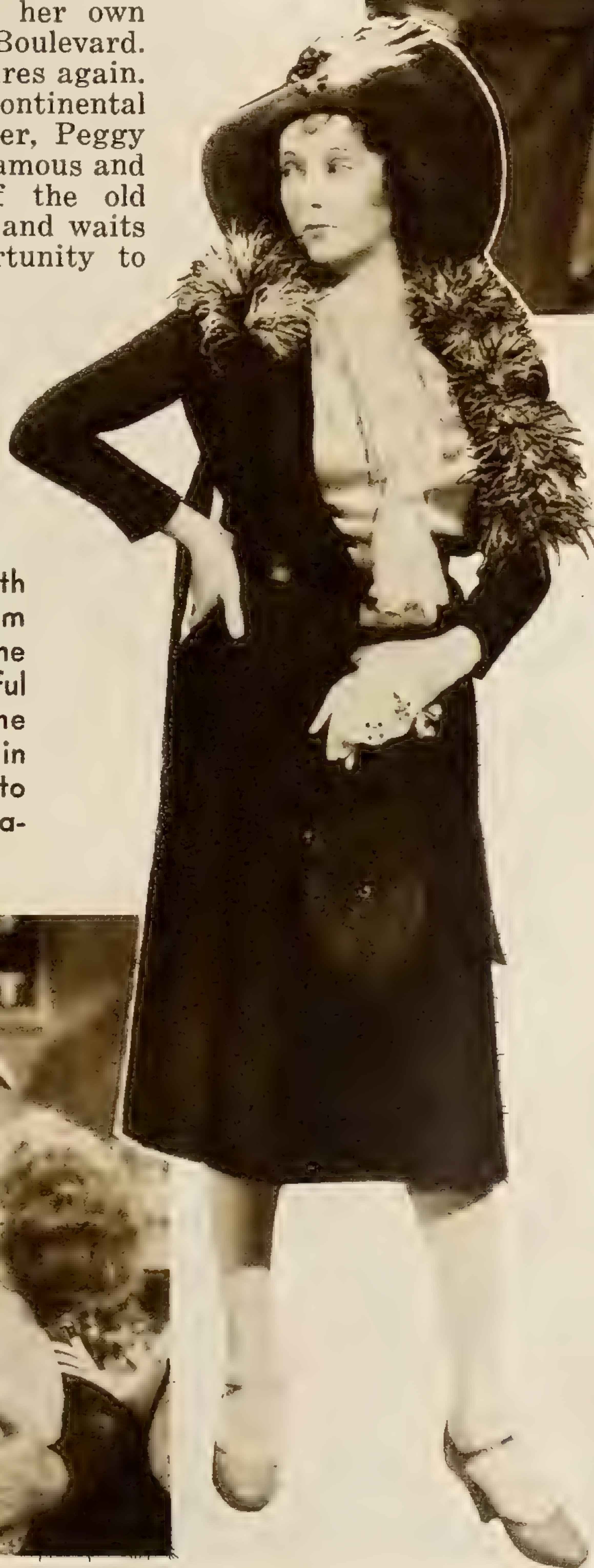


tion of what Universal paid her as a star. She has three children to support besides herself. They cannot understand that Mamma was once a great movie star like Joan Crawford and Janet Gayner. They were not yet born, when Ella Hall was a national favorite in Universal Pictures and thrilled audiences with her beautiful performances in such early masterpieces as "Little Boy Blue." And they are too young, too, to remember much about the lovely home in Beverly Hills that sheltered them but five years ago.

Monroe Salisbury, virile ex-Universal star, once in the big money, is night clerk at a hotel off Vine Street. Fay Tincher, prominent comedienne of the Sennett-Keystone and Christie comedy days, is cashier at a drugstore. Ethel Clayton, until a few months ago was selling beauty preparations under her own name at a store on Sunset Boulevard. Now she is working in pictures again. You will see her in "Continental Hotel," in which a newcomer, Peggy Shannon, is the star. The famous and lovable Maggie Pepper of the old Paramount days again sits and waits patiently for a new opportunity to carve a niche for herself in the talkies. And waiting, too, is Florence Turner.

MAE BUSCH and Fritz Brunette became motion picture agents. Miss

Alice Lake, shown here with Edmund Lowe in a scene from "The Cisco Kid," was once one of the screen's most beautiful and successful members. She rose from slapstick comedy in Roscoe Arbuckle's pictures to be one of the leading dramatic actresses.



Brunette is now managing J. Warren Kerrigan, the screen Apollo of other days, to help him stage a comeback. Miss Busch, acknowledged one of the finest dramatic actresses in the entertainment world, has been her own worst enemy. As an agent, attempting to secure work for others, she managed to get herself a job at the Hal Roach studios as leading lady for Charlie Chase and Laurel & Hardy. There is irony in that. The lady with the heavy heart who must cavort in slapstick fashion. Her hair has gone white—and she doesn't seem to care.

Francis X. Bushman, who admits that he made three million dollars in pictures, is somewhere in the Middle West playing stock engagements. The younger generation, who are the fans of today, barely remember him. The glamour has almost completely faded from the once-illustrious name. And beautiful Beverly Bayne—she, too, is gone. Perhaps she has given up all hopes of a screen comeback, for Hollywood sees her no more.

CHRISTMAS EVE I happened to be passing Magnin's exclusive gown shop on Hollywood Boulevard. Joan Crawford's swanky limousine drove up to the curb just as (*Please turn to page 88*)

Mae Busch, once a name that packed them in, is trying the comeback route by way of Laurel and Hardy comedies.



JEAN HARLOW

George F. Cannons

PLATINUM TURNS TO GOLD

By DORIS MANN

A VERY young girl, trying her level best to act worldly wise and sophisticated. That's Jean Harlow.

A lot to live up to . . . that platinum hair, for one thing. . . . The hard-boiled, hard-hearted bits of femininity she's played in pictures, for another thing. No one expects a snowy-haired, curved-mouthed wrecker of homes and breaker of hearts to be a quiet, rather shy youngster. . . . But she is.

Jean's an amazing person to meet. You go prepared to talk to a brittle, disillusioned sort of person. You find a soft-voiced, almost bashful girl, who has crowded a world of experience into a few short years . . . but who is still very, very young.

She wore a floppy white hat which she was constantly pushing back so that she could look straight into your eyes. That's one of Jean's strong points. Those gray-blue eyes have a level honesty. . . . Not at all the sort of drooping orbs which you might expect.

Her dress was a knock-out. Green and white stripes running in odd directions. It was fascinating to watch when she moved. The stripes, I mean. She moved around a lot. Little girl fashion. Now sitting on one foot. Now crossing her slender legs. Now sitting straight and prim to talk. The green sandals with the high French heels exactly matched the stripes. And then there was the floppy white hat. She looked the way all girls wish they could look. And she seemed blissfully unconscious of looking that way.

Her hair is silvery with a sheen. It's like no other platinum blonde hair in the world. It's thick and fluffy and still manages to look shinningly well-brushed. Her hands are interesting. Long, slender white fingers with the reddest of red nails . . . nails seem to fit the Harlow effect. She uses her hands to help her conversation. The nails glisten like vivid, crimson punctuation points.

She looks exactly like a magazine cover. Every pose is a picture. An unconscious one. But talks like a sensible girl who's trying to make her way in the world. You know, regular girl-talk. No attempt at an impression or an illusion.

WELL, she was born in Kansas City, the very heart of the middle west. Loves to talk about it. No slithering, silky cosmopolitan background. Just plain American, Missouri.

She lived in a (Please turn to page 97)

We'll give you three guesses—Who is it? Right you are—Jean Harlow, her famous hair now a reddish-gold for her new part (on the left). And on this page you see her with her well-known platinum locks . . . How do you like her best?



Hurrell

The Little Girl From Kansas City who started out to be a platinum blonde and has grown up to be a "Red-headed Woman."



Lovely Ann Harding, seemingly untouched by her marital misadventures, was scheduled next to appear in "The Animal Kingdom," with Leslie Howard, following her "Westward Passage." What a combination they would have made! But the Gods of the Studio changed their minds.

Hon. OGRE

dicktator of Hollywood

**WALLACE IRWIN'S latest—and most
hilarious—adventure of the Japanese
Schoolboy in movieland**

*To Editor Tower Mag., astronomy publication, who
see stars every time it make a Hit.*

DEAREST SIR:

LAST Wednesday a.m. Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, my proprietor, approach to me walking on new boots and frightfully pretty racehorse pants. He give me a meanie look, like Hon. Mussolini talking to a 2nd hand king.

"Togo," he evaporate, "what you doing this morning?"

"Merely Gen. Housework," I collapse, knocking dust with a broom.

"Well, stop it," he dib. "I got a little chore for you. For today I make you First Assistant Boss of Hollywood."

"O Mr. Sire!" I say that from my bent knees. "I are so worthless for that high up office."

"Shut up till I open you," he revamp. "Now I shall tell you what for. Last night I dream a dream—maybe it was because I et too many olives in my cocktail. But Napoleon, under who I studied the emotion picture business, believes in



"I are the Master Mind that control the Foxes, the Zuckors and nearly three-quarters of the Warner Brothers ... I have a plan to shake the wood out of Hollywood."

dreams. So I shall folla my star."

"I know a Frenchman," I corrode, "who come here last week and folla a Star till he was arrested."

"That is neither here nor elsewhere," he snarrel. "My dream gave me a Original Idea."

"What are a Original Idea?" I ask to know.

"A Original Idea are another Original Idea served with whipped cream," he navigate. "My dream tell me that henceforthly I are Dicktator of Hollywood. Cumpared to me Hon. Will Haze are merely a statick in the Vast Raddio of Human Progress. You get me?"

"All but your hat, Mr. Sire," I gollup.

THEN I shall explain onwards. This are my vision. From this day the talkyphotofilm must have nothing but Stars in it. You know why? Please observe what Hon. Ed. Goulding, my defeated rival, have did with flim-play (*Please turn to page 111*)

Illustrations by Herb Roth

"O, what can poor, weekly woman do to defend herself?"

SUIT YOURSELF

And so should you if you're the Karen Morley type, paying attention to details—so you can forget them



"BE nonchalant."

That's Karen Morley's fashion creed. In other words, Karen chooses her clothes with one effect in mind, a careful carelessness.

If you think that's easy to do, you're all wrong. It's just as difficult, it requires exactly as much thought and attention, to achieve that appearance of smart indifference as it does to gain the exquisitely detailed perfection of Norma Shearer, for instance.

Karen wants her clothes to play second place to her own personality. She is hoping that people will notice and remember Karen Morley, the girl, not the stunning dress or coat she happened to be wearing at the moment.

But, in order to make the clothes secondary, they must be perfect in detail. One jarring note will attract the very attention which she is hoping to avoid. That's what makes the job of dressing to look like Karen Morley a difficult and interesting one.

"I like pretty clothes. Every girl does," Karen explained, "but they have never held for me the all-consuming fascination which they have for so many girls and women. I do my shopping in spasms. I hate to buy things under the force of necessity. Sometimes I feel a sudden urge to have something new. The clothes which I buy when I'm in that mood are always the most successful."

Short brown jersey sleeves are set into the white leather jacket, around which Karen Morley has built a smart golfing ensemble. Note the details in particular, the small brimmed, open weave hat, the white chamois golf gloves shown at the right and the white ghillies, trimmed in brown (spot-lighted above).





(LEFT) Soft rose and blue mingle with beige and brown in the pattern of Karen Morley's smart printed tea frock. Her dress has an accompanying tie-at-the-waist jacket, and she has combined with it a beige wrap-around turban, shown at the left, brown gloves, purse and slippers.



(RIGHT) For dining and dancing, and then the theater,—that difficult combination of engagements—the M-G-M actress chooses a floating white chiffon and lace gown, with a separate jacket. A close-fitting black lace hat is trimmed with velvet ribbons, and the white gloves at the right, and soft velvet purse complete the ensemble.



SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

Karen Morley expresses her individuality in costumes for informal moments



From one extreme to the other—the feminine and lacy pajamas at the left are Miss Morley's choice for the boudoir, and the mannish and severe trousers and prison-striped sweater at the right—her garb for garden chores. The garden hat is of black and white woven paper. And in between, Karen models her Catalina swim suit, backless and brief, meriting the name of "native costume." A white crochet cap holds back her hair, and strapped wooden shoes are used for the beach walk.

KAREN MORLEY is a unique type of femininity, even in Hollywood, which probably has seen more unique types than any other city in the world. By all the standards of screen beauty, she is not a beautiful girl. But she has something more than mere prettiness. She has a charm, a distinction, which sets her apart from other girls whose sole boast to attention is what the world calls beauty.

And she dresses to enhance this differentness.

So, if you're the Karen type, or a similar type, do as she does. In one brief year she has made herself into one of the best-known and most sought-after of the younger screen players. And she doesn't underestimate the value of clothes in accomplishing this.

"I never will believe that clothes make the woman," she laughed, "but I do think that they are a great factor in helping her to make herself what she wants to be. My advice to girls who really want to make their clothes fit their personalities is never to buy things in a mad rush. Set aside a definite time, a day when you're feeling clothesy, if you know what I mean, and select your dresses and hats and things carefully. Don't buy them on the spur of the moment, only to hate them the next day when you realize that they're not what you really want at all."

Karen is a tall, slender blonde. She is the sort of person whom writers love to describe as "willowy." She looks always as if a strong wind would cause her to sway gracefully. She walks with the slow effortless ease which is a part of that kind of personality.

She is five feet four inches tall, just the right height for a perfect dancing partner or a speedy tennis opponent. She weighs one hundred and nine pounds. And she is that most envied of all human beings, a girl who doesn't have to diet. On the other hand, no matter how many milk shakes or pieces of cake, oozing with rich

chocolate, which she may eat, she never gains so much as one little ounce.

IT'S easy for Karen to buy clothes ready made. Her measurements are in almost perfect proportion. So, because she hates fittings and spending all the time necessary for having things made to measure, she almost invariably selects her dresses in the ready-to-wear shops. Her bust measures thirty-two inches, her waist, twenty-five, her hips thirty-five.

Naturally, following her own particular vogue of a youthful nonchalance, Karen goes in strongly for sports togs. She loves one-piece dresses in some knitted material or in a rough, soft, tweedy stuff. With these outfits she usually wears a long, loose coat, almost invariably white, and a scarf knotted loosely around her throat, matching in color the shade of the dress.

Because her hair is a light-golden brown and her eyes a deep hazel, and because her skin is that creamy white which matches the hair and eyes, she wears pastel shades exclusively. Never does she choose a brilliant, vivid color, no matter how tempted she may be by one of the delicious shades which saleswomen dangle before her. Sports clothes, evening gowns, street dresses, all her clothes for all hours, are softly tinted garments which blend into the delicate colorings of her skin.

For street wear Karen manages to effect a happy combination of femininity and severe tailoring. Her suits and dresses are neither one nor the other, but both. Always the lines are simple and unbroken. They are fitted to her slender figure, neither closely nor loosely, just with that desired degree of apparently careless nonchalance.

Karen always has in her wardrobe two or three soft, printed afternoon gowns, to wear for tea or luncheon, dresses which may carry on (*Please turn to page 101*)



Mitzi Green Selects a Summer Wardrobe

The more conservative and simple her clothes are, the better 11-year-old Mitzi Green likes them, for she knows the rules of chic for the younger set. Even the party dress she is wearing, above, is restrained and smart in its simplicity. Quaint flowered organdie, with a frilled flounce, shawl collar and puffed sleeves, would make a charming dress for any girl in her early 'teens. The garden hat is of flesh-colored organdie. The costume comes from B. Altman, New York.

The smart blue linen dress, shown in the upper corner, has a separate guimpe of linen mesh, and Mitzi is carrying a picture hat with a rough straw brim and collapsible crown of silk jersey. From B. Altman. For the beach, Mitzi chooses slacks like the ones at the left, from Peck and Peck. She wears them when resting between pictures as well as when playing. These jersanese beach pajamas are of light and dark blue, and feature the new talonette slide fasteners on shoulders and hips.



Marcus Adams Photo

JULIETTE COMPTON SAYS:

If my daughter displays remarkable talent when she is grown, then, of course, there is nothing else to do but aid her in a career. I would much prefer for her a social career. There she would find the activity and glamour that make stage and picture work fascinating, and enjoy the advantages of a home. . . .

(Above: The first picture of Juliette Compton and her daughter, Juliette Mary Bertram, ever published.)

BEBE DANIELS SAYS:

No parent has the right to dictate arbitrarily what a child's vocation should or should not be.

Naturally, Ben and I hope that Barbara will carry on in motion pictures, a profession which has brought us much happiness and of which we are justly proud.

As my mother's encouragement and guidance helped me in my early days, so I hope to help Barbara.

Keystone-Underwood



Would You Put YOUR CHILD in Pictures?

by **DOROTHEA H. CARTWRIGHT**

ARE they normal—that small girl who warms your heart as you watch her on the screen—that “real boy” who reminds you of the kid next door or your own mischievous young brother?

Can motion picture children be normal when they keep business hours—nine to five, and an hour off for lunch? When they are paid sometimes fabulous salaries for living in a world of make-believe—for dramatizing the natural emotions of childhood?

Can those small stars be normal who live in luxurious hotel suites instead of homelike bungalows, constantly waited on by servants?

When they are “masters of ceremonies” at \$5 premières and “judges” of dancing contests—they, who have yet to attend their first grown-up party?

Can these children be normal with the eyes of the world upon them when they work and play, eat and sleep?

FOR years Marian Mel, of Hollywood's Central Casting office, has registered thousands of children, from babes of a few weeks to high school adolescents. Part of her duties consists in visiting the studios to watch the children's work and deportment.

“The motion picture child is far above normal,” she told me with conviction. “A working permit is not issued unless the child's school report is at least average. Usually it is far above. If at any time children fall down in their lessons their working permits are revoked.”

There is another reason why motion picture children are superior, according to Miss Mel. They must be one hundred per cent fit, physically, or they are not allowed on a studio set. The “normal” child may have tonsils that should have come out long ago, or teeth that have been neglected. But if a motion picture child needs bodily repair of any kind, he is not permitted

inside a studio until it has been done.

Motion picture children simply must be better behaved than the "average" child. The spoiled youngster seldom gets farther than the waiting room at Central Casting. Studios cannot be bothered with ill-mannered children or those who are not trained to cheerful obedience.

"Of course," she admits reluctantly, "any child who receives attention becomes self-conscious. A large percentage of our children are being given special instruction—dancing, singing, instrumental music, foreign languages. Any emphasis on a child for exhibition purposes which sets him apart from other children in the neighborhood has a tendency to make him or her abnormal. But this is a problem for the parents to correct."

DURING his many years as a successful director, Al Santell has repeatedly used children in his pictures. As sixty children were employed in "Daddy Long Legs," I thought he ought to know something about them. Does he?

"Motion picture children normal? They certainly are not!" he declared vehemently. "You hear about their being so advanced mentally. Sure they are. But I ask you—can you call a child of four or five normal,

Are film children normal? Do they live the right sort of lives? Do you think their parents should permit them to act? What will become of them when they grow up?

when he has the mind of a child of twelve? That's plain precocity. And I, for one, don't like it!"

He went on to tell me that when he was casting "Daddy Long Legs" he asked his brother, who assists him, to go out and bring in some two hundred children, virtually "off the streets." With only two or three exceptions the youngsters in the picture had never faced a camera. Director Santell interviewed each child himself. He told me:

"You'd be amazed at the difference between the normal child and the one who works in pictures. Each youngster was shown into my private office alone, and I tried to lead him into talking about the things that interested him, just to get his reactions. The kids from average homes talked naturally, about their games and playmates. No posing to them—no attempt to show off, or to make any more of an impression on me than on any ordinary friend of their family. But the picture children——!" Mr. Santell raised his hands expressively.

"Here's one of the things that happened—and you'll hardly believe it. The door opened, and in walked a youngster who wasn't any bigger than that." Santell measured about thirty inches. "Under his arm he carried a book as big as himself. Instead of sitting down, he marched over to my desk, pulled out the lowest drawer to stand on, so (Please turn to page 106)

ANN HARDING SAYS:

The right of each human being to individuality of thought and action is a sacred creed with me. If anything fine is to be gleaned from life, it can only be accomplished by each man or woman planting his or her own two feet firmly on the road which seems best.

If Jane wants to be an actress, I will do all in my power to help and train her. I would consider it my great privilege to do whatever I could to further her ambitions.

International Photo



International Photo

JOAN BENNETT SAYS:

Would I put my child into the movies? I don't like the idea of children being in pictures. I do not think it is healthful. Another thing, it makes them too conscious of themselves.

At eighteen, if my little girl would LIKE to go into pictures, I would assist her as much as I could.

Is RADIO Going the Way of the Movies?

By K. TRENHOLM

New York Radio Critic and Columnist



Eddie Cantor is reported to be receiving \$4,000 a week for his radio act.

Can it be kept clean, wholesome and free, untouched by any breath of scandal?

IS radio going Hollywood?

It was along about 1926, when radio broadcasting was merely a lusty infant in swaddling clothes, that the head of one of radio's largest companies confidently remarked to me:

"Radio goes into a million homes; it is a service to the public—it must be a welcome guest in any home it is privileged to enter; it must be a public service well performed."

Noble words, those? Yes, but be it recorded to the glory of radio history that the men who started the ether waves to crooning were sincere in their intentions. They made the effort—are making the effort—to keep radio all that, and more—but will they succeed? Will they withstand the clamor?

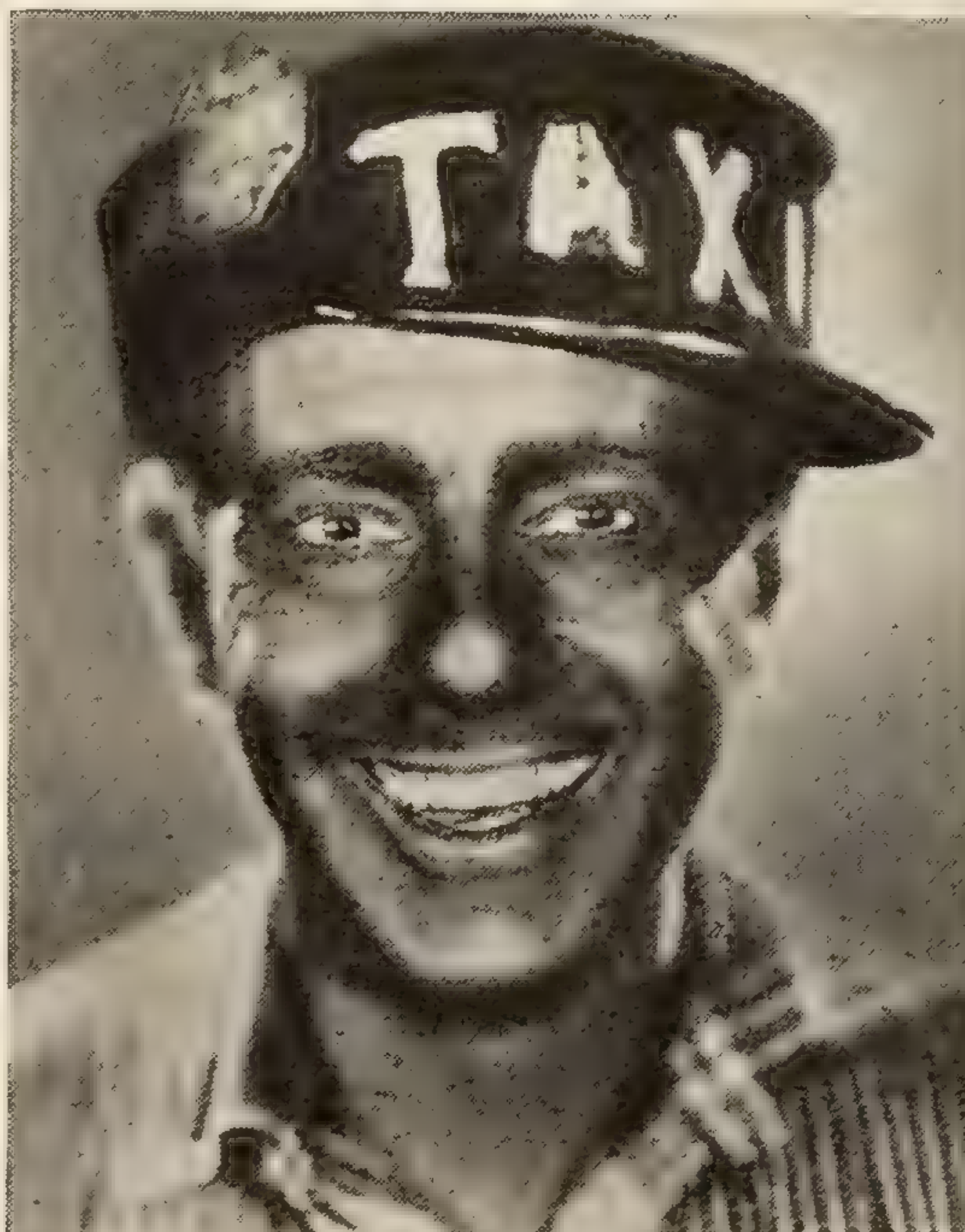
Are the stupendous salaries paid to the stars of filmdom to be rivaled on the air?

In a word, can a handful of conservative business executives, used to dealing with efficiently organized industries and their armies of trained clerical automations, hope to control the tempestuous temperaments involved in a new artistry which has drafted its members from all walks of life?

From 1921, when Station KDKA, of Pittsburgh,



Morton Downey can be called "radio-made," although he has appeared in talkies. How long will his success continue?



Even "Amos 'n' Andy," with everything that Hollywood could give them, could not in any manner parallel their radio popularity in the films they appeared in.



Bing Crosby, radio-made, is also one of the present high-salaried musical stars of the air.

Kate Smith takes no chances on her future. She knows the public to be fickle, her popularity transient—so she has saved her winnings wisely, and invested.



announced that its first attempt to transmit sound through the air had met with success, to the present, radio broadcasting has been what President Hoover would term, "a noble experiment." Controlled from the outset by organized business of the bigger sort, the baby industry was cherished and nurtured according to the most advanced scientific methods of industry building. Ten short years later it was paying out \$20,000,000 to talent alone in order to entertain its 60,000,000 audience.

A salary of \$10,000 a week for hard work and long hours on a Hollywood lot pales into insignificance beside the same figure paid for fifteen or thirty minutes of song and prattle once or twice a week in a radio studio. Al Jolson has put this price, it is said, on his own head as a radio headliner and at this writing there are reports of several sponsors angling for the privilege of presenting Mr. Jolson—this, despite the fact that Hollywood's "Danny Boy" already has two radio "misadventures" checked against him.

Eddie Cantor is reported to be receiving \$4,000 weekly for his radio act. Rudy Vallee, radio-reared, rose from a \$25-a-performance crooner to the thousands-a-week class in hardly any time at all, while of course the black-face comedy team of Chicago was a purely local attraction before stepping into national limelight to the tune of half a million a year.

Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo, radio-made stars, are all drawing top pay at present, although how long their popularity will last no one dares predict. Drafted from the Fourth Estate are "Believe-it-or-Not" Ripley and the gossipy W. Winchell, who have found radio very much worth while. Also Floyd Gibbons, Frazier Hunt and Lowell Thomas.

Broadcasters have found that radio can afford big stars at big salaries.

AS for keeping radio clean, wholesome and free from scandal, the broadcasters have been more successful in this than in the matter of keeping salaries down. As a whole, the industry has miraculously escaped the

penalties of open scandal within the ranks of its artistry. Only one of its celebrities has been dragged through a sensational divorce with resultant "love-nest" headlines in the tabloids. Radio is still shocked by the experience.

But here, too, the tide is beginning to turn.

Radio has developed its own fraternity of newspaper columnists and they are kept busy day by day trying to make broadcasting a timely topic. A few of them, envious of the more colorful publicity handled by the theatrical and motion picture writers, are resorting to all sorts of tricks to make radio seem quite naughty.

Studio gossip is disguised only so as to come within the safety zone of the libel law and be printed as news. And the rank and file of radio personalities fight to get their names included in these columns in a way that would put to shame Hollywood's brotherhood of press-agents!

The broadcasters themselves are developing news bureaus in open competition with the newspapers. Both national network companies maintain their own corps of reporters and news editors. The amount spent annually on broadcasting news events is tremendous. The publicity department of one company alone spent more than \$500,000 in 1931. Can Hollywood match that figure?

AS for its amateur rating, of which radio was proud in 1926, it is no more. Radio is turning professional just as fast as it is able, and each new step in that direction is hailed as a great achievement. One of its greatest handicaps, broadcasters agree, is its lack of professional showmen and properly trained program directors. And with few exceptions radio must still rely upon amateur writers for scripts and continuities. (Please turn to page 99)



Blonde and shapely Gloria Stuart, former art student, was spied by Carl Laemmle, Jr., acting at the Pasadena Playhouse, tested by both Universal and Paramount, finally awarded to Universal by a Board of Arbitration—and now you see her in "The Old Dark House" and "Air Mail."

Movie Cook-Cooos

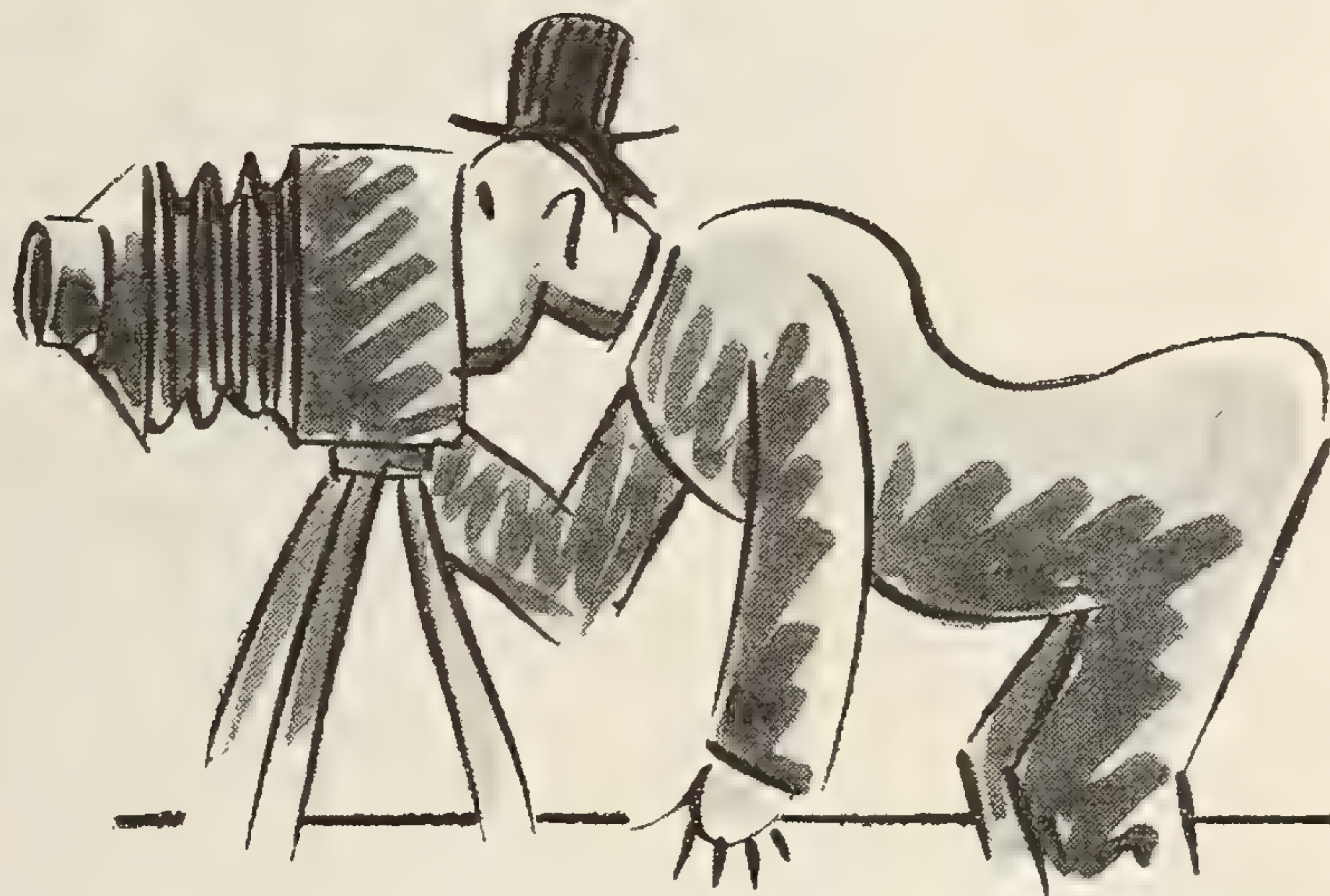


By

TED COOK

The Famous Humorist

A Gal who lives a life of sin
Upon the motion picture screen
(As long as she's the hero-ine)
Is pardoned in a later scene.



WHILE filming "The Truth About Hollywood" at Radio, Director Cukor put in a call with Central Casting Bureau for thirty-five extras with previous screen experience who would work for eight dollars a day.

They sent him twelve former leading women, eight ex-directors and four performers who, in better days, had been starred.

And that is the bitter Truth About Hollywood.

ANYWAY, in her controversy with Paramount, Marlene Dietrich could feel reasonably certain that she had a couple of pretty good legs to stand on.

THEY didn't laugh when Harpo Marx sat down at the piano—they almost wept. Their eyes popped out and their hearts stopped beating.

Here's what happened. For weeks, Irving Caesar, composer, and Al Jolson had been working behind locked doors in the Jolson bungalow, writing the music for Jolson's new picture.

Harpo, who happened to be visiting the United Artists lot, heard Caesar playing. So Harpo sat down outside the bungalow window and memorized the tune.

A few minutes later half a dozen studio bigwigs knocked at the door, and Harpo overheard them say that Caesar and Jolson were ready to let them hear the song hit for the picture. Harpo followed the visitors into the bungalow. There was an awkward moment or two, because Caesar and Jolson didn't want some one from Paramount studios to hear

their music. So they waited for Harpo to go.

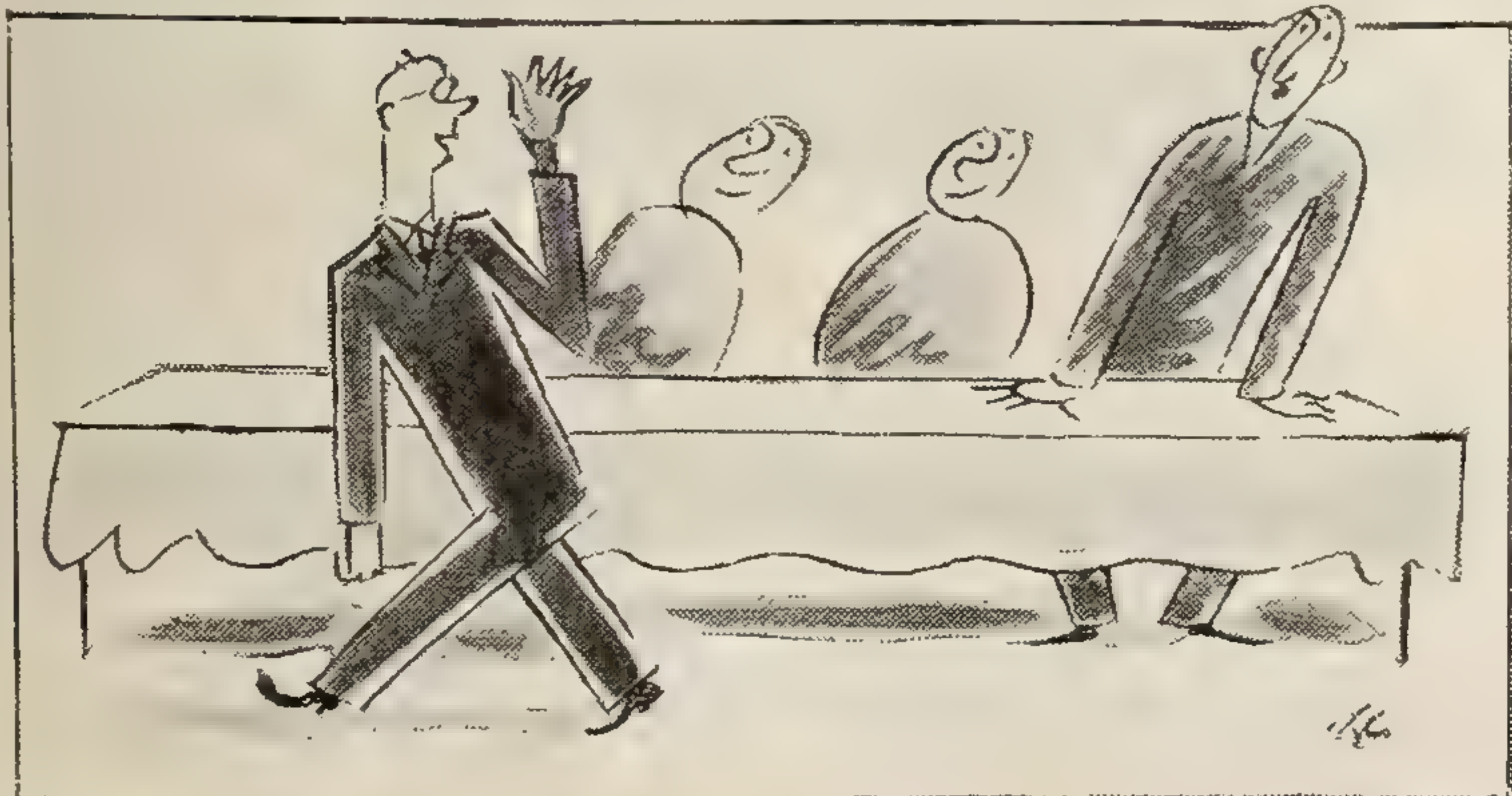
Instead of leaving, Harpo chattered about the swell tune the Marx brothers had for their next picture. "Just let me play it for you," he urged. Then he sat down at the piano and played, from ear, the Jolson picture hit song. And made a quick exit.

A gal may sink to levels low,
A sinner grave she may be made
out;
But she'll be washed as white as
snow,
My lads, before the final fade-
out.

"IF I can't write something good about Hollywood, I won't write about it," says Nina Wilcox Putnam. Most writers don't feel that way. They know if they don't write something bad about Hollywood, they won't eat.

Perhaps it's just as well. Most of the good things written about Hollywood are pretty bad.

THE West Side Asthma and Rising Club meets every Tuesday noon in an upstairs room of Levy's Tavern in Hollywood. Groucho Marx is the
(Please turn to page 94)



"What a nice club this is after Stewart leaves."

PARIS ^{vs.} HOLLYWOOD



Eugene Robert Richee photo

CLAUDETTE COLBERT answers the Paris edict for shorter hair by having hers shingled at the back, allowing the sides to remain slightly longer. Claudette says she may even go in for the bangs Paris is showing this season, now that she's exposed her hairline in the back. How do you think the new style looks on her?

Will American women accept the New French hair style —or will they do what the movie stars are doing?

By ANN BOYD

SOME like them short, and some still cling to long locks.

Hollywood, undividedly in favor of the long bob for many seasons, has split on the question of the new Paris shingle.

For one thing it's the first time in a long time that outsiders have attempted to set hair fashions. The movie legion has ruled on coiffure questions since Garbo first appeared in shoulder-length tresses. The Garbo long bob, the Gaynor "delicious" haircut, the Harlow platinum made set the standards.

But Paris, tiring of long locks, has made a decided campaign for the new cut, with the result that part of the movie colony has followed suit. And New York has fallen an easy victim.

Two lengths were suggested by Paris—one showing the feather edge or natural shingled hairline at the back, with the sides thinned out and curled up toward the front. Joan Bennett has chosen that cut and allows her hair to fluff out a bit at the sides instead of lying in flat scrolled curls as in the Paris version. Claudette Colbert's bob is similar except that she waves her hair toward the back.

The other Paris length calls for short hair at the sides and a slightly longer cut at the back, with the hair coiled up in tight flat waves. Tala Birell wears that type.

Janet Gaynor has combined both of these cuts for a fluffy, wavy, short-haired effect.

I asked a number of the stars what they thought of the new styles. And this is what they told me:



TALA BIRELL, Universal's Viennese star, says: "I like the new hair line very much and have already adopted one of the severe coiffures for evening! In the morning, it is better to modify the arrangement as that "shellacked" appearance is difficult to maintain when one enjoys any vigorous sports.

"My reasons for liking the new bobs are three. First, because it is easier to manage the ends of the hair when they are just long enough to roll over a curling iron or finger. No woman really likes very short bobs . . . they hate having the neck shaved! Second, I like them because I love Greek sculpture . . . the new coiffures are not becoming to everyone, and, therefore, are distinctive. They set off one's features and the contour of the face and head to perfection!"



Hurrell photo

JOAN CRAWFORD: "Always I have admired the short-cut bob, which is now coming into new and general favor. It combines youth, convenience and smartness. It is not becoming to me. Therefore, I haven't adopted it, but I do like to see other women's hair dressed in this way. The long lines of a medium-length bob seem to fit the contours of my face and head more becomingly than does the short closeness of the new style. However, for street wear and with the small up-turned hats in vogue this season, I brush my hair closely against my head to achieve that smooth line so necessary for smartness."

JANET GAYNOR has luxuriant hair of a rich copper brown. It lends itself admirably to the new brushed-back style which reveals the hairline.

Since her return from Paris, where the short bob is in vogue, she has had the "Delicious" bob, which swept the country like wildfire last winter, modified somewhat. About two inches has been cut from her hair, and the bangs have become almost extinct. At either side of her face her hair is now brushed straight back, showing the hairline. Her hair is parted on the right side and falls into its natural wave all around her head in horseshoe shape. The ends of the hair are finished in innumerable curls that roll upward, youthfully. The whole effect is that of a head well-groomed, with the hair artfully arranged.

It is a charming style and vastly becoming to Miss Gaynor. While giving a certain sophisticated effect, it brings

out all the young wistful beauty of her countenance.

She is undecided whether to continue indefinitely to wear her hair in this style. But she felt she wanted a change, since she has always worn her hair long—a good shoulder-length.



JOAN BENNETT had her long bob cut to the shorter length, revealing the hairline, for her wedding to Gene Markey. She says:

"I was rather tired of wearing my hair long, and so had it cut and arranged as you see it now. There is nothing revolutionary about my doing it. Just for a change, that's all. If you would like to copy it, perhaps I can give you some pointers on the subject.

"The part is low and I make it on the left side. This gives me an opportunity to make an unusually wide first wave on the heavy side of the hair. On the right side, the first dip is over the temple. On the left side, the hair is brushed back to show the hairline, and, incidentally my ear. In the back the neckline shows from ear to ear. Across the back of my head my hair is waved in what is called the swirl—on a slant, as it were."

This style is certain to find favor with the younger set. It is attractive for both formal and informal wear and is a decided change from the shoulder-length bob. The charming thing about it is that there is nothing to give the appearance of hardness to the face—something always to be avoided in selecting one's hair arrangement.

(Please turn to page 110)



Powolny photo

Radio Rambles



Jack Denny sometimes conducts his orchestra while he himself is being conducted by his sponsor. He was discovered playing at the Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal.



Burns, of Burns and Allen, got his name from the coal company whose wagons he once followed to pick up lumps for the family stove.

Who's Who among the stars of the air—and What They are Doing

THE earlier summer weeks have been full of road house and roof openings.

One of the most colorful crowds turned out for Russ Columbo at the Woodmansten in Westchester. You could barely stretch an arm without touching an air favorite.

Fay Webb was there with Rubinoff and Jack (music publishers) Robbins, substituting for Rudy who works nights in the "Scandals." Fay was all thrilled about her new Santa Monica home which she had not seen yet. She said moving to California was her own idea, adding: "You know, that's where I come from." And, if you could have seen the determined way she smiled when she said that, you'd have realized that she is used to getting what she wants. Or did you know that already?

Jackie Osterman, the master of ceremonies, called Guy Lombardo, Smith Ballew, Jack Denny, Abe Lyman, B. A. Rolfe and Freddie Rich to the platform as a gag and made them play, with Yascha Bunchuk leading. Then Benny Rubin got up and said they were terrible—which they were. Ethel Merman sang.

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle—he hasn't lost a pound—sang, too, and did the parody. And, finally, Russ stepped close to the microphone to say that you may call it madness, "A-h-h-h, but I call it love."

Another all star band: A few nights before, Don Bestor opened at a New York hotel. Don travels around so much that his six-year-old daughter hasn't had two birthdays in the same state.

A crazy evening reached its peak when Al Wholeman, the vaudeville gagster, complained that he could not talk unless Jack Denny played the piano for him. Jack said he could not play unless Mrs. Jesse (Organ) Crawford accompanied him on the other piano. Then somebody spied Buddy Rogers coming in and handed him a trombone. In the meantime Arthur Jarrett had begun to sing. He sang one song, two songs, and was about to go into his third when, just in time, Abe Lyman, at the drums, handed him a guitar and told him to play. And so they all tried "Tiger Rag" more or less together.

Every silver lining has a cloud: Then there was Guy Lombardo's farewell party at the Roosevelt. At midnight, as the orchestra swung into the sentimental strains of "Till We Meet Again," three men entered carrying a huge horseshoe of flowers—a tribute from Guy's friends.

Tears came to the band leader's eyes, and he was clearing his throat to speak when a lad with a little white paper stepped from behind the wreath.

"Just a minute," he said. "Here is a summons for you."

It was from a Philadelphia company which says that a long, long time ago, Guy promised to record exclusively for them.

She loses a bet: Sylvia Froos had to make a box of fudge for each of Louis Silver's musicians at Columbia. She bet she couldn't reach high C, and she did. But the next Sunday at N. B. C., Brad Browne introduced her as a contralto, "because everything has come down since the depression." (Please turn to page 118)



Photo by Schupack

Irene Taylor, of NBC, who sings the blues from the Edgewater Beach in Chicago, bids fair to become a national sensation very soon.



Sylvia Froos, a vibrant personality, new to the radio, who bet a box of fudge she couldn't reach high C—and lost. And was glad she did—lose.



Photo by Wide World

The Boswell Sisters call on President Hoover. Here they are—Vet, Connie and Martha—with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke, who entertained them during their stay in Washington.



Grace Moore (above), up from musical comedy into opera and motion pictures, and now she's a radio star, too.

Virginia Gardner (right) is the dramatic star you heard in "Death Valley Days."

Dorothea James and Abe Lyman (left) as they appear in the Movie Star Revue—except that Mr. Lyman also appears in five other programs.





HONEYMOON HOUSE

Where Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are planning the Great Future

TIS said that the most accurate analysis of a man's character comes from his home—for there is man's domain, his kingdom where his heart rules and his nature is most clearly revealed.

There is no doubt but that Lew Ayres' honeymoon home, high in the hills between Hollywood and Universal City, reflects the character of this young star. Modest to the point of timidity, Ayres has always lived a quiet life. His closest friends say that Ayres would blush in the presence of the shrinking violet, for he consistently avoids the spotlight and all forms of so-called "show."

A dreamer, a thinker and an adventurous boy at heart, Ayres is the hill-billie of cinelandia in a sense: he has always lived high in the hills, several hundred

(Above) A general view of the honeymoon house taken from the west. High on the hills above Hollywood, this home, arranged on four terraces, reflects the modesty of its owners.

feet up, always at the far end of some canyon where he might dream his life quietly and peacefully. Ayres is an active lad who mixes the ambitions of an astronomer, a chemist, a sculptor and a musician.

BUILT on a slope, with huge boulders forming a unique feature of the four terraces of the foreground, the Ayres home has eight rooms, four baths

Another in the Series of Homes of the Stars

All Photographs by RAY JONES

and a second terrace patio, and is of French Normandy motif in white plaster and stained wooden exterior braces and finishing beams.

Approaching the door, one climbs four sets of stairs of about fifteen steps each, then follows a winding walk of flagstones and arrives at the simple, heavy wooden entrance by a fifth set of steps. Stepping into the hallway, to the left is a breakfast nook, beyond it a kitchen with the latest electrical equipment. Beyond the kitchen is the dining-room, small, but sufficient for Ayres and his charming wife, Lola Lane, who shares her husband's views on a quiet home life. The dining-room features a Jenny Lind suite of heavy walnut with the buffet surmounted by a silver candle set and some rare glassware.

To the right of the hallway is a spacious, well-lighted living room, twenty by twenty-six feet. A huge leaded Normandy window set in the south wall permits a view of Hollywood, stretching out several hundred feet below, with terraces covered with grapevines, wild flowers and stubby live oaks in the immediate foreground. At noon, the view is sharp, but in early morn and at sundown the city below becomes a phantom in misty tints.

IN one corner of the living-room is a grand piano. In an opposite corner is a comfortable Norman lounge in old gold, to match the drapes at the window, and behind the lounge a table with a rare volume of Shakespeare, a book of woodcut prints, and a silver vase filled with long-stemmed buds. Against the east wall, on either side of the fireplace, are book racks which contain Ayres' unfinished library.

Across the chimney of the fireplace are two fencing foils of Eighteenth century design which Ayres bought some years ago at a connoisseur's auction. Sprigs of English ivy are draped gracefully from a rare brass vase on the shelf built in the chimney. On top of one bookstand is a score of tiny German soldiers in tin—mere toys presented to Lew by Lola after their first meeting, when Ayres was playing the memorable *Paul Baumer* in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Those toys are precious decorations.

Near the toy soldiers an old Spanish galleon in miniature rests at anchor, supported by tiny bracing pegs. The northeast corner of the living-room features a heavy, inviting arm chair matching the Norman lounge. Against the west wall a walnut secretaire, with a few small books, the Ayres household budget books and personal effects, provides the only piece of furniture except a straight-backed chair. Lighting fixtures are small wall brackets of modern design yet in perfect harmony with the furnishings.

Returning to the entry way, one reaches the second elevation of the house by two sets of eight steps each, arriving at another hallway with an opening to the patio, about twenty feet square, with tiled floor, a built-in fireplace for barbecues and a table for out-of-doors meals, which gives an even better view of the grounds than the Norman window of the living room.

A huge awning permits the patio to be covered in damp weather. At the end of the connecting hallway



Lew Ayres in his home. This Universal star, who made his first hit in "All Quiet on the Western Front," recently married to Lola Lane, continues to score in picture after picture.



of the second elevation are more stairs, leading to the Ayres bedrooms and the guest rooms, all furnished in walnut, with walls of pale green and lilac and drapes to match. A glazed embossing treatment of the walls has produced an attractive design without employing changes of color.

UP two more flights of stairs one reaches the fourth elevation of the house, the maids' quarters and Lew Ayres' workshop. Here Ayres has transformed a huge closet into a miniature museum of relics from the days of '49, pieces of lava, old muskets, pieces of ancient Navajo and Pueblo pottery, bits of quartz with gold streaks, bits of silver, a piece of quartz with amethyst crystals, and souvenirs from every picture in which he has appeared.

In the main workroom is a figure of a wrestler, in clay, which Ayres is modeling in his spare moments. Near at hand an experimental chemistry set, a celestial globe for studying the stars and heavenly planets, a

Southeast corner of the Ayres home, showing the dining-room window, the connecting hallway and the upper porch.

View of the house from the east, showing the shrub-planted patio, rising high above its surroundings.





The Ayres living-room. The windows are Norman, the walls of white imitation flagstone, the furniture walnut and the drapes and couch of old gold damask.

36-inch telescope and smaller instruments for similar observations, and a portrait of Lola Lane in oil. (There is only one small portrait of Ayres in the entire house and only two framed portraits of Mrs. Ayres.)

The walls of the workshop (when decorated) are to feature old pirate flintlocks, a few small furs and skins and possibly a bit of bas-relief of Ayres' own making.

THE honeymooning Ayres have occupied their new home only a few months and their principal interest has been to "settle" by degrees, with the first elevation attended to first, the sleeping quarters next, and then the workshop, after the grounds have been improved.

The grounds around the house are dotted with flowers of many colors and species, verbenas, roses, geraniums of many hues, azalea, tiny blue-green cacti with China red flowers which look like a package of firecrackers on a stick, hen and chickens, a sort of cabbage plant with tiny flowering bells and a flowering cactus, growing on a huge boulder.

Behind the house at the top of the hill are more boulders, live oaks, grapevines, peaches, apricots, pears and locquats. Italian cypress trees planted for ornamental purposes are enjoying a slow but promising growth. Vines are beginning to creep along the tiny knolls like lines of green-clad soldiers on an Alpine slope, and pampas grass adds a touch of interest. Bamboo, twice torn up and trampled down, refuses to die and in six weeks has grown at a rate of two inches a day, near the garage.

Lew Ayres' home matches Lew Ayres.



Lew's bedroom has small floor rugs, a color scheme of green with drapes to match, and furniture of walnut. The portrait of Lola Lane, hanging above the bed, is the only picture on the walls.

PET ODDITIES

of the Stars



Photo by Elmer Fryer

JOAN BLONDELL



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

ANN HARDING



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

EDWINA BOOTH



EL BRENDL

JOAN BLONDELL insists upon washing her teeth with peroxide once a week—but says she doesn't know why. Joan, by the way, is the girl that film producers couldn't see for pictures until she had made a hit on the stage—and look what the public thinks of her now.

ANN HARDING has a fear of snakes that amounts almost to a phobia. She can't even stand to look at snakes in pictures—and the size of the snake makes no difference—little or big, poisonous or harmless, it is still a snake to Ann.

RAMON NOVARRO thinks that peacocks and anything that comes from a peacock bring bad luck—while Edwina Booth's favorite decorative schemes always include peacock feathers. She rarely dresses in her most resplendent best unless she has a peacock feather in the ensemble.

EL BRENDL will spend days in glee in front of the monkey cages in the zoo. And then he goes about for the rest of the days of the week trying to imitate their antics. Recently, while building his new house, friends and neighbors worried lest El was putting monkey tricks into practice because of the way he scuttled up and down ladders like a born-to-the-jungle simian.

**They have their weaknesses, just as you have yours,
according to HESTER ROBISON**

CALL them what you will, idiosyncrasies, superstitions, pet dreads—what they actually are is “idiosyncrasies.” The susceptibilities or aversions to which they confess are as much a part of their real selves as your pet idiosyncrasies are of you. Now—don't shake your head and say you haven't any. Of course you have. You'll probably find them somewhere here. Which of these is your pet weakness?

Ever hear of anyone washing their teeth with peroxide and water? And not knowing exactly why? That's one of Joan Blondell's idiosyncrasies: She indulges it once a week. After a good look at Joan's practically perfect teeth—it might not be a bad idea.

Mysticism and astrology have a decided influence upon John Barrymore. He consults the stars—so we've been told—before starting a production, and he awaits propitious times before casting them. Wonder which of the stars led him to select Dolores Costello for a leading lady? Without being sure we'll wager it was Venus.

While we're on the subject of Mr. Barrymore, we can't help wondering what mystic power it was that advised him to be photographed from the left side with a pipe in his mouth—when he prefers to smoke cigarettes.

EVEN George Arliss has his weaknesses—even as you and I. He never authorizes anyone to write a statement for him, he's too afraid of being misquoted. We thought, when we learned that he never appears

without his monocle, that we had discovered the only flaw in his distinguished makeup. Then someone had to whisper in our ear that he smokes only gold-tipped cigarettes made especially for him.

Afraid of snakes? Then you have a companion in Ann Harding. Ann's distaste for snakes amounts almost to a phobia. She says it isn't an actual physical fear, but that just any sort of snake, even the harmless little garter kind, makes her shudder. She has a horror of seeing them in pictures, and the reptile house of a zoo will never have Ann Harding as a visitor.

And writing of zoos, did you know that El Brendel can spend days in front of the monkey cages? He watches them and later on tries to imitate their antics. That used to be El's pet idiosyncrasy—but now it's his home. Since he's been building his new home El forgets and walks under ladders; another of his pet idiosyncrasies used to be concerned with the ladder superstition.

James Dunn excuses his idiosyncrasy—he abhors whistling in his dressing room—on the ground that he has a perfectly good reason for it. Jimmy—his friends call him that—was playing in a show in Canada and having a swell time of it too—when some friends came into his dressing room and began whistling. Shortly after the whistling episode Dunn suffered severe injuries in a fall and in a taxi collision. Just try and whistle
(Please turn to page 109)



Photo by Hurry-11

Hedda Hopper, professionally and socially one of the most popular figures in Hollywood. Poised, polished, likable, she represents the highest type of actress. Her latest picture is "Speak Easily," with Buster Keaton, Ruth Selwyn and Jimmie Durante. She recently played in "As You Desire Me," with Greta Garbo. She was once married to De Wolff Hopper.

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NEWS and PICTURES of

Advance information on what the



Roar of the Dragon — RKO-Radio: Gwili Andre and Richard Dix play the lovers in this dramatic film of war-torn Manchuria. The cast includes Dudley Digges, Gregory Ratoff, Arline Judge and Edward Everett Horton. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Marks the screen debut of Gwili Andre.



The Night Flower — Warners-First National: Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent, who were together in "So Big," together again. This is adapted from the stage play, "The Mud Lark." Others in the cast are Leila Bennett, Hardie Albright, Murray Kinnell. Directed by William Wellman.



Down to Earth—Fox: Will Rogers and his wife (played by Irene Rich) come home from a trip to Paris, and find that their wealth has done terrible things to them. So they lose it, and become their normal selves once more. The cast also contains Dorothy Jordan, Matty Kemp, Mary Carlisle; from story by Homer Croy. Directed by David Butler.



Tiger Shark—First National: Edward G. Robinson, as Little Portugal fisherman, sacrifices a hand saving Richard Arlen from the sharks. Zita Johann dutifully marries him, but she and Arlen are in love. Robinson throws himself to sharks. Howard Hawks directs.

FORTHCOMING FILMS

Hollywood Studios are doing



One-Way Passage—Warners: The story of a fugitive murderer, by William Powell, and a girl due to die of heart trouble, Kay Francis, their meeting, their love, and their ultimate separation. Directed by Tay Garnett, with Aline MacMahon and Warren Hymer in cast.



Washington Whirlpool—M-G-M: From "The Claw," and with plenty of senators and diplomats, gold-braid, adventuresses, and Lionel Barrymore. Also, Karen Morley, Diane Sinclair, a screen newcomer, William Collier, Sr., C. Henry Gordon, and others. Directed by Charles Brabin.



Cabin in the Cotton—Warners-First National: Richard Barthelmess—child of white trash, torn between love for a patrician girl and one of his own kind—Bette Davis and Dorothy Jordan. Supported by Henry B. Walthall. Michael Curtiz directs.



The Challenger—Paramount: George Bancroft, as a hair-chested prizefighter who, on the downgrade, loses his roll, sees his manager, James Gleason, shot in an attempted robbery—and then Bancroft and Wynne Gibson reform and raise Gleason's young son. Directed by Stephen Roberts. Wynne Gibson's rôle is that of Texas Guinan in real life.

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WHAT'S GOING ON IN MOVIELAND. All of the latest flashes



Undesirable Lady—Fox: Frank Lloyd directing Elissa Landi, who plays an English girl stranded in German South Africa when the war breaks out, an unsuccessful marriage, and finally happiness with Melvyn Douglas. Being made on Catalina Island off the California coast, with every sort of water sport at hand. And they call it work!

The Murder Express—Columbia: A trainload of convicts, some reporters, police, five murders and a runaway train, with a murderer loose, give thrills. And with a cast consisting of Ben Lyon, Barbara Weeks, Kenneth Thompson, William V. Mong, Helene Millard and Nat Pendleton. Directed by Ben Stoloff.



Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm — Fox: A poor little farm girl straightens out all the problems of the town she visits, and incidentally falls in love with the country doctor. Marian Nixon plays the part of Rebecca, originally slated for Janet Gaynor. The doctor is Ralph Bellamy. Adapted from Kate Douglas Wiggin's famous novel. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast includes Mae Marsh and Charlotte Henry.



Forgotten Commandments—Paramount: Present-day Russia. Marguerite Churchill and Gene Raymond as peasants, Raymond comes to the city to study under the great surgeon, Irving Pichel. Then Sari Maritza complicates matters. Incorporates scenes from Cecil de Mille's silent picture, "The Ten Commandments." Directed by Louis Gasnier and William W. Schorr, a Russian.



of the newest film-plays in production in the major studios

Bachelors' Affairs—Fox: Adolphe Menjou enticed into marrying pretty, innocent Joan Marsh by Joan's scheming sister, Minna Gombell. Then complications. Others in the cast are Allen Dinehart, Arthur Pierson and Irene Purcell. From the play, "Fancy Free." Directed by Al Werker.



Skyscraper Souls — M-G-M: Warren William, Maureen O'Sullivan, Norman Foster, George Barbier, Gregory Ratoff and William Morris are in the cast. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The story is of a great building, its joys and sorrows, the bank on the ground floor, the penthouse on the roof—and the fight for control that ended in death.

Children of Pleasure—Warners-First National: Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in the picturization of Larry Barretto's novel. Supported by Paul Cavanagh, Lois Wilson, Hardie Albright and Henry Kolker. Directed by William Dieterle. All about a husband who stoops to blackmail his wife back to him—and succeeds.



Kings Up—Universal: Tom Mix gets himself mixed up with a ten-year-old European king while touring the continent with a wild-west circus. In the cast are Noel (Ziegfeld Follies) Francis, Finis (Miss Australia) Barton, Jim (famous Indian Athlete) Thorpe, F. Schumann-Heink, son of the opera star, Mickey Rooney and James Kirkwood.

(Please turn to page 102)



Dreams

John Wray never had any other thought but to become a great actor

By Jack Jamison

A QUIET man sits in a room, not large, not luxurious, on the twelfth floor of a Hollywood hotel. The windows face the south, and all day long the sun and the breeze from the sea sweep in. He is nearing middle age, his hair a little thin, his eyes very blue, his face kindly. Instantly, as you come in, you observe his hands—bent, broken, and scarred. You see then, too, that there are shadows in the blue eyes as well as laughter.

Your main impression is one of kindness, gentleness, shyness and all-inclusive love of mankind that shines out from him like a light. He has come up a long and rough road, and instead of turning him bitter it has made him gentle and fine.

And this is the man who, in "All Quiet on the Western Front," took the part of *Himmelstoss*, the cruel and vicious sergeant who forced the boys to sprawl again and again in the mud; who in the blood and terror and courage of the trenches demanded that they salute him. "You are the most hated man in Germany," Lil Dagover tells him.

This is the man who, in "The Miracle Man," was the fake cripple, so horrible that he made your skin creep, and yet, somehow, for all that, captured your sympathy.

JOHN WRAY was born in Philadelphia. Nobody can tell him anything about poverty. His father, a vagabond Irishman with a gorgeous tenor voice, beloved by everyone, was utterly improvident. There was never any money.

The father dying by the time he was eleven, John was the sole support of himself and his mother. He worked in textile mills, dye houses, hosiery mills, candy factories, sawmills. (Please turn to page 115)

Even at eleven he knew he wanted to be an actor, and his purpose never swerved. Every night, after work in the factory or the sawmill, he trudged to the public library to study Shakespeare and Dumas and Dante. This is the boy who grew up to play some of the most vivid characterizations in the films—and who is planning even greater worlds to conquer. (At right) As the cripple in "The Miracle Man."



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



Photo by Hurrell

And here you see Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery together again—and as heroine and hero, in "Letty Lynton," based on Marie Belloc Lowndes' drama of modern society and intrigue. It is directed by Clarence Brown. Bob has just signed a new long-term M-G-M contract.



At the age of five, Sylvia Sidney first showed tendencies towards things theatrical. At twelve she gave her first recital.

IT may be that in years to come New Yorkers will become conscious of the historic value of a private house on 137th Street in the Bronx. That is, New Yorkers will attain such consciousness if Sylvia Sidney's fame continues to rise in proportion to its present ratio.

For it was in that big house on 137th Street that Sylvia was born on a hot August 8th, in 1910.

Sigmund Sidney, a dentist, determined to work harder than ever so that his little daughter should have a sufficiency of material things, and Beatrice Sidney vowed that her child should be reared free of unnecessary restraint. And both, as Dr. Sidney told me recently, were happy that their first child was a girl.

"I was, and still am, madly in love with my wife," Dr. Sidney said, "and I wanted a little girl who would be her prototype—so that my love could be doubled. Each day my daughter Sylvia grows more like her mother."

Perhaps much that came out in Sylvia's character later on may be explained by her parentage. Her father is Roumanian, with all the light-heartedness and pleasure love which is natural to his people. Her mother is Russian, and, both by experience and ancestry, is more sedate and moody than her father.

Throughout infancy, Sylvia was a model child. There was never a sleepless night for her parents. In fact, they worried because she cried so seldom and thought it abnormal for a child to lie hour upon hour doing nothing but blinking her large green eyes.

Beatrice Sidney laid the foundation for Sylvia's

Lonely Little GIRL

future by rearing her systematically. There were regular times for eating and regular times for sleeping—and Sylvia, to this day, tries to follow a regular routine for the sake of her health. Mrs. Sidney was as thoughtful of the character of her daughter as she was of her health, taking care not to force her to the point of breaking her will. And it was the development of this will power that later on led Sylvia to success on the stage and in the movies. Her father still remembers her dislike of bread and butter, and tells of the attempts he and Mrs. Sidney made to tempt Sylvia to eat them. But she would not be tempted, and to this day dislikes them.

At five, Sylvia showed tendencies toward things theatrical.

She liked to dress up in her mother's clothes, not just to feel big like most children do, but with an attention to detail that astonished her parents. Getting the right colors and draping the clothes properly to fit her miniature figure were serious matters to her. She would spend hours arranging her long, curly hair, and only when the coiffure and costume satisfied her, did she begin to act. The poise she exhibited was amazing.

Other children of her own age bored her. At four she was already tilting her little nose up at the block and toy games of other four-year-olds. Her attitude worried her parents; they feared she would grow up to be a recluse, or worse still, a snob. Often they sighed to see her curled up in a big chair trying to read a book, or seated quietly at the dining-room table working on freehand drawings.

When they could not find her, they looked for traces of her drawings on the wall—her favorite “drawing boards”—and followed her by the sketches that marred the rooms. Her father still expresses amazement at the sense of color and proportion she showed in her drawings. He was sure she would follow in her mother’s footsteps and be a designer. And when Sylvia, at the age of five, became critical of her wardrobe, both Mr. and Mrs. Sidney were certain that she would make designing her vocation.

“Why don’t you play with other children?” they often asked, urging her to make friends with her little neighbors.

“But”—this at the age of five—“they bore me. I want to read.”

ABOUT this time she began to reveal a strong will. “But she was never offensively stubborn,” her father says. “She reasoned logically, refusing to accept the statements of her elders until she was satisfied they were correct. She would be polite and attentive, but demanded that her opinions be respected until she was convinced that her point of view was wrong.

“Both her mother and I always spoke to her as though to an adult.”

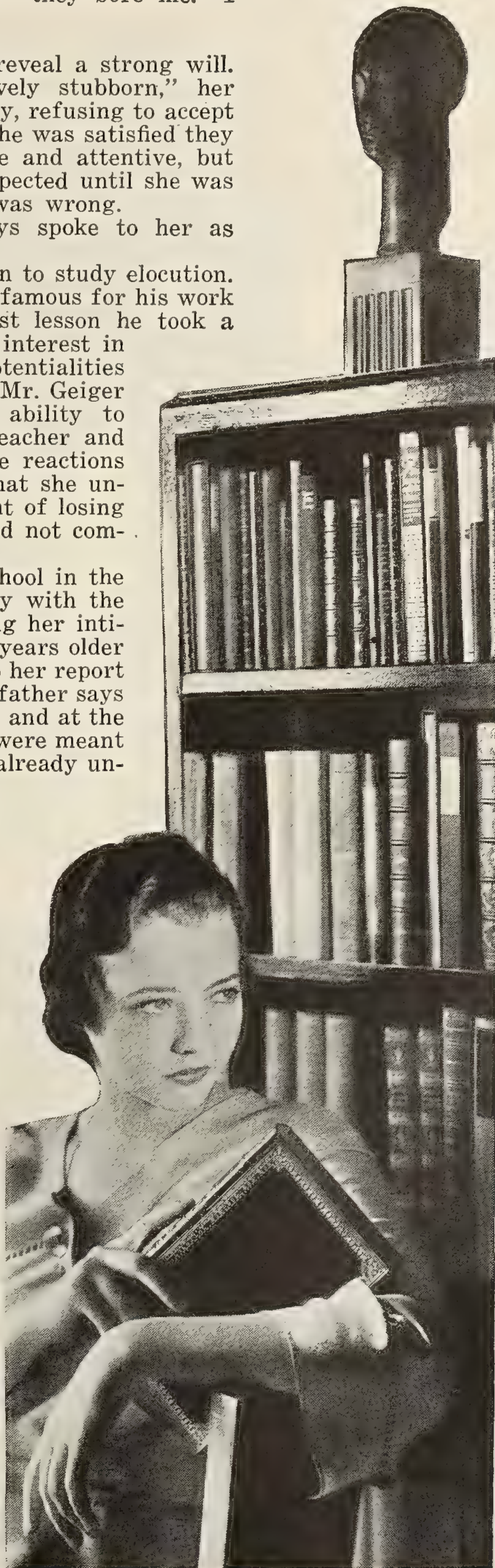
At the age of seven, Sylvia began to study elocution. Her teacher was Joseph G. Geiger, famous for his work as an elocutionist. From the first lesson he took a personal as well as a professional interest in Sylvia. He was certain she had potentialities as a stage star. Like her parents, Mr. Geiger respected Sylvia’s opinions and ability to reason. They would argue, the teacher and his beautiful little pupil, about the reactions of characters. Until Sylvia felt that she understood the characters to the point of losing her own identity in them, she could not commit the recitation to memory.

She continued to go to public school in the Bronx, still refusing to be friendly with the other pupils in her classes, choosing her intimates from among girls five or six years older than herself. She was, according to her report cards, an exceptional student. Her father says that she was an omnivorous reader, and at the age of eight had read books which were meant solely for adults. At that age she already understood much about life, and talked frankly with her parents. There was never any hokum or camouflaging of facts where Sylvia was concerned.

She received an allowance of three dollars per week, and was not questioned about how or why she spent it. It was her money to do with as she liked—and she spent almost all of it on books. By the time she was twelve, she had a large library of fine books herself—dealing with subjects from clothes to religion. No wonder she found girls and boys of her own age boresome! She was interested in thinking, and they were interested in playing. In public school she was promoted several times in a single year, so it would not have been satisfying to make friends she would have to leave behind.

Every summer she was sent

Here is a close-up of Sylvia in a corner of her Hollywood home. There, as everywhere, she surrounds herself with the finest of reading material.



Sylvia Sidney is thrilled by attention but frightened at success. Yet her modesty and shyness will aid her in keeping the high position she has already attained in Hollywood

to camp in Pennsylvania, but even in the intimacy of camp life she could not get close to other little girls in her own groups.

In New York, Sylvia was the idol of numerous cousins, mostly male. Several of her young cousins had come over from Russia and Roumania where they had seen suffering and privation—and Sylvia felt keenly that they had passed through miserable times.

She still has a strong sense of family ties. She is most proud of her cousin, Albert, who is famous as a bacteriologist. He used to tease her, when she was a little girl, about her sense of self-importance. One of her ways of showing it was to slip away to small stores with her allowance and, feeling she had enough books for a while, spend it all on little purchases. The more things she bought the happier she was. Then she would, with grave seriousness, distribute her purchases among the family or children she knew.

Sylvia was twelve years of age when she gave her first recital in public. Her father had rented the Little Theatre for a Sunday evening. “Little Jesse James” was enjoying a long run there during the week—and, to make Sylvia’s happiness complete, her father employed the “Little Jesse James” orchestra to play for the recital. The house was packed. Sylvia ordered the stage hands about, and they loved it. She made friends of the ushers and the doorman.

Her recital was strenuous. It consisted of nine recitations with as many changes of costume—and she was a miniature Ruth Draper. For two and one half hours she held a full house attentive—and when she finished, even the ushers applauded.

Several years later, when Sylvia made her professional bow, in the same Little Theatre, in “Gods of the Lightning,” some of those ushers were still working there. They came up and congratulated her, and said that they knew she would grow up to be an excellent actress. She was as thrilled as the ushers.

Following the recital, Sylvia lost interest in elocution. She (Please turn to page 81)

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I Knew Them WHEN

Twenty Years Ago the Motion Picture Business Was a Great Adventure

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

WAY back in 1909 or '10, when the motion picture industry was still wearing three-cornered panties and Hollywood was a district of orange groves and cow pastures, a tall, lean, strong-featured young Canadian named Al Christie came out of the East to direct comedies for Universal. A short time later this young ex-news butcher, ex-bill poster, ex-scene painter and ex several other things decided to make pictures for himself. Accordingly the Nestor Film Company was organized and in their first studio, a remodeled beer garden, at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, the Christie Comedies were born.

For two decades Christie Comedies have contributed to the mirth of nations and today, although his hair has silvered and his tall frame no longer has the lean supple strength of youth, Al Christie is still in the saddle, making pictures. Mellowed by the years and tempered by the experience, there is nothing he likes more to do than to reminisce of the old days when many a now famous player or embryo director first set his foot upon the path of glory under his banner.

On that crude stage at Sunset and Gower, Laura La Plante, Betty Compson, Lon Chaney, Louise Fazenda, Colleen Moore, Barbara La Marr, William Seiter, John Francis Dillon, Frank Borzage, Robert McGowan,



Al Christie himself, when he was directing Nestor comedies in 1910. Mr. Christie gives his fascinating recollections of early movie days in this article.

Archie Mayo, Edward Sloman, Mary Lewis, Charlie Chase, Hoot Gibson and many others faced a motion picture camera for the first time. Mr. Christie was also first to feature the now famous team of Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a comedy, and it was from the cast of a Christie comedy that Howard Hughes selected Jean Harlow, the platinum blonde sensation of "Hell's Angels."

"Yes," admits the veteran, "I can say that I started a good many of them in the business, but I don't by any means take credit for their future success. I just happened to be the one to give them their first opportunity, that's all.

"THERE was Lon Chaney, for instance," Mr. Christie leaned back in his big chair and lit a cigar.

"In those days we used to get most of our new players from road shows that went broke in Los Angeles.

"The first time I ever saw Lon, he was doing a comedy Zulu dance in a little burlesque house on Main Street. He wore a fright wig and was in black-face, and I'll say that he didn't look much like the man who was to become the



Jean Harlow was playing a small part in a Christie comedy, "Weak But Willing," when she was discovered by Howard Hughes. The now famous blonde was then an extra.



The test still of Laura La Plante. This was made at the famous rose bush in the San Fernando Valley near the present town of Lankershim. Here Al Christie made all his test films of newcomers, and here Miss La Plante, Betty Compson and others broke into motion pictures.

greatest character actor of the screen. His show was closing up, so I gave him a job.

"Lon's first part with me was that of a comic drunk who had lost his clothes and had to go home in a barrel. It was blistering hot and Lon got a terrible dose of sunburn, to say nothing of some good hard bumps, for comedies were rough in those days. He only stayed with me a year before he went to Universal as a character man. Not so long before Lon died, we met at a dinner and, as he shook hands with me, he said:

"Well, Al, we used to have lots of fun, but I'll carry the scars from those comedies of yours to the grave."

Mr. Christie's eyes lit up as he remembered another recruit from the Main Street burlesque shows.

"It's funny how things turn out, isn't it? Now, if Victoria Ford hadn't been crazy about cowboys and always hanging around them, Betty Compson might never have gone into pictures.

"You see, Vic Ford was my leading lady in those days, and when she and Tom Mix decided to get married, she left me on short notice.

"How about a little raise in salary, Vic?" I asked, wondering if that wouldn't tempt her to stay.

"I'm in love," she told me, "and what is money, even a lot, compared to love?"

Now and then the early motion picture comedies went romantic. In this scene of an early Christie film, Betty Compson plays the damsel in distress and Bob McGowan is the ornate gentleman.



Colleen Moore and an actor now unknown, in an early Christie comedy. Miss Moore got her job at the Christie studios because she could weep at will. She could turn tears on and off as you and I operate a shower bath.



"Well, she and Tom got married and it was up to me to find a new leading lady, quick, so down to Main Street I went. I dropped into a theater to see an act called 'The Wrong Bird', where a cute little trick with long curls was playing a violin. Her name was Betty Compson and she looked like she might do, so I asked her to come out and see me. She came the next day and we took a test of her. (Please turn to page 91)

Needlework for Summer Afternoons

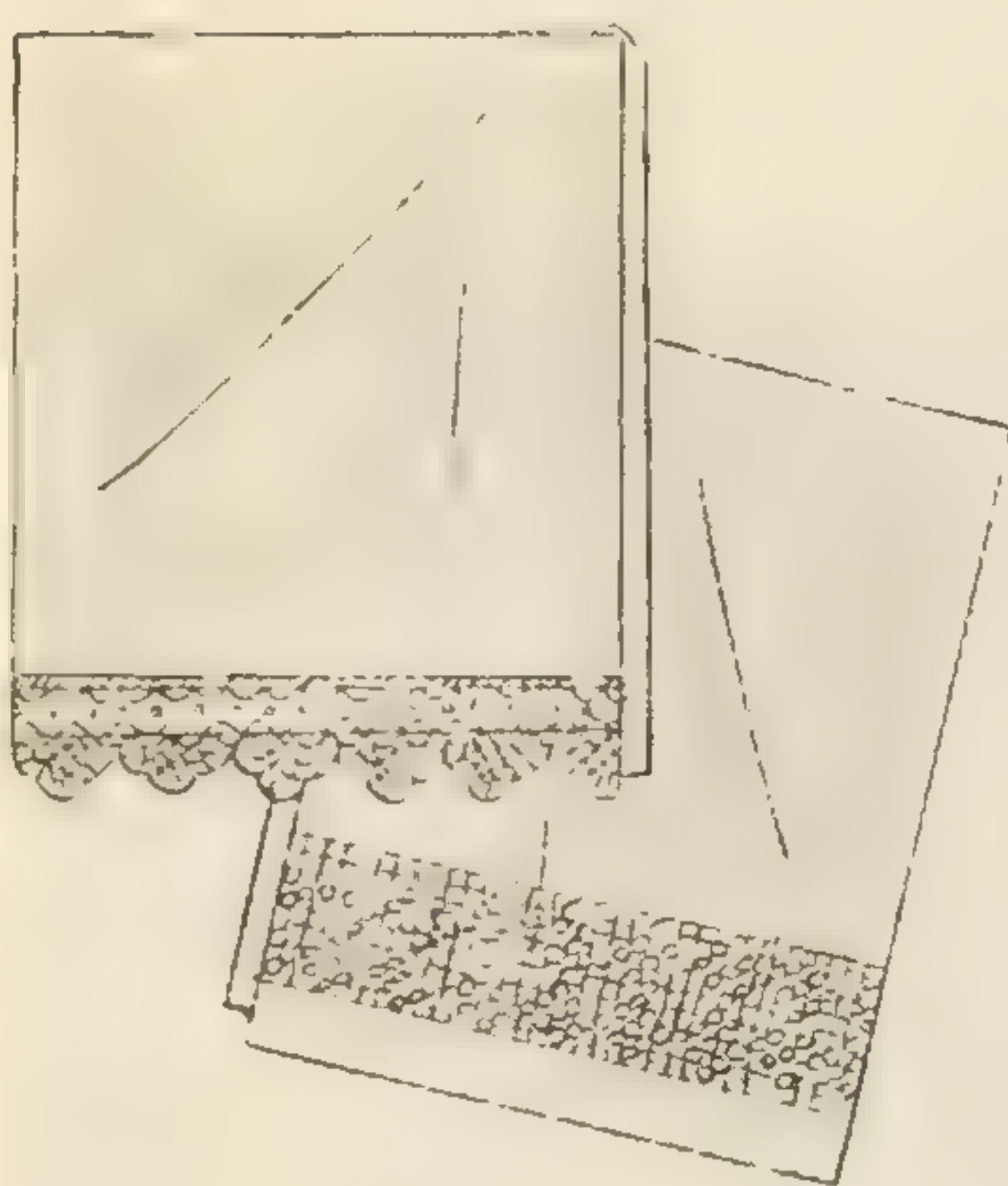


Make these accessories for your home with the aid of our New Method Circulars.

Au143—This circular gives directions for making darned filet runners and doilies.

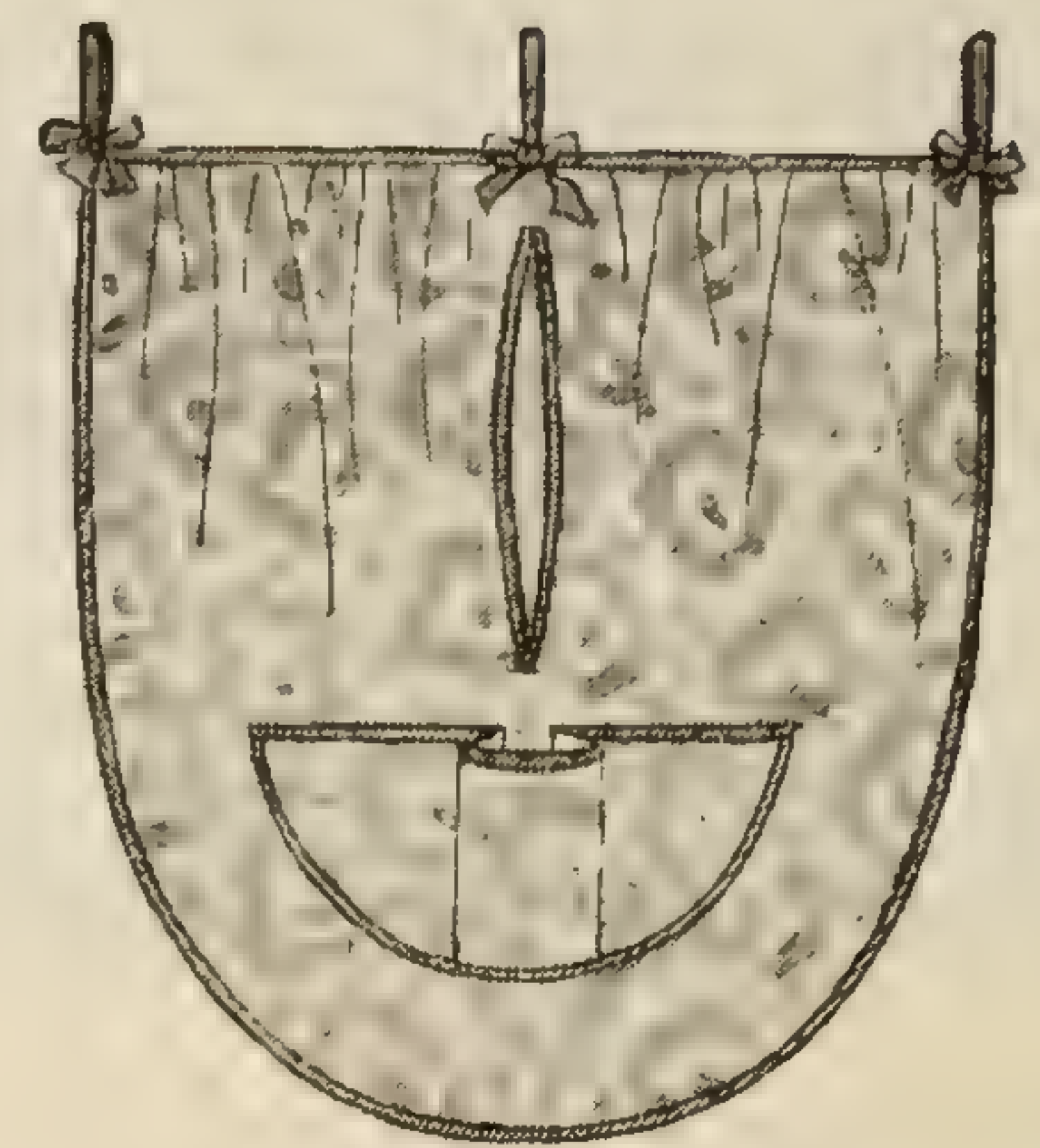
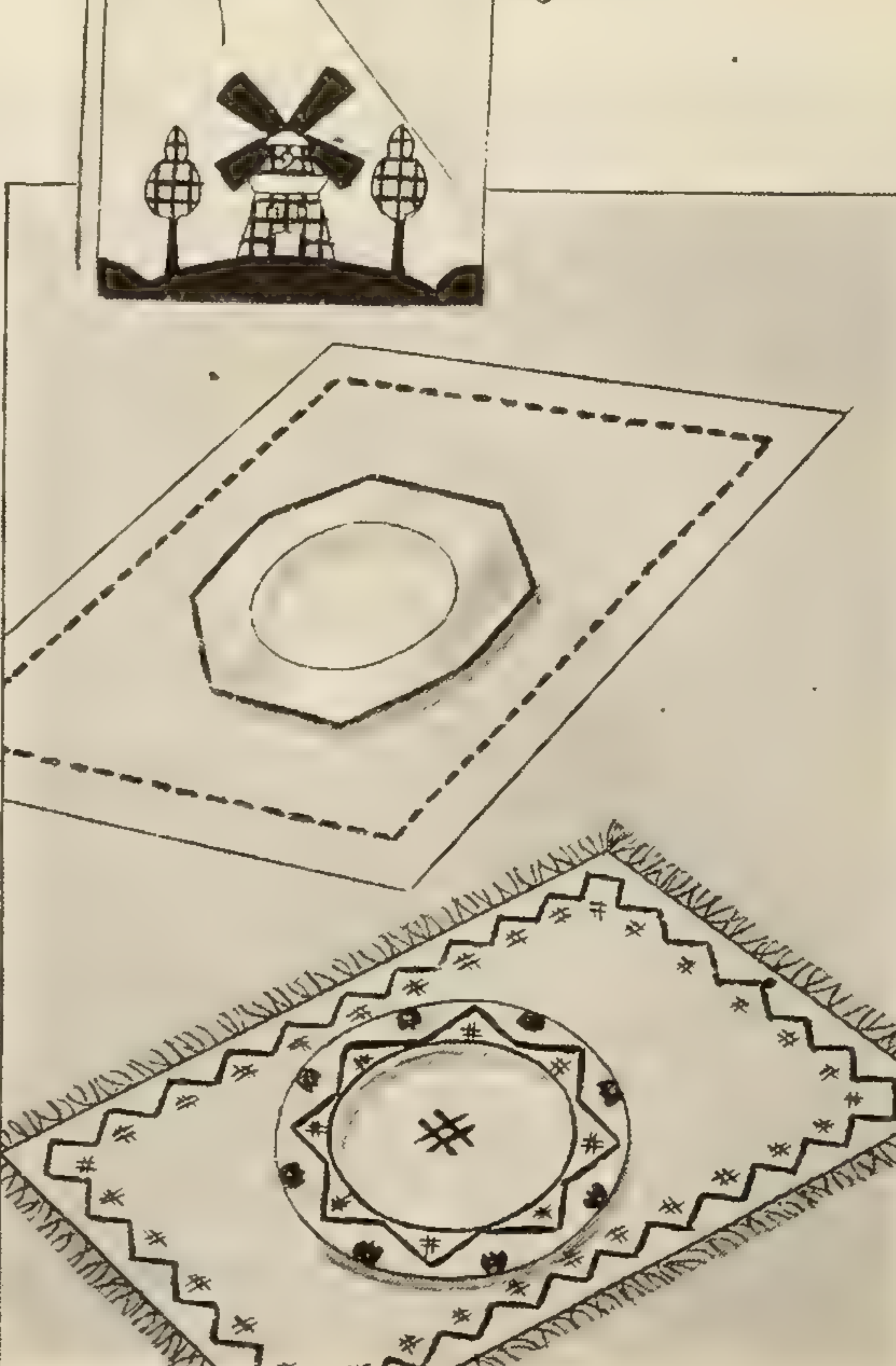
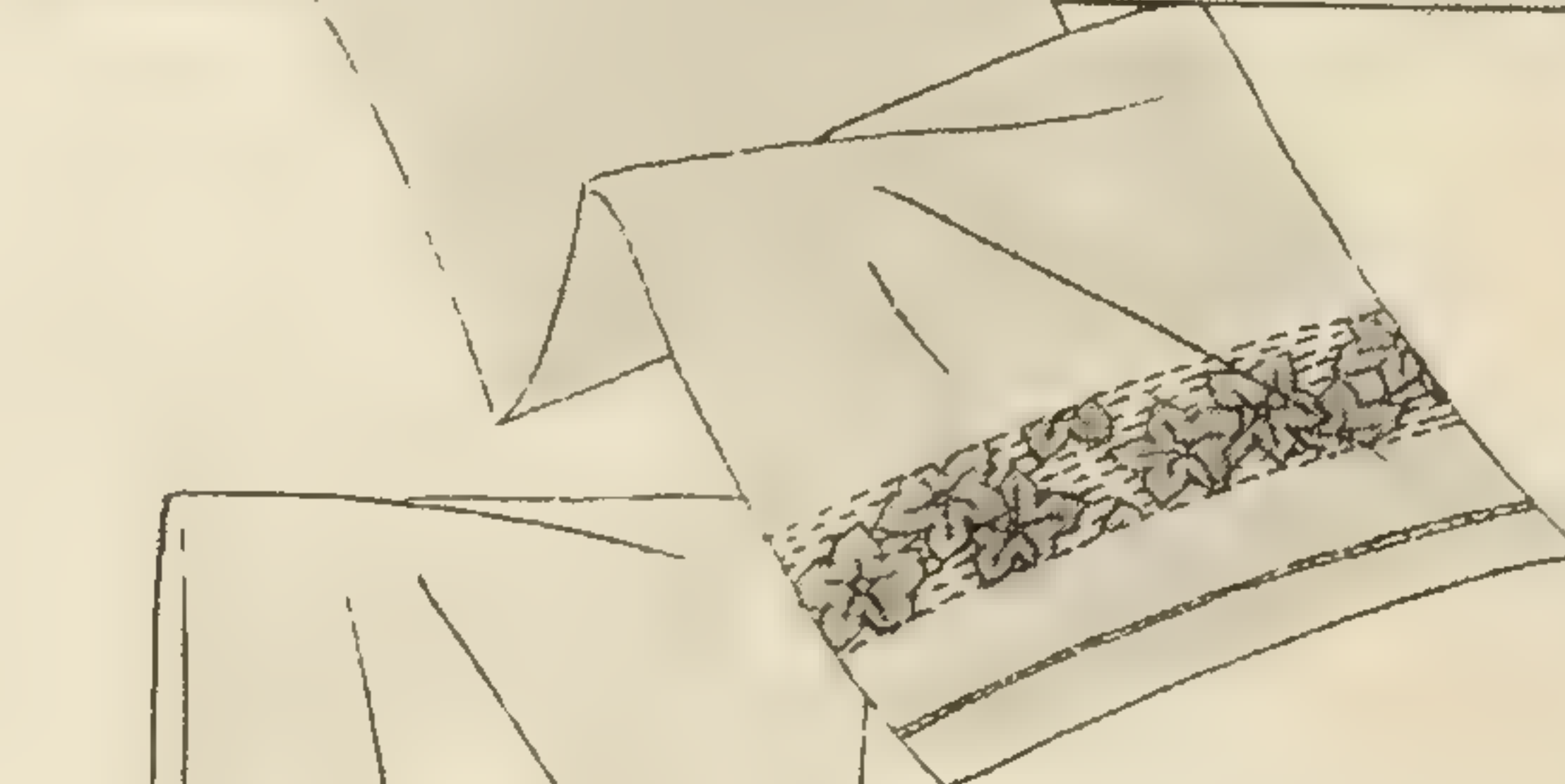
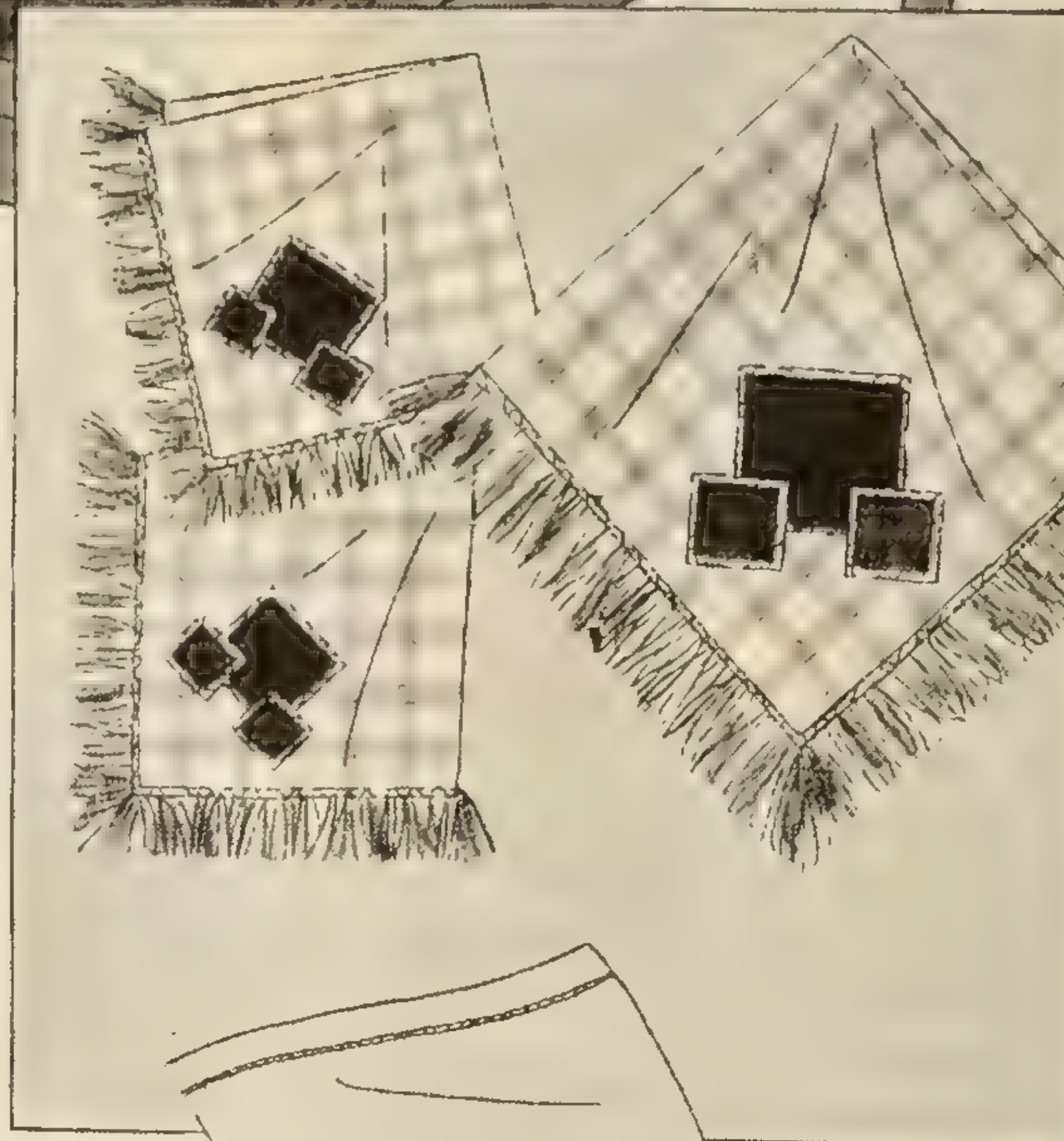
Au144 — Here you have directions for making the gingham card-table set at the right.

Au145—Directions for making embroidered and appliqué towel borders are given here.



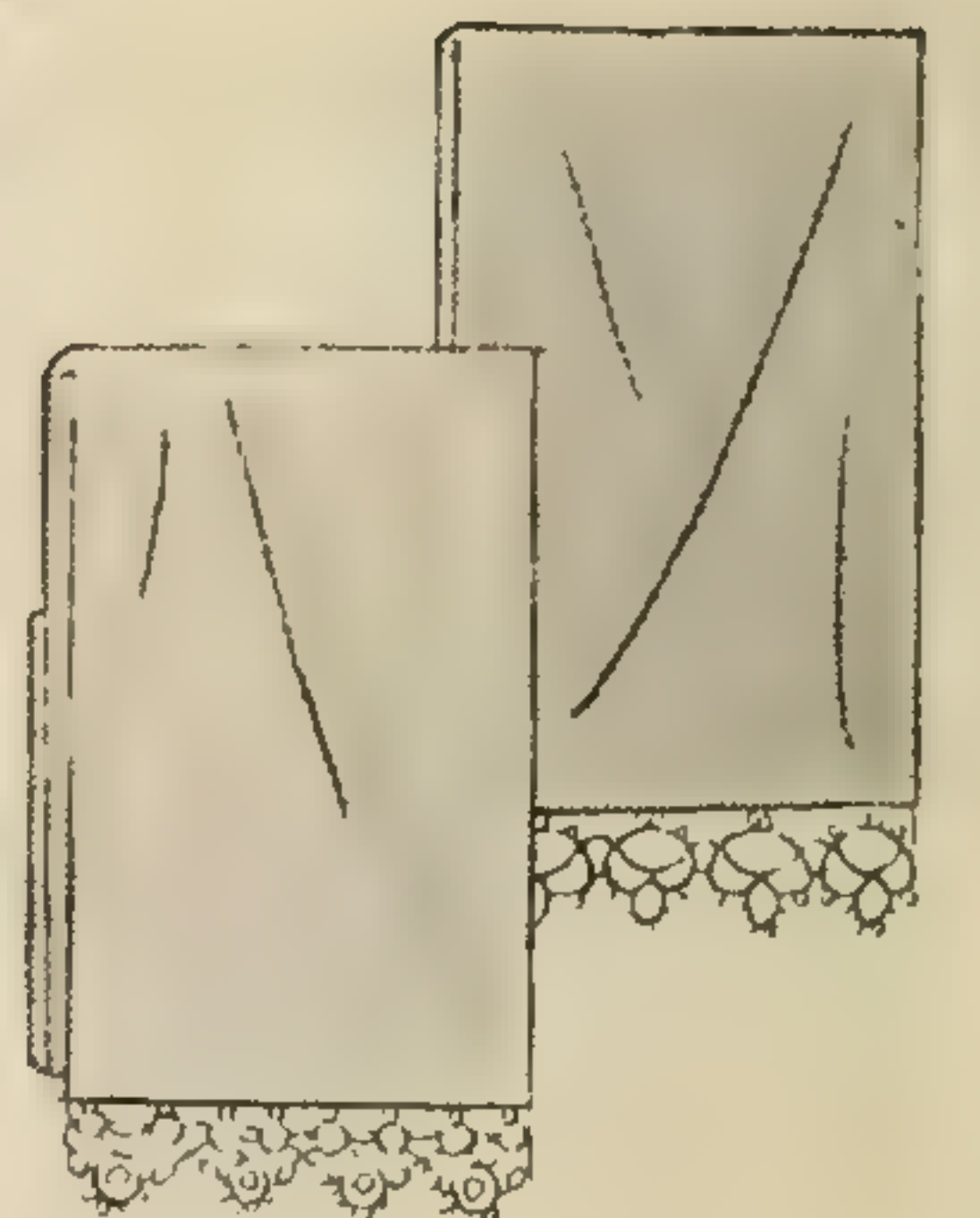
Au146—This gives complete directions for six new crochet insertions and edgings.

Au147—This circular explains how to make attractive table doilies to harmonize in color and design with your favorite china.

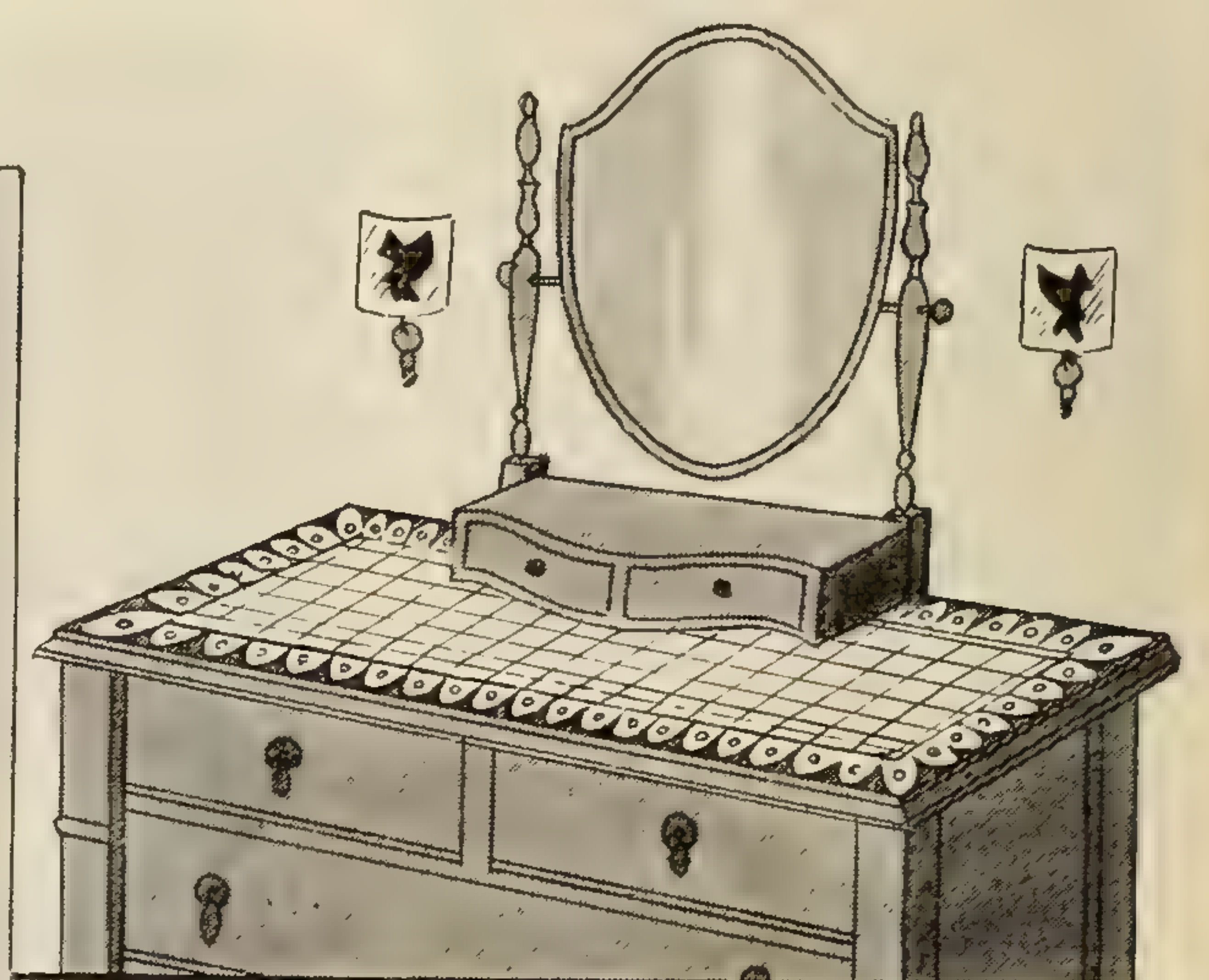


Au148 — Make this laundry bag to hold stockings and handkerchiefs.

Au149 — This gives directions for six sorts of tatted edging.



Au150 — Three of the newest types of bureau covers can be made with the help of this circular.



For complete directions for obtaining New Movie Magazine Patterns, please turn to page 109.

In the Hollywood Whirl

GRACE KINGSLEY takes you here and there and everywhere with the stars and the near-stars on pleasure bent.



Photo by Ray Jones



Photo by Watson

(At the top): Carl Laemmle, Sr., entertains at his elaborate home for Dr. Arnold Franck, who has gone to the Arctic to make pictures. Among the guests were, left to right: Lew Ayres and June Clyde. Mr. Laemmle is shown in the background at the left.

(Below): At the Holloway tea you would have met, among others: Mrs. Edward G. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd, as she is known on the stage), Marguerite Churchill, Anita Louise, (all above, reading from left to right), and (below, from left to right) Lila Lee, Nina Quartaro and Dorothy Tree.

THE whole world and his wife, I started to say, were at Colleen Moore's tea party on Sunday. But who cares about the world and his wife? It's the world and his sweetheart we're after. So I'll put it that way.

Of course, you know all about Colleen's gorgeous house on her estate in Westwood, with its big terrace at the back and its vista of lawn and swimming pool.

It was out there we met the Hollywood world and its sweetheart, with Colleen looking more like a little school girl than ever, dashing about trying to greet everybody, and being most gallantly aided by her fascinating husband, Albert Scott.

Mary Pickford I had met at the Mayfair the night before, and though she hadn't gone to bed until dawn she said that she had had a masseuse coming at nine that morning, so she had to get up, though she would much rather have slept. Doug, she said, had risen at eight to play tennis.

"Funny the things we plan fussily about for our health, and then when the time comes we'd have been much better off not to have thought about it," she laughed in that throaty little way of hers. She said she held in her hand, even then, a little note from her niece, Gwynne, telling her she must come straight home.

"The rising generation does boss us, doesn't it?" she smiled.

Just then Colleen came with her Japanese maid in tow. The maid was gazing at Mary wide-eyed. Afterward Colleen explained that the maid never had seen Miss Pickford (*Please turn to page 116*)

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

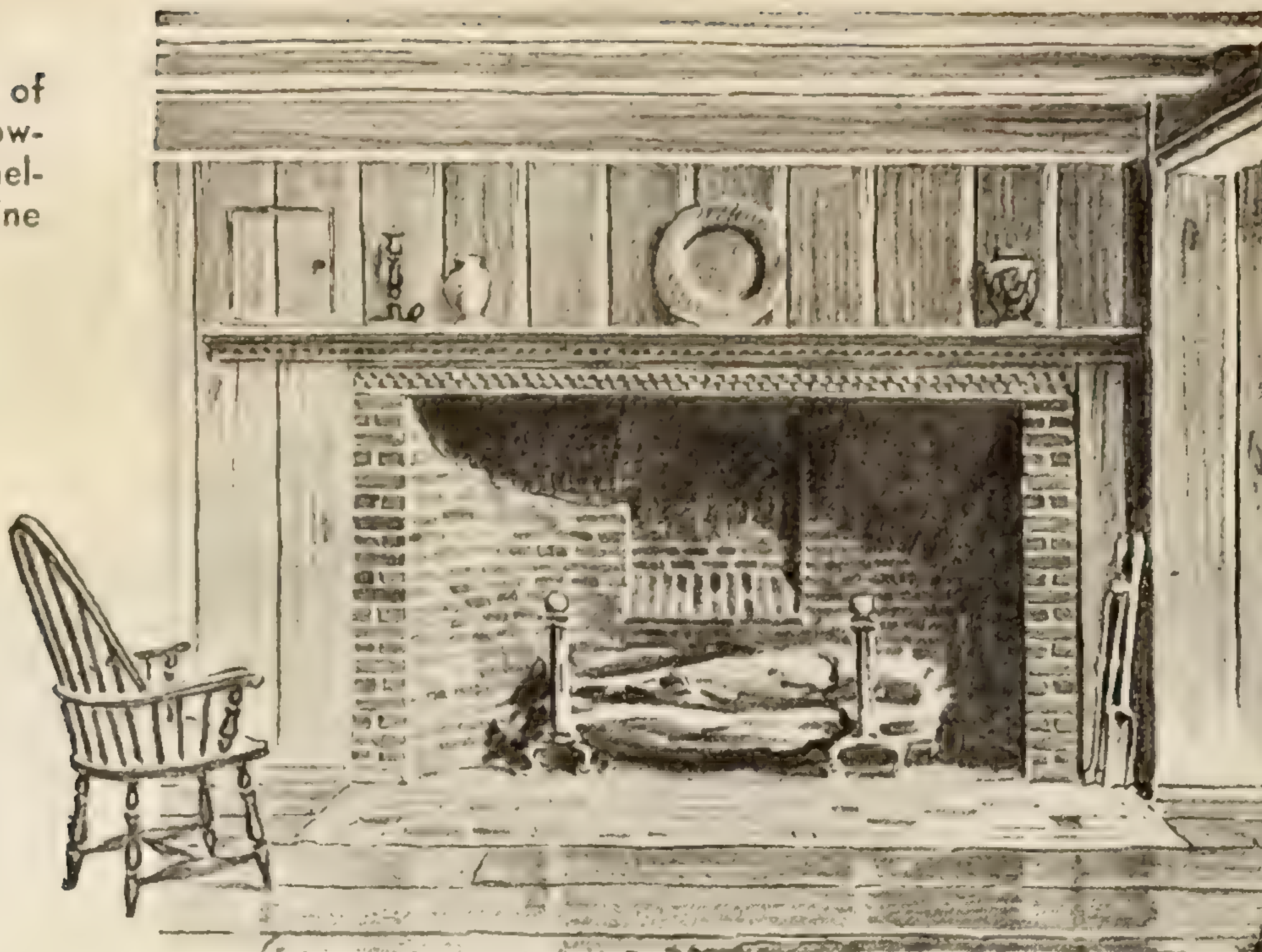
SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

The fireplace side of the living room, showing natural pine paneling and wide pine board flooring.



Floors and Walls for the Little Colonial Home

We plan the interior treatment for the house chosen by readers of this magazine

ONCE you decide to build a Colonial type of house, the question of inside walls, floors and other interior finish is easily answered. It is simply a matter of choosing which of several correct Colonial styles of floor and wall treatment best meet your individual requirements, which you like the best and which you can afford.

Fortunately, it is no longer difficult to obtain the right interior treatment for the Colonial house, because makers of inside trim have, within the past few years, given close attention to this subject and the house-builder can buy ready-made doors, mouldings, wall paneling, stair parts, mantels, cabinets, bookcases, etc., copied from old Colonial originals, at most reasonable prices. One of the great advantages of the Colonial type of house to the average American house-builder is the fact that it calls for no unusual or expensive materials. In the old Colonial houses, moulded work was all wrought by hand, but with the aid of modern machinery these beautiful old models are now perfectly reproduced at an enormous saving of time and labor.

The walls of your living room, hall and dining room may be finished with wood paneling, which is most attractive in the small Colonial house when carried out in natural pine.

At a somewhat lower cost the walls may be finished with rough plaster or with tinted or scenic wall paper. Upstairs rooms may be painted or papered.

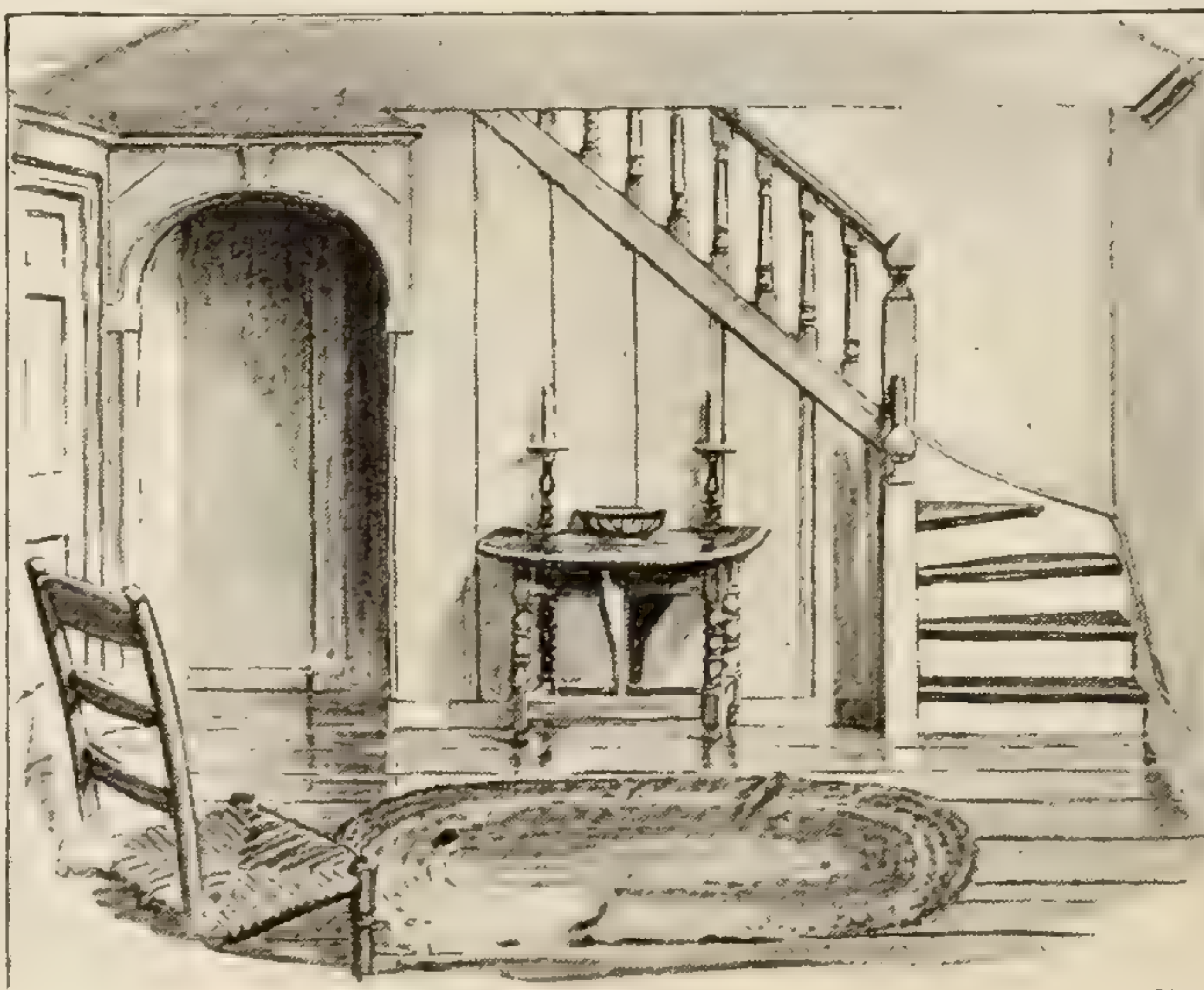
The ceiling of living room and dining room may be finished with broad beams or painted a somewhat lighter tone than that used for the side walls. Floors simply treated, with wide boards of pine or other wood well waxed and polished, are the usual choice for the downstairs floors, with narrower boards polished or painted for the rooms above.

The fireplace, essential to the Colonial living room, is faced with red brick, topped with a wood mantel shelf.

The entrance hall to our home should be planned carefully, as first impressions are lasting and a charming entrance is the keynote to the rest of our home. The stairway is the main feature in the entrance hall, and in the Colonial house should be very simple. It can be constructed entirely of pine if we should decide to finish the walls in pine, or if we paper the walls it can be finished in mahogany and white.

So, by the use of good quality woodwork, plaster, paints, bricks and other usual materials, the house-builder can carry on the tradition of simple beauty and comfort that is as much admired today as it was two hundred years ago.

If you would like additional information about the interior treatment of the Colonial house, write to the Tower House Editor, care of the Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



The hall of the Colonial house may be finished with wood panels or scenic wallpaper



Elmer Fryer

Twenty-seven-year-old David Manners has taken long-legged strides to the top of the ladder. Handsome, brown-haired, hazel-eyed, humorous—he has won the hearts of thousands of fans, and yet managed not to lose his head. His current release is "Crooner."

MUSIC of the SOUND SCREEN

Al Jolson making a musical picture — "The Kid from Spain" also to be produced

HERE are a few high spots from the month's news of new musical pictures on the sound screen.

Al Jolson, of "Sonny Boy" fame, is going to try to do it again, this time with none other than Madge Evans. The new picture is to be a United Artists production, and already has had several titles. One of them is "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum!" Remember the hit song of that name a few years back? Certainly Al Jolson could do that sort of thing to perfection.

Another piece of news is that Sam Goldwyn is producing "The Kid from Spain," an original screen musical comedy. With the team of Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and William Anthony McGuire writing the show, and Eddie Cantor doing the stellar honors, there is no reason why the picture should not be a knock-out.

TEDDY BLACK heads the list this month—and justly so. When you hear this latest release of his,



AL JOLSON



MADGE EVANS

By
JOHN EDGAR WEIR

"My Lips Want Kisses," you're going to say it's one peach of a tune. When it comes to a real smooth band, this man Teddy Black and his boys are hard to beat. Listen to them on the N.B.C. network some night. Teddy incidentally is one of the hardest-working musicians you'll find. He not only leads, but plays sax, and does most of his arranging—enough work for three men. Indeed, this recording is one of Ted's own arrangements. The vocal is sung for us by the trio from the orchestra.

The other side, also by Maestro Black and his boys, is "Every Time My Heart Beats," and just as good as the first. Again we hear the trio singing the vocal refrain. (This is a Victor record.)

LOUIS (Satchel-Mouth) ARMSTRONG has turned out another pip. This time it's "Lawd, You Made the Night Too Long," and Louis starts it out with a bang, far and away one of the best records Armstrong has turned out recently. The vocal chorus is very good (if you like Louis) and he plays one of the weirdest breaks I have ever heard.

The other side, "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," is more subdued, but it's hard to keep Louis down. (This is a Columbia record.)

(Please turn to page 98)

The Month's Biggest Hits

"My Lips Want Kisses" (fox trot)
Played by Teddy Black and his Orchestra—(Victor).

"Lawd, You Made the Night Too Long" (fox trot)
Played by Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra—(Columbia).

"I Want to Go Home" (fox trot)
Played by Coon-Sanders Orchestra—(Victor).

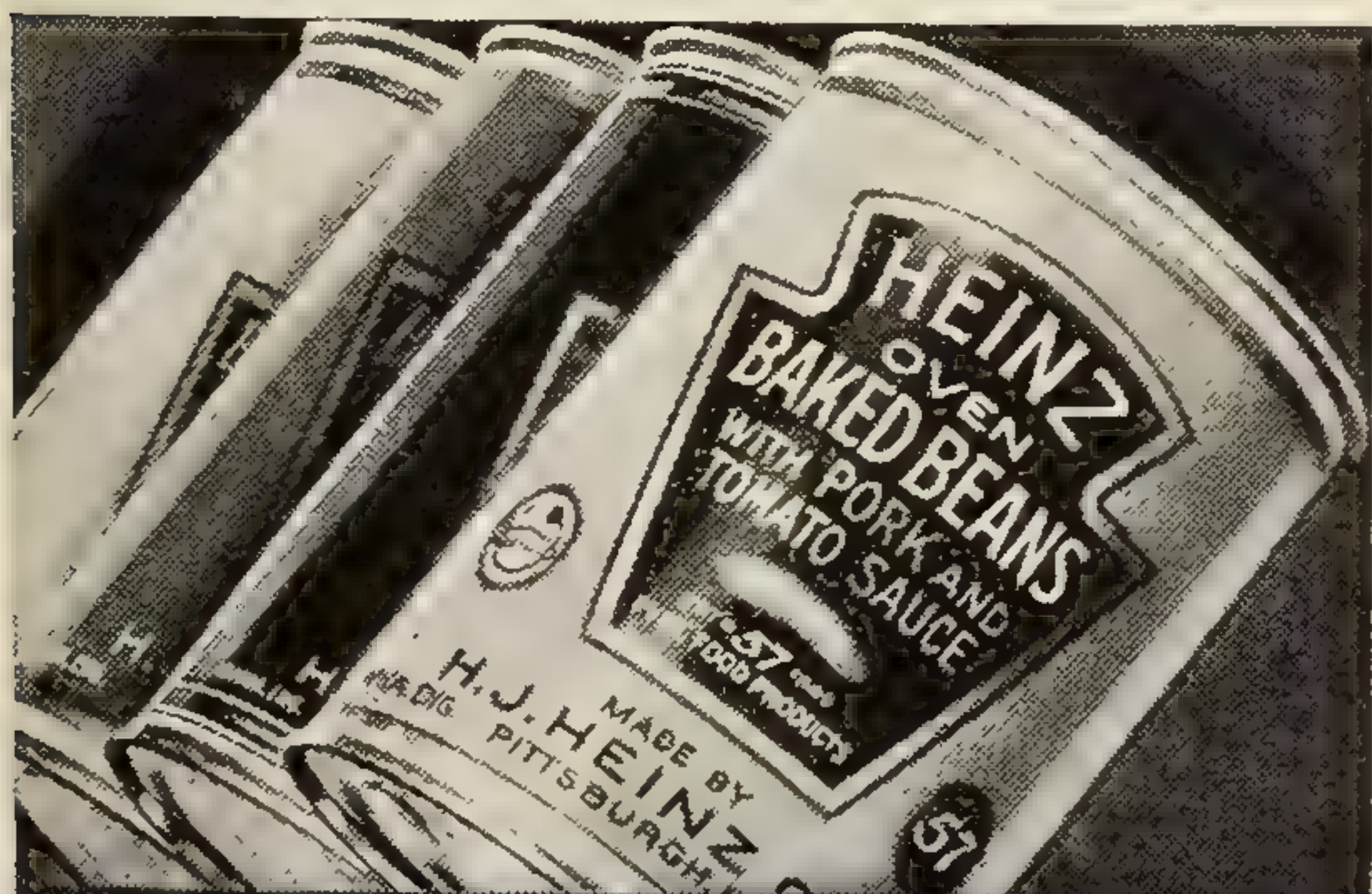
"Let's Have Another Cup o' Coffee" (fox trot)
Played by Enrico Madriguera and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra—(Columbia).

“I’ve served beans for years..
but I never knew that before”*



UNLESS THE LABEL SAYS "BAKED"
THEY AREN'T BAKED BEANS

HEINZ BEANS
ARE BAKED
MOST BEANS AREN'T



**4 KINDS OF HEINZ BEANS
ALL BAKED**

1, BOSTON STYLE WITH PORK 2, WITH TOMATO
SAUCE AND PORK 3, IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH-
OUT MEAT 4, RED KIDNEY BEANS WITH PORK

PERHAPS you, too, didn't realize that most so-called "baked beans" aren't baked at all. Perhaps you doubt this.

If so, just glance at the labels on the different brands of beans. Unless the label says "Baked," those beans *aren't* baked. They're cooked in sealed cans by steam heat. Heinz Beans are baked—oven-baked. They're different from steam-cooked beans—just as a baked potato is different from a boiled potato.

Learn what a difference baking makes! Try Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans. Oven-baking makes Heinz Beans marvelously light, tender and digestible. It lets the sauce permeate through and through—just as butter permeates a baked potato. And oven-baking gives Heinz Beans a

rich, luscious flavor that no other method can begin to equal.

You can get Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans in four tempting styles. Two with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then, Boston Style—with pork, in a rich, molasses-flavored sauce. Lastly, Red Kidney Beans—with pork, in a savory clear sauce, ready to serve.

Serve Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans—they'll be a favorite with your family. And with four kinds to choose from, you can always gain variety—no matter how frequently you serve them. They're wonderfully nourishing, too—all the food value of meat and potatoes. Your grocer sells Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans.

"One of the **57** Varieties."

● **FREE . . . a fascinating booklet!**

Send the coupon opposite for a copy of the free booklet, "Thrifty New Tips on a Grand Old Favorite." It contains dozens of recipes and complete menus that will make meals easier to prepare—more delicious—more economical!

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Dept. TM8, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me—FREE—your booklet of baked bean recipes and menus—"Thrifty New Tips on a Grand Old Favorite."

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Keeping SLIM on Her Own Cooking



Marlene Dietrich worries about her figure only now and then—and in between times she eats all the foods banned to less lucky stars, and cooks some of these dishes herself

MELBA toast and black tea may find their places on the menu of Marlene Dietrich, Paramount importation from Germany, but several of her native and not so calorie-proof dishes are included on it as well. She may have orange juice and toast for breakfast but she'll follow through with paprika chicken or baked ham and sweet potatoes later, Dutch apple cake, or snow pudding.

Sunday starts off with a late breakfast and bacon as a special treat.

BREAKFAST: Orange juice, Melba toast, crisp bacon, coffee.

DINNER: Tomato juice cocktail, paprika chicken, lima beans, celery curls, lettuce, russian dressing, demi-tasse.

For Monday honeydew melon, Melba toast and coffee is the breakfast menu.

LUNCHEON: Tomato salad, French dressing; rye-bread toast, black tea, stewed apricots.

DINNER: Baked liver, baked potatoes, creamed celery, cucumber salad, cream dressing, cracked wheat rolls, Dutch apple cake, lemon sauce.

The favored Hollywood lamb chops gain a place on Tuesday's menu.

BREAKFAST: Baked apple, bran muffins, coffee.

LUNCHEON: Pear and cream cheese salad, rye bread, frosted coffee.

DINNER: Tomato juice, broiled lamb chops, string beans, fruit gelatin, demi-tasse.

Wednesday's meals start off with sliced peaches, whole wheat toast, marmalade and coffee; with fruit salad, black tea and toasted rye bread for luncheon.

Slim and tall, Marlene Dietrich seems untroubled by the dietary woes that beset most mortals.

DINNER: Tomato soup, roast beef, rare, escalloped potatoes, combination salad with French dressing.

For Thursday breakfast: Grapefruit, cracked wheat rolls, coffee.

LUNCHEON: Baked eggplant, asparagus salad, iced tea.

DINNER: Fruit cocktail, Baked ham, baked sweet potatoes, beets, orange sherbet.

Popovers are the inducement for Friday's breakfast which includes grapes and coffee. For luncheon a bacon and tomato sandwich and tea.

DINNER: Celery curls, roast lamb, browned potatoes, peas, snow pudding, coffee.

Saturday's breakfast includes melon, cornbread, honey and coffee, with a tomato-cheese souffle for luncheon.

DINNER: Bouillon, broiled chicken, Waldorf salad, broccoli, fruit cup.

Here's a recipe for Dutch apple cake, which Marlene bakes herself:

1 cake yeast	2½ cups flour
¼ cup lukewarm milk	¼ cup shortening
¾ cup scalding hot milk	1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup sugar	1 egg yolk, beaten

Soak yeast in lukewarm milk. Add to scalded milk. Add half the sugar and flour. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Then beat in the rest of the sugar, flour and other ingredients. Spread thinly in greased baking pan. Let rise in warm place until doubled again. Press thinly sliced apples into dough in even rows. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon cinnamon mixed with a half cup brown sugar and dot with currants. Bake in hot oven.

Lonely Little Girl

(Continued from page 71)

felt that she had gone as far with it as she could, and begged her parents to let her enter the Theatre Guild School. She was only fifteen, but her parents permitted her to satisfy that ambition as they did in everything else they considered for her good. Her father, smiling as he thought over those bygone days, said that she not only worked, she slaved. She learned how to make her own costumes, how to make up, learned about lighting effects.

It was at fifteen that Sylvia attended her first dance—a New York University prom—escorted by one of her cousins.

"The way she dressed for that dance reminded me," her father says, "of the time I took her to the Palace Theatre when she was thirteen. She had a black-and-white outfit on—with white fur at the neck—and she looked beautiful. I was proud of her—but she was prouder of herself. She managed to be late and made sure I had gotten a box. When we arrived and sat down she kept nudging me and saying 'Look dad, look, everyone sees me. They're looking at me.' And it was true—people were looking at her."

Today Sylvia is thrilled at attention—she is never too proud to realize what it means to her and her career. Her father says that success frightens her—and that this fright and modesty will keep her on the star pedestal long after other stars have fallen. She is very stubborn about her career—as her association with Fox Films proved. She was signed by that company and promised the sky—only to get a small part in "Thru Different Eyes." This slight was so great that she begged to be released from her contract—which was a very lucrative one. She was notified of her release one morning and a few hours later was New York bound. Her Paramount contract and subsequent success is film history and known to the fans.

"New York will always hold first place in Sylvia's heart—it is her hometown," says her father. "It is my home, too—but my wife has been away in Hollywood with Sylvia since the first of the year. That is too long a separation from the two persons I love most in the world. If Sylvia still feels that she needs her mother with her—I will give up my practice in the East and join them in Hollywood. The ideal situation for Sylvia, however—would be for New York to be about a thousand miles nearer Hollywood—so she could commute."

EVERYBODY FAILED HER!



HER HUSBAND HER SERVANTS
HER FRIENDS . . . BUT HER
DOCTOR EXPLAINED IT AWAY!

NO matter what her husband said or did, it was the wrong thing. She was irritable with old friends and couldn't seem to make new ones. She had headaches. She no sooner got rid of one cold than she picked up another. And the way she looked! . . . her eyes . . . her skin. Even her hair looked dead.

Said the doctor: "The fault, my dear girl, lies *within yourself*. What you need is a good internal cleansing—with Sal Hepatica. You're being poisoned because of improper elimination, and consequent fermentation. These poisons have crept into your blood stream."

In Europe a physician will ship you off to one of the great spas—to drink the



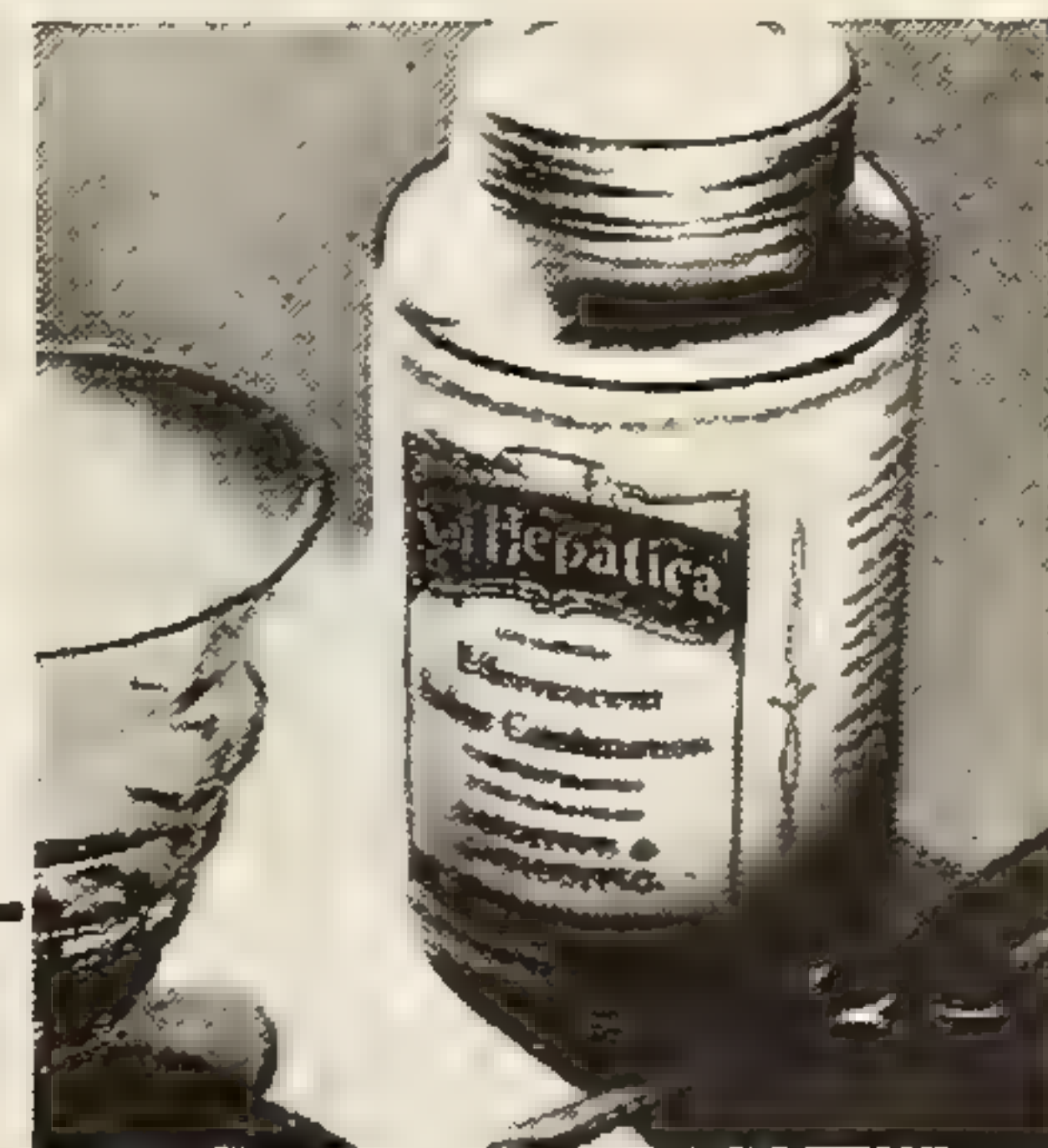
saline waters at Carlsbad, Vichy or Aix.

But in America, you can get Sal Hepatica and take the saline treatment at home.

Sal Hepatica gently flushes poisons from the digestive tract. It counteracts

acidity. *It purifies the blood stream.* It gets at the cause of headaches, indigestion, colds, rheumatism. It clears the skin—brings back freshness to the complexion.

Today, get a bottle of Sal Hepatica and begin the saline treatment. Keep internally clean for one week. You'll brighten up, you'll feel better. And everything will begin to go right instead of wrong!



SAL HEPATICA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-82, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Remember
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at
WOOLWORTHS
You will find a
new issue at the
same place on the
15th of each month

Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

(Continued from page 30)

and I sent another pot of flowers to Mrs. Walter Huston, and I bought a whacking lot of flowers for myself: wonderful lemon-colored gladioli, bunches of cornflowers and pretty little flowers the name of which I don't know, and a big blue flower rather like what isn't borage but what I think it is. At any rate, we'll have some flowers in honor of you tomorrow. At this very moment I am dictating wearing a beautiful carnation.

Culver City, where the M-G-M lot is, is right on the other side of Beverly Hills—not beyond the hills but down towards the coast. It took us twenty minutes to get there, and I had a turkey lunch which was enough for six people. They gave me all the turkey except the bones. That's the trouble with these United States; they give you too much to eat.

Before I left for Culver City, RKO sent up a photographer and the chief press-agent, whose name is Herb Moulton. They took a lot of pictures in the house, or rather in my sitting-room. They also took some pictures outside of the house—me standing by the Christmas tree, and Bob and me, with Robert in the background, showing the house itself. (This picture is shown in this issue.) I really had these taken in order to give you some idea what sort of place we are living in.

It is all over the M.G.M. lot that I have been here three weeks and written three stories. In fact, my reputation for rapid work is being spread in all directions, and that is all to the good.

Christmas Day.

I GOT up at six o'clock this morning, and it was pouring with rain, really pouring.

Merian Cooper called and we talked over the big animal play we are going to write, or, rather, I am writing and he is directing. He has just had an approval from New York, and I am going to turn him out a scenario. It will take six months to make. He's a terribly nice fellow and I get on well with him, as I do with David Selznick, who is a regular fellow.

I am going to Agua Caliente for New Year's Eve. There's a big party there, and I think it will be better than sitting at home.

Saturday, 26th December, 1931.

THIS has been a thoroughly lazy day. I went down to the studio this morning and lunched with Cooper. I collected my telegrams.

Today is Marie's day out; she has one day a week; so we dined at the Brown Derby. She's a terribly good sort, and if you come out here next year I want to engage her. I have told you practically all the news of today. There is an article in tomorrow's Los Angeles Times, which you can buy to-night, which describes me as stout and pleasantly bald. That will give you a merry ha-ha.

Sunday, 27th December, 1931.

BY the way, do you realize that you and I are not awake together more than four or five hours a day at the same time? I usually go to bed at eleven, which is eight o'clock in Caux

the next morning, and get up at seven, which is four o'clock in the afternoon at Caux and three o'clock in England.

I didn't tell you much about my Constance Bennett scenario. It has been read by one of the executives, who likes it tremendously, and is now being read by Selznick. Merian Cooper, who is one of the executives, the man who produced "Chang" and "The Four Feathers," said that his secretary, who is the best judge of pictures he knows, marked it as a wonderful story.

There is a tremendous lot I can do with it yet. I am most anxious that it should go through, because it will be the first non-crime play, and the first sex play that I have ever done. I am beginning to be sorry now that I didn't send you the script, as I originally intended; but the moment I get an O.K. on it, that is to say, on the idea, I'll send it along to you.

We consider that Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary gives you one of the best pictures of Movieland ever published. Written, familiarly and intimately, to his wife, you hear of all of the daily details of a famous man's life in the colony of stars. Don't fail to continue it in the next—September—issue of the New Movie Magazine.

It is difficult to believe that I have only been here three weeks. I seem to have been here years, wasting most of them. . . .

I have practically decided to stay out for the full time—that is to say, until March. One of the objections I have—and it is a perfectly absurd one—is that I shall miss Good Friday and Easter Monday in England! But I shall be back for my birthday. (Loud cheers!)

I haven't again broached to you the prospect of your coming out. I am wondering if the journey, supposing you could make it, would compensate for the worry you would have about leaving Penny behind. I don't know what you are doing about the play at Wyndham's or when it is going to be produced, but obviously until that was well out of the way you couldn't possibly think of coming out.

If I knew that the Constance Bennett film was right, and that I was going to produce it, I should have Pat out here, I think, if you couldn't come. But, here again, I could not possibly make a decision until the 30th, when my contract is renewable after its first period. Anyway, I wouldn't have her

out unless I knew a lot of people, and at present I don't. Before the end of January things will be marching.

Tuesday, 29th December, 1931.

AN announcement has been made in the local press that I am doing a super-horror story with Merian Cooper, but the truth is it is much more his story than mine. I am rather enthusiastic about it, but the story has got to be more or less written to provide certain spectacular effects. I shall get much more credit out of the picture than I deserve if it is a success, but as I shall be blamed by the public if it's a failure, that seems fair.

I am rather glad I'm going to Agua Caliente, because it will be a change, and in a sense a rest.

Wednesday, 30th December, 1931.

I HAD an appointment with Merian Cooper at 11 o'clock and we saw a girl for our play. I don't think she will quite do. She's got a contract with Paramount, so it doesn't matter. She was terribly pretty and had a lovely figure, but what we want is a very mobile face that will express terror.

I saw a length of the film which we might use. R.K.O. was going to produce a prehistoric animal picture and made one or two shots. They were not particularly good, though there was one excellent sequence where a man is chased by a dinosaur.

I went into the animation room and watched the preparation of the giant monkey which appears in this play. Its skeleton and framework is complete. He is, of course, a figure, but a moving figure. You have no idea of the care that is taken in the preparation of these pictures. Cooper insists that every shot he takes shall first of all be drawn and appear before him as a picture. The most important scenes are most artistic.

Talking of the care they take, I saw a woodcarver fashioning the skull on which the actual figure will be built. In another place was a great scale model of a gigantic gorilla, which had been made specially. One of the gorilla figures will be nearly thirty feet high. All 'round the walls are wooden models of prehistoric beasts. The animation room is a projection room which has been turned into a workshop. There are two miniature sets with real miniature trees, on which the prehistoric animals are made to gambol.

Only fifty feet can be taken a day of the animating part. Every move of the animal has to be fixed by the artist, including the ripples of his muscles. Of course, it is a most tedious job. They say in Hollywood that the two best animators are in lunatic asylums.

A little while later I met Richard Dix and Joel McCrea. Joel is one of the coming men, an awfully nice boy who came straight from college to the Hollywood lot. They are going to build him up into a star, and I should think he's certain to reach there.

I lunched with "Coop," but did not see David Selznick.

You will be interested to know that my favorite lunch is a beefsteak sandwich, which is a hot beefsteak between slices of new bread. Thus do I break

Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

it to you that I'm not dieting, though I've eaten more bloody lettuce since I've been in this country than in my short but useful life.

The weather has become fine again, and it looks as if my trip to Agua Caliente will be made under ideal weather conditions.

Apparently New Year's Eve at Caliente is a very hectic affair. Everybody in Hollywood has a room at the hotel. The gambling houses go all night, and the racing track goes all day. I'm taking down 500 dollars and no check-book.

Steve Donoghue is here. I haven't seen him; he's staying at the Biltmore. Where Michael Beary is, nobody knows. He hasn't wired his arrival from New York. He may have had a rough passage.

I didn't much like going to Caliente, but now I am rather looking forward to it. I have had a terribly heavy week. In the three weeks I've been in Hollywood I have written three scenarios, two of them full out, and quite a number of articles. So you may say that I've been "chained to my desk." I am looking forward to tomorrow morning, when I shall be talking to you, please God and the telephone service. They are luxuries which are more or less necessities.

New Year's Day.

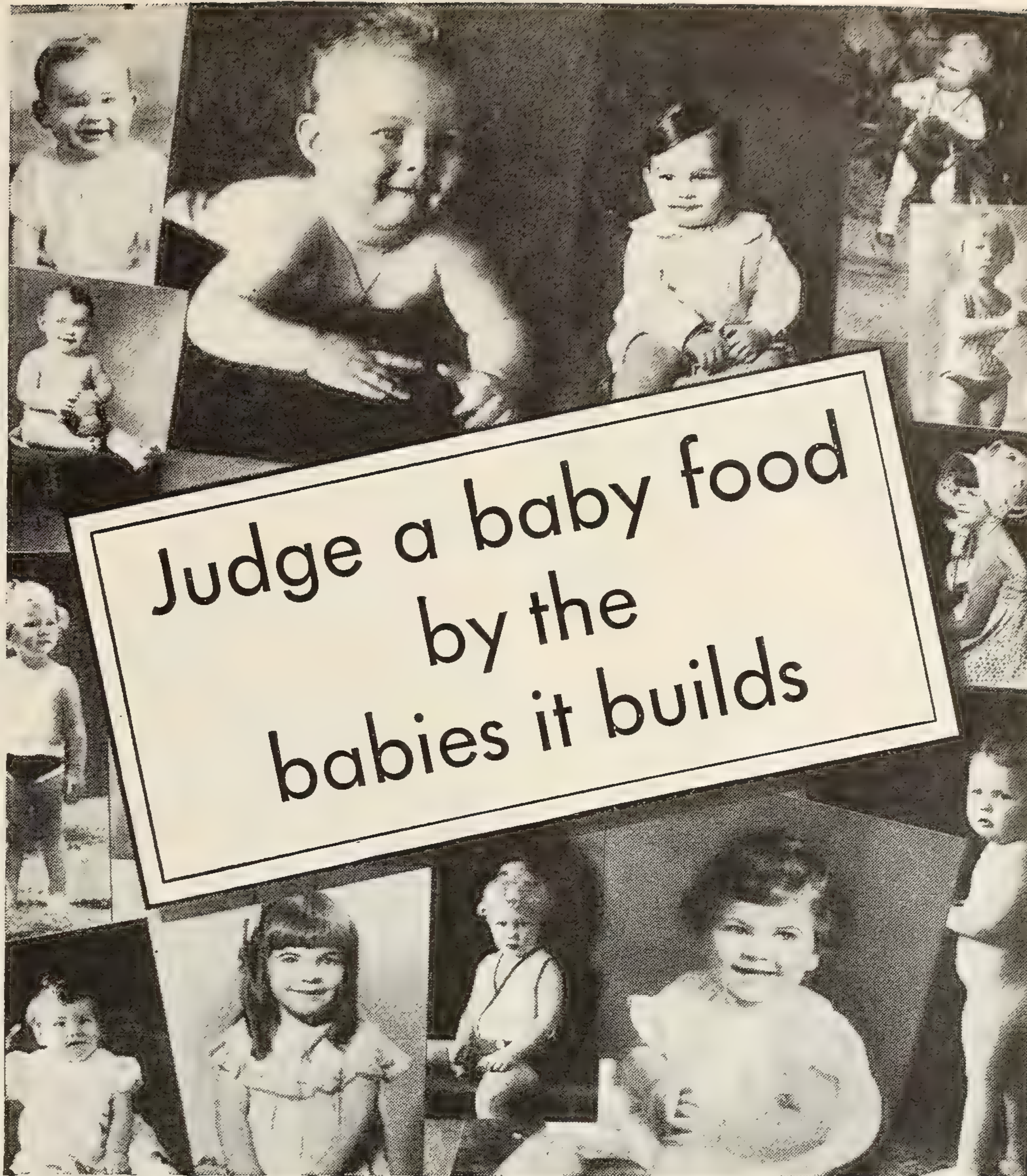
THE trip to Agua Caliente was an amusing fiasco. I think I told you that Guy Bolton is one of the nicest fellows in the world, a very gentle soul who thinks for everybody.

We had arranged to go to Agua Caliente, and at 11:30, half an hour late, I sent off Terry, the chauffeur, and Robert in Guy Bolton's Cadillac, piled with baggage. We were following at two o'clock by train, and they were meeting us at San Diego. (By the way, San Diego is what I called Santiago; the mistake is pardonable.) They were meeting us at San Diego, as I said before, and driving us over the frontier.

I went round at one o'clock to pick up Guy. Eventually we were all set and dressed, and then Guy remembered that he hadn't any money. I offered to lend him any money I had in my pocket, which was 500 dollars, but no, he must get money from his bank, and he hadn't got a check-book. Anyway, we stopped at the bank, and then we stopped at a corner store where Guy bought me some magazines, and then we made several short cuts, where all the lights were against us and the traffic was blocked to hell.

In addition to all these things—or, as they say in these United States, as a background to these dramatic happenings—it was raining like hell! To cut a long and tedious story short, we arrived five minutes after the train drew out. To make matters infinitely more complicated, Guy had left his ticket behind at the house, and a young man who was lunching with us—rather a nice young man—had seized the ticket, dashed down to the station in a high-speed car, run alongside the train, as he said, for a quarter of a mile, and handed it over to the con-

(Please turn to page 84)



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Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

(Continued from page 83)

ductor, saying he would find us on the train.

All our clothes had gone down to San Diego. There was not another train till half-past six, and the Mexican border-line closes at six. We thought of flying.

I confess I had visions of Terry and Robert plunging through the down-pour on their five-hour journey, and felt a certain amount of sympathy with them. Should we go by the six o'clock train? The border was open every hour till twelve.

I suggested we should dine at the Brown Derby, so we agreed, and at half-past seven I picked him up. Guy packed a couple of bottles of champagne in a manuscript case, and we had really a good dinner.

In the meantime, Guy telephoned to San Diego and paged Terry, who eventually rang me up. I told him to come back. It was very necessary that he should come back, for I had no slippers, shaving material, or even a good change of clothing. We had a very nice dinner. There were a lot of people there I sort of knew. I got back to the house about nine. I had to sit down and wait for the arrival of the poor wanderers of San Diego. Nothing makes you sleepier than sitting up waiting for people.

Guy came back to the house and stayed till about ten. When he went, Bob and I settled down steadily just to wait, each suggesting the other should go to bed. Guy said he'd be up till twelve, but when at 11:30 Terry arrived with a broad grin, having driven steadily for ten and a half hours, I rang up Guy. He was dead to the world, and I got no answer, so I sent his car round and had it parked in his garage, and apparently all was well.

I had a thoroughly lazy morning, and in the afternoon settled down to the scenario of the beast play. I had hardly started when there was a ring on the telephone. It was Fabia Drake, who is playing with the Stratford Players. I asked her to come round to tea. She was staying with an English girl who had come out here and had only done one film. Her name is Joan Carr.

I thought there was a possibility of placing her in my beast play, as we have not yet settled on the woman, so I asked her to come round. She was quite charming, quite pretty, and has the requisite figure. They stayed for about an hour, and I asked them to dine with me tomorrow night at the Brown Derby.

Today, being New Year's Day, is a public holiday. It has been rather a lovely day, though the promise in the morning was not too bright. My oranges are getting ripe, and I presented Fabia with a rose grown in my own garden. It was not my rose, anyway.

I hope they will take Joan Carr. She is a nice kid.

Sunday, 3rd January, 1932.

I DINED with Fabia Drake and Joan Carr last night—or, rather, they dined with me—at the Brown Derby, and afterwards they came on to the house till about a quarter to eleven.

Whilst we were talking, Norma Shearer's chauffeur called with a note from her thanking me for some flowers I had sent for Christmas Day. Walter Huston called up and asked me to lunch with him next week. He and his wife had been away, and he is at present engaged in doing some sort of picture.

You might tell Penny (his young daughter) that Norma Shearer writes the same "b's" as she does. In fact, I'll send the little note on with this.

One night this week I'm going to give a little dinner and ask Joel McCrea.

Monday, 4th January, 1932.

THE principal thing that happened today was the arrival of Michael Beary with the same aplomb as though he were walking into Newmarket. He came in on the Chief to the minute, and I brought him up to the house. I am keeping him at the Beverly Wilshire, because I don't think he could be comfortable here, and I have no room for him, which seems the best reason of all.

Michael's full of beans, terribly enthusiastic, and the thing that impressed him most on the visit was the number of pigs he saw of various varieties in the prairie, and also the fact that he came up 164 miles by the side of the Hudson, which was frozen over.

He was simply dazed with the wonder of California by the time I got him home. I brought him along Sunset Boulevard, and when you get to Beverly Hills you look down upon a wide flat valley, entirely covered with lights as far as the eye can see. "Like a field of yellow and red tulips," Michael described it. It was an amazing experience for him, and he's gone home quite sleepy, to have the bath which is overdue. He had a grand time coming out, and of course made friends and introduced himself to a man and woman from Chicago.

We dined together and I kept him here until about nine. He insisted upon writing a letter to Penny, which she won't be able to read, because I



Sally O'Neill recently had New York agog with rumors—first that she was engaged to Lewis Milestone, then to Arthur Loew. But Sally just giggled—and had a good time.

couldn't, and he thinks I'm looking wonderful.

By the way, I have sent you a set of photographs taken on Christmas Eve, probably the best that I have had done. When you get them I don't know where Pat (one of his daughters) will be, but I'd like her to see them, and perhaps you would like to send them out to Caux, that they may know in what style I live in Beverly Hills, Calif.

I don't know what to do about my cook: she is making the food too good. Tomorrow I am going to start exercises, more or less. Bob has lost nineteen pounds since he has been out here, and what he can do I can do, by God!

I have taken a night man both as night watchman and to give me my tea if I wake up, and to relieve Robert when he wants to go out. Robert has been terribly good, but he is looking a bit worn, and I don't think he's having enough outings. In fact, as he doesn't go out at all, I am almost sure that I am right.

Tuesday night.

I WAS on the 'phone to you this afternoon, and they tell me I was speaking nine minutes. You get a rebate for nine minutes: it only counts as seven—98 dollars.

Michael went up to see John McCormack, who lives right on one of the canyons above Hollywood. He's a great friend of Michael's. Michael, I might tell you, is in a state of dazed wonder. He is quite content with conditions as he finds them, quite content that I am terribly busy and he's got to look after himself. He thinks Hollywood's marvelous, and he was terribly bucked to talk to you. In fact, he's going to have a few dollars' worth himself to John as soon as we get back to the house.

Wednesday.

I TOOK Michael down to the studio. We lunched in the restaurant with Cooper, who was very charming to him, and afterwards Michael came to one of the projection rooms and saw a bit of a film called "The Lost Squadron," which I have to doctor. We also took him in the animating room and he saw animated figures being made. I think he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Michael went out at four to call on Steve Donoghue, and brought him back for a cocktail, and I asked Virginia Bedford and Guy Bolton over to dinner. When Steve came we persuaded him to stay on to dinner. It was a very amusing dinner party, with Steve and Michael chipping each other, and Guy Bolton, to whom all this was new, and Virginia, who was delighted with every word, completing, with Bob, a very pleasant sextette. Robert was a marvelous butler. They did not go till half-past ten, though Steve went immediately after dinner.

We have arranged to go down to Caliente on Saturday morning, and I think it will be a pleasant week-end. I have been going at it very hard, and I think the break will do me good.

I have got a little bit of a delicate job to put the first reel of "The Lost Squadron" right. It means they will have to shoot all over again, and there-

Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Dictionary

star, fore I've got to be very careful knows strict the sets. Thank heaven, pretty only responsible for the first reel Para- is the only weakness in the story coffee Stroheim and Mary Astor are y din- and a girl called Dorothy Jorda house Joel McCrea. I am very anxious real this should be a good job. old. I stayed

Thursday, 7th January, t them

MICHAEL put through a enter- John this morning, just their novelty of it, I suspect, and The is a talk with John. Immediately wards I got a 'phone from Centget the ing me that you were coming Eighty wire, which was a joyful surprut this costs about £20 for nine minutust as really it is worth the money. Its say, a marvelous material contact leighty us. ow dif-

Michael went out with Steveithout ghue this morning, riding. They start over to some country club wherechase, were supposed to be a lot of beaces- girls playing golf. He came back id so Jodhpurs and sweater, absolutelyther rious. "Never let Mrs. Wallacees to up golf," he said. "It makes wreal inhuman. There were three hur one old hags up there, and I saw two give dred and fifty of them, with great rac- ular shoulders. Beauties of Hoap. wood! I'll tell you where you wor find them!"

He was absolutely livid about it.

It's grand news that you are think- ing about coming out, but I realize how impossible it may be.

I am going up to see John McCor- mack tomorrow after I've been to the studio, and I am going to Agua Caliente on Saturday till early Monday morn- ing with Michael, possibly Virginia Bedford and Guy Bolton, and maybe Cooper and Joan Carr, if I can get them to come. Oh, and Robert! The weather is glorious and warm, and the balsam logs smell grand.

I have finished the first reel which I had to alter of "The Lost Squadron," and this may be the first of my stuff to go into production. I am just chang- ing the character of the girl in "Kong," my animal story. There is a fight be- tween New York and Hollywood as to whether "Kong" shall be the title. Hollywood is enthusiastic; New York says "What does it mean?"—which is rather true to type.

I am going to meet William Powell, Ann Harding and Connie Bennett at lunch somewhere. I am trying to skip dinner parties, and have so far been successful.

Guy Bolton told Michael last night that I had ruined the writing industry in Hollywood, and that all the compa- nies wanted writers to imitate me in the matter of speed. He also told Michael that I was the biggest success amongst the writers that had come out here. So you see what you've got!

Friday, 8th January, 1932.

MICHAEL was here till ten. We had a quiet dinner and I shot him home at this hour.

This morning I went down to the studio and took Michael. Cooper likes him and we have got a pass to go round all the stages. As I had arranged to

(Please turn to page 86)

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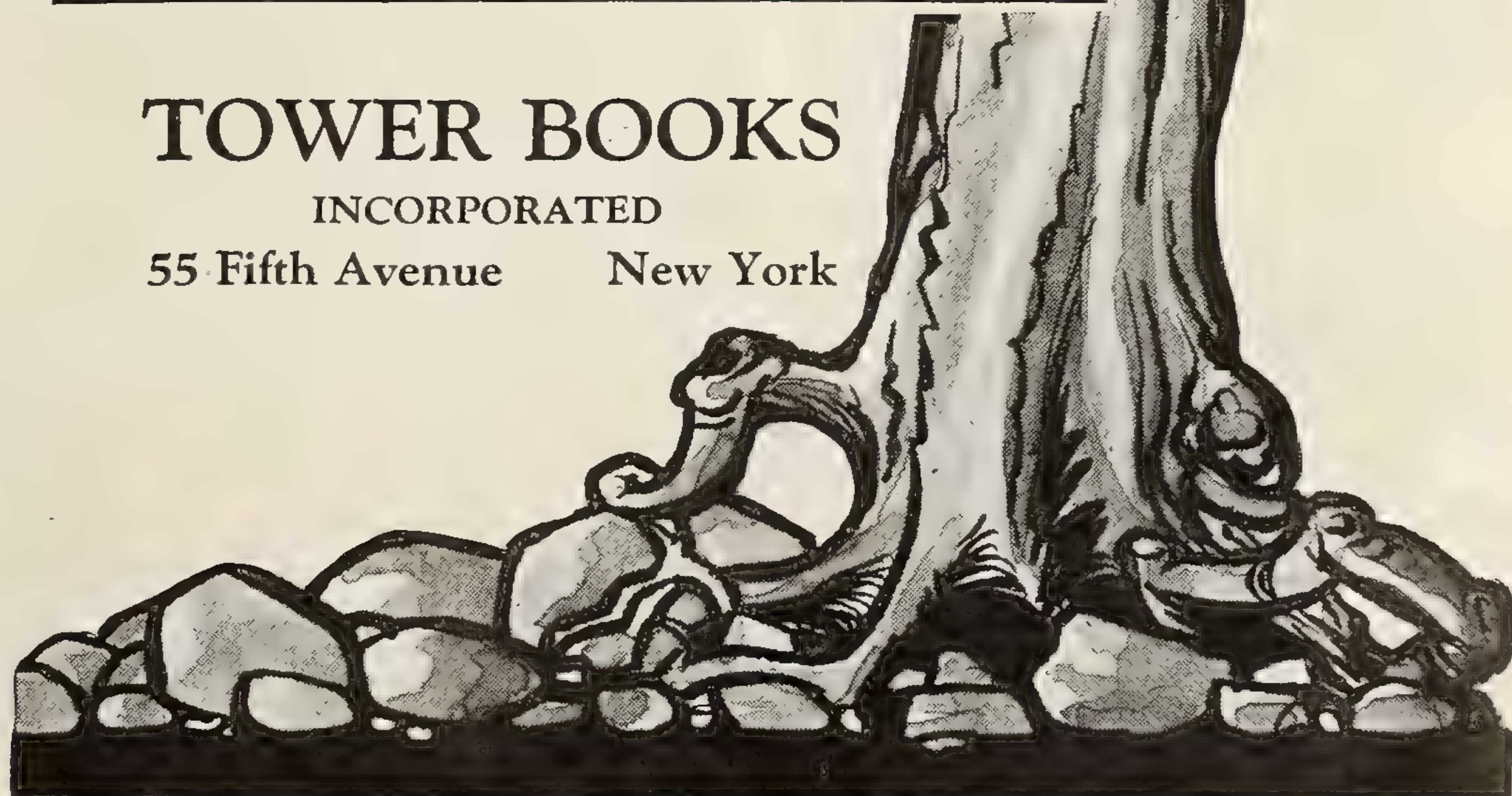
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Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

(Continued from page 83)

go up with him to see John McCormack. I couldn't take him round the town stages. I will fix that, another on Tuesday and get somebody Mexican after him, possibly Perry Lie thought very nice publicity man.

McCormack lives in a very nice house just behind the Chinese he down. It is an enormous place and they, and the whole hill behind it. Thaty with playing tennis when I arrive six o'clock (or Countess) McCormack is in every ing, and John is one of the fellows you could possibly meet at the have got to meet him when he is in town. He is really an arresty. Guy sonality. I met his son who is from London. McCormack says that we going home in April, and we see them in the summer. He's a good tennis player.

Vines was there, the champion, who will probably beat some of our boys this year, also Morrie McLaughlin, a slip-champion.

When I got home I found that a very ducky view. I had promised people a picture and hadn't. I thought back to about this that Cooper had been to sit phoning frantically, but it was of the there were one or two slight alterations. Noth-he wanted to make in the 'scripting up "Kong." Anyhow, I drove down, a chat with him, met a man I knew and another man who knew my story, about the West Coast, and had lived on the West Coast, and I was back in the house by six.

By the way, when I got down to the studio this evening I found Joel McCrea, who, as I said before, is one of the coming stars. They are building him up. He is coming up after dinner tonight.

I am arranging to meet Ann Harding next week, but I want to be very careful about making social engagements, because they interfere like hell with my work, and it is so easy to drift into a succession of dinners and lunches.

Monday, 11 January, 1932.

THE drive to Agua Caliente was not as beautiful as I expected it to be. We drove through oil fields to a very dreary Pacific Ocean that was sending in clouds of sea fret. Later, when we left the sea and got a little way inland, the scenery was quite delightful.

We stopped for lunch at San Clemente, which was bought by a millionaire and made into a community, the conditions of building being that every house must be in the Spanish style. It is as yet only a straggling place, but is quite beautiful.

By "we" I mean myself, Virginia Bedford, Joan Carr, Guy Bolton and Robert. At the last minute Michael did a Beary on us and said he intended staying behind and seeing a polo match.

We got over the Mexican frontier about five in the afternoon, and as the Mexican authorities do not allow hired cars to cross the frontier, we had to engage a taxi and drove to the Agua Caliente Hotel. It is one of the most picturesque places I have ever seen, built entirely in the Spanish style with a great quadrangle enclosing an open-air bathing pool, and about sixty little

Whilst we were talking, Norma Shearer's chauffeur called with a note from her thanking me for some flowers I had sent for Christmas Day. Walter Huston called up and asked me to lunch with him next week. He and his wife had been away, and he is at present engaged in doing some sort of picture.

You might tell Penny (his young daughter) that Norma Shearer writes the same "b's" as she does. In fact, I'll send the little note on with this.

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Monday, 4th January, 1932.

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Michael's full of beans, terribly enthusiastic, and the thing that impressed him most on the visit was the number of pigs he saw of various varieties in the prairie, and also the fact that he came up 164 miles by the side of the Hudson, which was frozen over.

He was simply dazed with the wonder of California by the time I got him home. I brought him along Sunset Boulevard, and when you get to Beverly Hills, look down upon a beautiful dining-room in red lacquer, gorgeously ornamented, with a very fine orchestra, and, being Saturday, every table was filled.

Michael turned up just after we went into the gambling room. There is a casino attached to this part of the building, where you can play roulette, a sort of game called *vingt et un*, and a game called birdcage. I didn't do very much good, but as the gambling is only in silver dollars, nobody was very much hurt, although I managed to lose 30 or 40 dollars before the night was through.

All the dignitaries of the Jockey Club called on me, and I learnt then for the first time that the second principal race of the day was called the Edgar Wallace Handicap, and that I had been appointed an extra steward.

Michael, of course, was his gallant self, took the women round and bought two-dollar presents for them, and after lunch, served in a big open-air patio—the sun was so hot that we had to move from the center to the side; in fact, the water bottle on the table was too hot to touch—we drove off in Guy Bolton's car, about six of us, to the course.

There were eight races, and I am enclosing some programs. We had a box, and there were girls wearing long white trousers with red stripes, scarlet jackets and round caps, who come and take your bets and make them and bring back your money if you win. I went up into the stewards' stand, and afterwards on to the judges' stand to judge my own race, and was introduced by microphone to the assembled hordes. Afterwards Steve Donoghue and Michael Beary were introduced. I backed five winners and won about £80 in all on the day.

could have had a letter from Eva Moore, who is out here with her daughter, Bob, is married to Laurence Olivier, photo me to go to dinner, but I can't. I don't even go to tea at the McCormack house.

will Tuesday, 12th January, 1932. and tonight I was working mentally, them, and this morning physically, on in with (his latest stage play) and California the cable with the alterations.

I don't know how many thousand words cook: are and how much it will cost, Tomorrow presume it will be pretty heavy. cises, you will be able to understand teen, right, because Bob, who doesn't here, the play very closely, was able God!

I type the necessary pages from the night, I have sent it direct to you, I if I that you received and understood when I have sent it direct to you, I been, any doubt on the subject.

bit, went down to the studio this evening rather early to see Cooper. enough, they are not going to accept "Kong" as a title; they think it am, a Chinese sound and that it is too like "Chang," and I can see their

I lines, but of course this sort of sp, will go on all the time; one expects it. We are going into a huddle, er it this week some time, and I hope that the executives are going to pass it quickly.

I shall be working this week on a mystery story called "Eighty Minutes." My excursion to Caliente was a little upsetting, so far as work was concerned, but I am very glad I took it. By the way, I am enclosing you some programmes to "show your friends."

Michael is going to give a party on Saturday at the Embassy, and I am joining him in it. Virginia Bedford is giving a party on Friday, and Walter Huston is giving a party on Thursday, to which I am bidden.

I have written you a couple of letters today. I find it very satisfying when I am a bit worried, as to how I shall start some big story, to drop a note to you.

Michael is giving a dinner—did I tell you that?—and I am asking Evelyn Brent and her husband. She is one of the nicest people here by all accounts. I got in rather bad with Virginia, because she had fixed a dinner for Thursday night and I had accepted a lunch engagement with Walter Huston. The lunch engagement turned out to be a dinner engagement, so I found myself engaged two deep. They wanted me to meet a man named Walsh, and I am meeting him at lunch at his house, which is amusing.

Michael's visit has turned out to be a great success from every point of view. He goes back a complete authority upon Hollywood and very deeply impressed.

I made an inquiry about the Connie Bennett film that I have written, but apparently it is still in the hands of the readers.

Thursday, 14th January, 1932.

MICHAEL, who has some friends at Pasadena, brought back a big bunch of Californian heather. Last night he telephoned me that he was taking two girls to dinner at the Brown

Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

Derby. One of them was a film star, who has just come out. Bryan knows her—Sari Maritza. She is a pretty little thing, under contract to Paramount. I went down to have coffee with them—I had already had my dinner. They all came back to the house afterwards, and Maritza, whose real name is Pat, had a horrible cold. I gave her a nasal douche and she stayed here till about eleven, when I shot them home. It was the usual sort of entertainment I gave them—trying their voices on the dictaphone, etc. She is a nice girl.

I find it a little difficult to get the story I want for my picture "Eighty Minutes." I think I told you about this before. I want the picture run just as long as the story runs; that is to say, all the action takes place in eighty minutes, and you have no idea how difficult it is to compress a story without the bits that lead up. I wanted to start right away with a murder and a chase, but if I do this I can't get the necessary introductions of character, and so I have got to start it from another angle and allow myself ten minutes to plant the characters before the real action begins. In a play like this, one of the most difficult things is to give the occupation of the principal character, and that is really holding me up. I can make him a real estate agent or a banker, but if I make him a banker I've got to fit the action into banking hours, which means daylight, and as it is necessary to have a night sequence, I am a little stuck, but I think I shall overcome the difficulty.

They are definitely not accepting "Kong" as a title, though Cooper still has hopes. If they don't take that, I am going to suggest as a title "King Ape." Cooper is extremely pleased with the story and is going into conference one day this next week.

Friday, 15th January, 1932.

GUY BOLTON, Michael and I lunched with Walsh, the man who produced "The Cock-Eyed World" and "What Price Glory?" He is tremendously interested in horses, and races at Agua Caliente. While he was making "What Price Glory?" he was driving home in the dark and going at a pretty good lick when a rabbit jumped out, hit the windscreen and destroyed the sight of one eye.

He has quite a beautiful house, but he is building a bigger one on the hill, and a ranch some way outside Los Angeles. It was a very interesting sort of meal. We talked horses all the time, and as poor Guy didn't know very much about racehorses, he should have been completely bored, but apparently it was interesting to him.

At night I went to dine with Walter Huston. There were six of us: Dr. Owen Jones and his wife, another doctor and Greta Nissen, a film star. I like Walter very much indeed, and Nan (Mrs. Huston) is a grand person. We talked about you and Pat most of the evening—that is to say, during that part of the evening when she and I were talking at all. It was past midnight before I realized that dinner was over. It was a beautiful dinner, with

(Please turn to page 88)

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Edgar Wallace's Hollywood Diary

(Continued from page 87)

California burgundy served, and it was really lovely wine.

So often at American dinner parties the idea of entertainment is to serve you raw whisky, than which there is nothing more sickening. I had a plentiful helping of very excellent brandy—in fact I had more to drink than I have had for a very long time.

I got home about one, and woke this morning to an amazing phenomenon: the ground was covered with snow. I don't think they have seen snow in Hollywood or Beverly Hills for generations.

Walter Huston is a tremendously nice man, and, as I say, Nan is a darling. She was very tickled when I recited the Native Son verse, and told her that I'd got it from her by way of you.

By this time next week—to be exact, on Wednesday—I shall know whether R.K.O. are taking up my option for another period of eight weeks. Until I know this we can't make any plans about your coming out.

I like the place so much that in all probability I may come out earlier this year—that is, at the end of September instead of November. I have already been asked whether I would like to fill in the time between March

and December, when my other contract starts—if they take up the option—with another contract for another film company. I don't think I should have any difficulty in fixing this, but I have told them that I am going home in any circumstances at the end of March.

Cooper called me up last night and told me that everybody who had read "Kong" was enthusiastic. They say it is the best adventure story that has ever been written for the screen. It has yet to go past the executive, but I rather fancy there will be no kicks. We haven't yet got the girl. We've got to have a tiny for the part, but the tiny has got to act, and that, I think, is going to be the real difficulty more than the size.

Saturday, 16th January, 1932.

THE dinner last night at Virginia's was amusing. There were four people: the daughter of Mayer, of M.G.M., and her young husband; a man named Butler, who is a producer of some character, and his wife.

Butler was amusing. He is a very good director, and one thing he told me was rather amusing. We were talking about how film companies change the titles of the books they buy, and he gave me an instance of a book

that had been bought called "Pigs." When it was put over as a picture it was called "The Smile of a Cavalier," which I think is nearly one of the funniest.

Hollywood abounds in stories about Sam Goldwyn. One of the latest I heard was that he and his wife were lying on the beach and he was intently watching a bird that was wheeling overhead. He said to his wife: "I like that pigeon." She replied: "It's not a pigeon, it's a gull." He said: "I don't care whether it's a gull or a boy, I like it."

He was out playing golf with Irving Thalberg and Louis Mayer. At the end of one hole he said: "Irving, you took six for that. Louis, you took eight." Then he turned to the caddie: "What did I take, caddie?"

An actor went in to settle a contract. He said: "I'm asking fifteen hundred a week." "You're not asking fifteen hundred a week," said Goldwyn firmly. "You're asking twelve, and I'm giving you a thousand."

The other one, which I may have already told you, was that after a proposition had been put up to him he brought his fist down on the table and said: "I'll give you my answer in two words—impossible!"

The Town of Forgotten Faces

(Continued from page 39)

Ella Hall was passing by. Miss Crawford was dressed in the costliest of furs. Diamonds shone from her fingers. A chauffeur stood at attention to fulfill each and every command. Ella Hall was dressed in a Beaver coat. Her face looked tired and lined. Ella Hall paused for a moment to admire Miss Crawford, to watch her enter Magnin's, where dresses are cheap at two hundred dollars. For a moment she looked on enviously—or was it with pity? And then moved on with the crowd.

Still more dramatic is the fact that since that day Miss Hall has secured for herself a job as saleslady at Magnin's—and perhaps she will wait upon Miss Crawford next time M-G-M's box-office girl goes to make a purchase.

LESS than ten years ago Ella Hall was the biggest star on the Universal lot. She, too, had a limousine and a chauffeur and beautiful gowns and fur coats. On the same lot were Grace Cunard and Francis Ford. They were the most popular team in pictures then. Their co-starring serials were breaking box-office records.

Today Grace Cunard does small parts on the same lot where she was once a topnotch star. And sometimes she works in the Universal wardrobe department, where she has friends. But she is happily married and lives with her cowboy husband in a little bungalow in San Fernando Valley.

At that time at Universal were Mary MacLaren and Priscilla Dean. Miss MacLaren achieved stardom under Lois Weber's direction in the screen sensation of that year, "Shoes," and followed it up with a series of money-making

starring pictures. She became Ella Hall's closest rival. On the same lot was a young, spirited girl named Priscilla Dean, who had lately become leading woman in the Eddie Lyons-Lee Moran comedies.

In a few years Miss Dean was to supplant both Miss Hall and Miss MacLaren as Universal's most brilliant star. Her "Virgin of Stamboul" put her at the very top. Her salary climbed into the thousands. Look for Monogram's "Wolves of the Sea." You'll see her in it—a less glamorous and attractive Priscilla than of yore. And if you look close enough you'll see William Farnum in the same picture—the William Farnum who used to make ten thousand a week and made a hobby of buying yachts.

Miss MacLaren, too, has tried to come back, but without success. After her marriage to a British Army officer in India, she returned to Hollywood, because India was so devastating, so demanding. What can she say of Hollywood—the Hollywood that has offered her no renewed success?

VIRGINIA PEARSON! Remember her? She was all a siren should be—and a real beauty, too. The pet of the Vitagraph lot in those good old days when microphones were still unheard of on movie sets. At the height of her success she left Vitagraph to organize her own company. She made one picture and was about to begin her second for the old Pathe releasing company when she met with an automobile accident that so disfigured her that it was doubtful if she could ever be photographed again. She and her husband, Sheldon Lewis, who was then a

star, too, gathered together all their assets and hired the greatest surgeons in the world in an attempt to recapture that beauty that seemed to have been snatched from her by a cruel fate just when she needed it most. Plastic surgery was successful, after many months, in restoring to her, features that could be photographed—but in spite of everything the accident had left its mark. When the heartbreaking suspense was over, Miss Pearson and her loyal husband found themselves broke.

New Year's Eve I saw her walking down the Boulevard alone—window shopping. Around her and about her was the spirit of festivity; happy groups on their way to cabarets and parties and midnight shows. She apparently had no place to go, except back to the little hotel on the Boulevard where she lives. Life seems to have been unjust with her, for she is a good and a courageous woman. She doesn't complain. She walks with her head up.

Once before, I had met her at a party and was impressed with her sincerity and charm and her spirit of youth. At that time she told me that she was playing the *Mary Magdalene* in Hollywood's famous pilgrimage play. A splendid actress, I feel that her chance will come again to prove her right to a permanent place on the screen. Given character roles like Marjorie Rambeau and Marie Dressler, she, too, might win an Academy reward.

THEN there is the once beautiful Alice Lake, who rose from comedy queen in Roscoe Arbuckle's slapstick pictures to be one of Metro's greatest

The Town of Forgotten Faces

dramatic bets. She, too, walks in the procession of the ghosts. Look carefully in "The Cisco Kid" and you'll see her as one of the dance-hall gals that Edmund Lowe fools around with. Another beauty, Lillian Rich, once touted by DeMille as Swanson's successor, is seen none too often. Then there is the spectacle of George Hackathorne, once the highest paid character juvenile of the screen. When he played Norma Talmadge's son in "The Lady," not so many years ago, the world was his and invited him to every party.

FORTUNATELY a few—a very few—saved their money and have something left from the wreckage.

Anita Stewart, more beautiful than ever, rides by in a specially built limousine, the wife of a young millionaire. Once a week she broadcasts from a local radio station, trying her voice out just for the fun of it.

Grace Darmond, who with Pearl White starred in many of the popular Pathe serials, lives in a luxurious mansion in Beverly Hills, contented and happily married to a man who made his millions in Mexican gold mines.

George Walsh owns a ranch and several imported cars. He works in an executive capacity at Fox, where once he was a major star.

Kathlyn Williams sports expensive furs and continues to be Pola Negri's best friend and advisor.

Shirley Mason, married to Sidney Landefeld, a young Fox director, has become a mother and a good housewife. Her sister, Viola Dana, has married again, after two tragic marriages—one that ended in death—the other in divorce. She commutes back and forth to Hollywood from Colorado, where she and her husband live. As Mrs. Jimmy Thompson, she seems to have found paradise at last.

Theda Bara, married to Charles Brabin, Metro-Goldwyn director, has become a patron of the Arts. Meanwhile she waits in luxury for her big chance to stage a comeback.

William Farnum, fast turning gray, is doing character parts. Needless to say, it is not for his one-time ten thousand dollars a week.

Each and every one of them has played a part in making motion pictures one of the greatest industries of the world. If there was a screen hall of fame, I would pay tribute to them by writing their names there in letters of gold.

Perhaps some of these ghosts will some day shed their greying masks and emerge again into the limelight of the living. Only time will tell. Clara Kimball Young, Mae Marsh and a few others have already broken through that invisible stone wall that separates the screen dead from the living.

How many more will make the grade? How many will be cast back into their graves? They are all trying. It is only human to want to survive, no matter in how small a way. In writing of these ghosts of the Boulevard, I cannot help but think of those immortal lines from Burke's "Wind and the Rain" . . .

All living is hunger,
And without hunger we perish—
And the only worthwhile people
Are those who are beginning again.

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What's Wrong with This Country?

(Continued from page 37)

There is an orchestra and lilting dancer as lovely in naïveté as the Virgin of Guadalupe adorning the wall.

After dinner you ascend the steps to the patio for dancing. You may detect celebrities in the dim candlelight. But be quiet if you do. This is Mexico, not Hollywood. A celebrity is a guest, not an exhibition.

Governor Rolph slipped in for an evening and was not recognized for an hour. Even then he remained a guest.

Aimee Semple McPherson signed the guest-book, giving her address as Los Angeles. A smart wag later crossed this out and added "Carmel." Señora de Bonzo was so grieved by this indignity that she cut the page from the book. Hollywood wisecracks have no place in La Golondrina.

Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Vanderbilt, Billie Burke, Will Rogers—these are a few distinguished names in the book. Even goddess Garbo need fear no blasphemy here. La Golondrina is a refuge for those tired of the Hollywood ballyhoo. And Garbo is not the only one.

IN contrast to La Golondrina you have the Brown Derby on Vine Street in Los Angeles. Here the managers are just as obliging. They know the starlets like attention, and the lights are bright.

Ramon Novarro dropped into my hotel the other evening wearing sweat shirt and khaki pants, direct from the last scenes of "Huddle." Our friend Manuel Reachi, another Mexican cavalier, joined us, and went to the Brown Derby for dinner. We were no sooner seated than camera men appeared at the table. Ramon demurred with Lindberghian modesty. Having been a publicity man, I took the side of the camera and Ramon consented. After all, the management was just being courteous. Most actors like such hospitable attention. Besides, the food is excellent and Wilson Mizner a fine, witty host.

RAMON confided that he is quitting Hollywood soon.

He has plans for a world concert tour. This is not publicity.

The screen has never revealed Novarro at his best, as his friends know him. Singing the folk songs of Mexico, he sparkles with individual distinction. I can only compare his metier to that of Raquel Meller. And his is greater than hers in that he personifies and reveals the spirit of a fascinating people.

Among films, "The Pagan" was the best exposition of Novarro. He has a primitive, childlike charm combined with a Scaramouche wit and wisdom.

Novarro loves to act. An evening with him is a series of impersonations. The other night he gave me a complete revue of the New York shows. I applauded particularly his imitation of Ed Wynn. Once in a compartment of an Italian train my howls of mirth brought an alarmed conductor. Ramon was doing Lillian Gish. After that he hung out the window, shouting "Gelati!" in the manner of the Italian ice-cream venders at the stations.

When Ramon isn't acting he subsides

into a murky quietude that reminds me of a theater with the lights out. On such occasions when I have asked him suddenly what he was thinking about, he has replied: "Oh, a song," or "An idea for an act."

Novarro is the theater in person.

I RECEIVE more letters regarding Novarro than about any other star. This I attribute in part to the fact that I have written more about him than any other star during the past eight years. But the M-G-M studio considers Ramon the barometer of fan mail. He gets more than Garbo. Johnny Weissmuller sprung into second place after "Tarzan." A good sign for Johnny, who, like Ramon, is a likable, direct, simple fellow.

Knowing the gifts of Novarro, one wonders at the producers. There are so many great characters and stories for him. And they give him "Huddle."

RAMON has great admiration for Garbo as an individual and as an actress. There has never been any romance, in the sensational sense.

"Miss Garbo is entirely an artist," Ramon says. "She is sincerely indifferent to money, publicity, ballyhoo. Her work is the only thing that matters. She's terribly sensitive. She's like a frightened bird among people. She's really a great person. Knowing her, you realize how insincere and hypocritical most of us are."

Ramon believes that Garbo has only indicated her ability.

"Truly, I tell you I believe that girl will take a place with Duse and Bernhardt among the immortal actresses," he says.

THE Russian director, Serge Eisenstein, tells the truth about Hollywood in an interview for *Variety*:

"There's too much laughter and burlesqueing and gagging about Hollywood," he says. "I have no complaints to make. Everyone treated me with the greatest of respect. But there was such an aura of fear cast around me. And it wasn't because I was Russian, or a Bolshevik. It was that I might want to do something new or in a different way."

That is a true analysis of the trouble with Hollywood.

Hollywood should be called Fear.

Everyone is afraid of the boss.

The boss is afraid of the Eastern office.

The Eastern officials are afraid of anything new.

"As soon as they find out an opposition company is making a gangster picture, or a doctor picture, or a lawyer picture, they rush into an imitation or similar thing," says Mr. Eisenstein.

He adds that the only two new things in the last two years are "All Quiet" and "Grand Hotel." He might add that the only things making money are the new things.

But Hollywood is no different from the rest of the country in this respect. Everything new is considered "radical." Sunk in depression, our government clings to the old forms. Anything new is "radical" if not "bolshe-

vistic." We seem to have become a country of cowards. But it is lack of leadership that makes us appear that way. In Hollywood, when a Thalberg or a young Laemmle dares to be different, the public quickly rallies around him. What Hollywood needs, as the country needs, is daring, honest leaders.

MIKE LEVEE has a plan for cooperative picture-making. Producers, writers, stars, directors, technicians—everyone sharing in the profits of their work. Sounds like communism, but it's logical. I think everyone in any business would work harder if there were a community spirit. Mr. Levee understands the temperament of artists. He knows that the only ones worth while are interested primarily in their work. Thomas H. Ince realized this, too, and had people working for him for less money than they could get with other companies. He humored them in their views. The idea that money is everything has proven fallacious. Garbo, for instance, would not go back to Europe if permitted a voice in expressing herself. Since art is individual expression, the salvation of the industry depends on the overthrow of the czars in favor of men with the democratic wisdom of Levee.

HOLLYWOOD is the world in close-up. You live for a day and die tomorrow. Luxury, then poverty.

I have received many letters from idols of yesterday who now are in abject poverty. One, from a glittering star of past years:

"You have no idea of my last two years. It was life intensely lived and consciously felt by an erstwhile luminary who watched the tell-tale shadows creep ominously around her eyes while the younger generation ruthlessly crashed in where she was no longer wanted. . . . It's all like a comic parade. If I let it seem real and permanent, you would read of the old Venus torso dangling by a rope behind the shadows of the red barn door. . . ."

TO carry pessimism a bit further, I have a note from a lady that reads:

"I'm mean tonight. My new Russian boots just arrived, and I wore 'em to tea at the Spanish embassy, thinking, of course, that everyone would murmur how much I looked like Garbo. A solicitous aide inquired if I wouldn't care to leave my 'overshoes' in the dressing-room!!!!"

Will Hays and Will Irwin

Beginning next month—September—in the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE will be one of the most interesting features ever published in a motion picture magazine—The Inside Story of Will Hays' Ten Years in the Movies, written by the man who many consider America's greatest reporter, Will Irwin. For the first time in his movie career, Mr. Hays has divulged many secrets, and has given to Mr. Irwin a great many hitherto undisclosed facts.

Nothing of this weight and importance, as well as interest, has ever before appeared in any magazine devoted to the motion pictures.

I Knew Them When

(Continued from page 73)

"IN those days," laughed the producer, "we made all our tests in one place. Out in the valley, near what is now Lankershim, was a beautiful rose bush. When we had a girl to test we loaded her and the camera into our surrey and drove to the rose bush. We always placed her behind it, looking through the bush and daintily smelling a rose. Almost any girl would photograph well in such a setting, so they nearly all passed our tests. Betty Compson, Laura La Plante, Barbara La Marr, Colleen Moore, Louise Fazenda and a number of others took the rose bush test for me.

"Betty had been earning \$25 a week on the stage, and when I offered her the fabulous sum of \$50, she almost fainted. She was with me a long time, but finally I had to fire her, and if I hadn't—" Mr. Christie paused and then smiled, "but that's another story which we'll come to later.

"I found Charlie Chase and Frank Lloyd in a Main Street burlesque, too. They were chorus men, but when they came to me they not only acted before the camera but they swept the sets, did carpenter work, painted walls or did any job that had to be done. Motion picture actors of those times weren't the coddled darlings they are today, believe me.

"Colleen Moore didn't do her first picture work for me, but it was in Christie Comedies that she got her first chance. She had been playing extra over at Fine Arts, but one day she came over to convince me that she was too good for that. She was a cute little trick and there is one thing about her I remember distinctly. She could make the tears flow whenever she wanted to and between shots she was always walking up to some one on the set with the question:

"'You want to see me cry?'

"IT was about 1910 that Mary Lewis, now a prima donna, came out to the studio. She had been singing in a San Francisco cafe, but wanted to try pictures. I gave her a job and put her in a comedy called 'The Ugly Duckling.' She was all right, but the other players complained that she annoyed them by always singing around the studio—only they didn't call it singing. I spoke to her about it and she got mad.

"'You tell those people,' said Mary, 'that one of these days when I'm a grand opera star they'll be paying to hear me sing!'

"And although I smiled, I guess most of the company, including myself, have paid to hear her.

"Yes, we used to have great times in those days. Back of the studio were the stables where the beer garden patrons used to park their horses while they were inside making whoopee. We turned the stalls into dressing rooms for our actors. Lon Chaney and Lee Moran used to share the same stall. Lon used to bring his baby son, Creighton, now a Los Angeles business man, out to the studio with him in the mornings. He had rigged a little hammock in the stall, in which he would rock Creighton to sleep and then slip back in between shots to see if the baby was all right.

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If I Were a Movie Producer

(Continued from page 21)

if I didn't know it myself and knew I didn't, I'd hire a real editor to know it for me.

Magazines always manage to hire such men. Why shouldn't a movie producer do the same?

In this connection I am reminded of an experience of my own. In 1915 I sold two of the best short stories I have ever written to a certain large producer for \$1,000 each. They were not produced, the purchaser alleging that they were western and that westerns had gone out of fashion. Of course I knew they'd never go out of fashion, provided the stories were real stories, so I secured an option to repurchase both stories for \$1,000.

Within an hour I had sold one for \$1,500. I kept the other five years and then one day slipped in, like the crook I am, and sold that story back to the original purchaser for \$7,500. And he never knew the difference!

IF I were a producer I'd be mighty certain that my supervisor of productions knew his business and wasn't continually guessing at it. Back in 1921 I sold what purported to be a comedy of married life to a very big producer, and I inveigled him into permitting me to name the man who was to break the story up into scenes—in the parlance of the movie lot, the continuity writer. I knew this continuity writer had brains and would dramatize my story and not one of his own.

Well, the story was produced; then, for nine weeks the Brain Trust on that lot fought to fit titles to it. But no matter what they wrote there wasn't a laugh in that picture, so in desperation they invited me down to look at it.

Of course I knew instantly that something was wrong or I would not have been invited. And I was right. My story had been produced as written, the picture had been admirably cast, splendidly directed and beautifully photographed. But it was a dud. The manager asked me what was wrong with my picture and I murmured, "Titles. Your titles are not the words my characters would speak. They are written in flippant, cheap, gutter English, like the words in the comic balloons."

"Well," said the manager, "we can't release that picture. It will have to be charged off to profit and loss—\$89,000 worth of it."

"Oh, say not so," I pleaded. "I can make that celluloid corpse get up and dance a jig."

So he bargained with me and finally I agreed to do it for \$1,500—this after I had, like a babbling fool, calmly announced that I could do the job in less than four hours. Remember, the Brain Trust had been nine weeks on it.

Fifteen hundred dollars is a lot of money for a four-hour job and it was mighty poor business on my part to have bragged of my speed and ability, although really I wasn't bragging. I merely stated I could do something I *knew* I could do, for the titles were already written—spoken lines in my original story and the producer owned those titles! They merely required editing!

Well, I did the job in three hours and twenty minutes, we cut the new titles in, gave a preview in Hollywood—

and the picture was a riot of laughter. The last I heard of it that picture had grossed over \$400,000.

IN the talkies the spoken lines now take the place of the titles in the old silent films. Well, if I were a producer I'd know the right lines when I heard them spoken.

If I were a producer I'd never buy an impossible motion-picture story because it had been written by a very prominent author. Many years ago an independent producer purchased rights to the late Jack London's novel, "The Muting of the Elsinore." Then he wired me to read the book and tell him if it could be produced in celluloid.



Photo by Wide World

Now that Anita Louise, baby star, is completing her A-B-C schooling, she's taking on other lessons—aviation. And they do say she's soaring with the best of the stars.

I read it and told him he had purchased an impossible story; that the action of the story all took place on the deck of a square-rigged ship rounding Cape Horn and that there was no plot. He wired back: "You misunderstood my request. I know Jack London's story cannot be produced, but a story by *you* can. I have the title and a Big Name, haven't I? Come down and get busy."

Now, I suspected so strongly that I almost knew, that as yet this producer had not purchased the rights to "The Muting of the Elsinore," *nor would he until he had found some author who could write him a new story around that title!*

In life Jack London had been my friend, and I didn't think it would be cricket of me to keep his widow out of ten or twenty thousand dollars by being too ethical; so I ran down to Hollywood and the producer, the director, the continuity writer and I went to dinner and between the soup and the nuts I threw together verbally a story that could be produced—a story of a bucko mate and ships and tugs and brass knuckles and intrigue and mutiny. And the ship was named *Elsinore!*

Very simple, indeed. The following night, with \$2,500 for my fee as consulting engineer, I fled home. The pic-

ture was rather good and I hope, should Charmian London read this confession, that she will not hold it against me. Without my aid she would not have made a sale.

If I were a producer I'd know after I had produced a story whether I had finished the production or not. A case in point:

Once upon a time one of the very largest producers made a historical picture that cost over \$2,000,000. About the time they were ready to release it the picture began to pall on them. It seemed to lack vitality, so they decided to hire me, at a fee of \$5,000, to write a crackerjack set of titles.

I looked at the picture and decided that their staff man had done a perfectly wonderful job of titling. What's more, he knew he had and I think he resented me. I fanned around for ten days wondering how I could earn my fee without convicting myself of highway robbery, and in the interim the general manager, thinking I had had my titles cut in, took the picture up to the home of the Big Chief for a preview.

The Big Chief was delighted. The same old titles were there but I had snipped about a thousand feet of extraneous film out of the picture and rather snapped it up a bit.

"How fortunate," said the Big Chief, "that we hired Peter B. Kyne to do those titles."

The manager said the same thing next morning to the director, who instantly enlightened him as to the true situation. Horrible! I was summoned to the office and the dreadful tale was told.

"Now," said the general manager, "you hold a contract to write those titles and you can enforce the collection of your \$5,000, but—we do not want your titles now! The ones we have are gorgeous. If you'll just write us a bally-hoo, flag-waving, patriotic foreword, of say about eighty words, and settle your contract for \$2,500, I'll hand you out another job so you can, eventually, catch even."

I had been trying to butt in and tell him I wouldn't charge him a cent—that here was his contract, etc., but he wanted to do the talking. So when he offered to settle on such generous terms I bowed sadly and said I was willing to adjust on that basis!

We did—and everybody was happy for a week. Then the old doubts arose about those titles. I am informed they hired Rupert Hughes, an able craftsman, to do a new set of titles and Rupert did his customary good job, although I knew he could do no better than the underpaid staff writer.

The bird of joy fluttered over the scene for a month—then Rupert's titles began to look awful, so in desperation they cut the staff man's original titles back into the picture and turned it loose on an expectant world. I think they more than got back their \$2,000,000 production cost.

IF I were an independent producer I'd make no more than four pictures a year, but—they would be pictures. I would avoid all silly symbolism, all sex, all shocks to the nervous system and concentrate on heart throbs. I'd be for

If I Were a Movie Producer

high romance, for purple and old swords.

I wouldn't turn a crank until I had my dramatization all ready to shoot, until I had all my sets built and all my locations selected for the outdoor shots. Then I'd hand the script to my high and mighty producer and say: "Here it is, boy. Shoot it as is. If you change a line of it I'll hire you killed."

If he objected and wanted to be editor as well as director, I'd fire him and try somebody else and I'd keep on trying until I found the right man.

I have already cited two instances of my own stories, produced as I wrote them, which, after having been deemed rank failures, proved very good successes. But these were both accidents.

When Louis Milestone made "All Quiet On the Western Front," however, and followed Remarque's story so faithfully, that was not an accident, although from the studio gossip I gather that it almost resulted in bloody murder.

The strange madness to change that dramatic, moving story seized the staff writers. They and their henchmen all knew how to improve the story.

However, the gallant Milestone knew they couldn't improve on anything except themselves and to do that they'd have to go out in the alley and cut their throats. He wouldn't obey orders. The artist in the man made a rebel of him.

When that picture was released, few except Milestone and his cast expected it to be a success. And what a success it was! It made Louis Milestone and to prove that "All Quiet On the Western Front" was premeditated, all you have to do is see other pictures this revolutionary person has directed.

IF I were a producer I would scuttle all the cobwebbed traditions of the Dion Boucicault era of histrionics, for they have no place in the films and their place in the legitimate drama was vacant forty years ago! For years that tradition kept my not-too-stable reason tottering on its throne.

It is sad to think that so few good pictures—pictures that are really entertaining—rise to the top of the motion picture pot. Yet, if I would be fair, I think it most amazing that so many good pictures do emerge out of the froth. It is a healthy sign. The producers are slowly learning.

There is nothing like the current Depression to induce clear and cogent thinking.

In conclusion, if I were a producer, I would never permit a war in Shanghai to stampede me into scouring the market for a war story with the setting in Shanghai. When a picture like "Hell Divers" appeared, I would not attribute its success to a yearning on the part of the public to see pictures quite filled with airplanes. When a Depression came along I would try to forget it and not prow around for stories with the said Depression as the motif or locale.

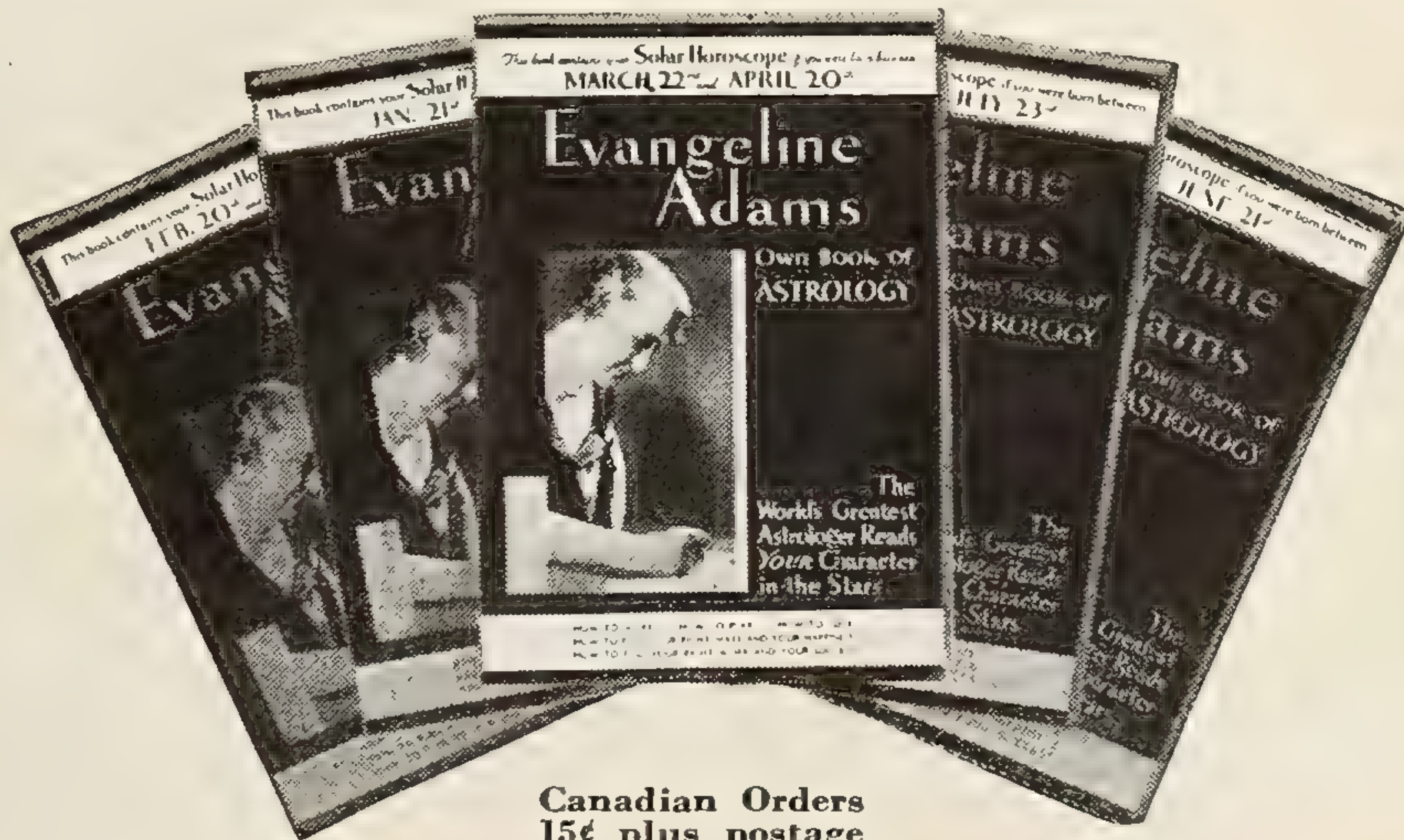
By Jiminy, I wouldn't care a hoot in hell what the public likes or what I thought it liked, I'd be such an egotist I'd give the public what I liked, and if that course busted me—well, let 'er bust.

Only it wouldn't!



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Movie Cook-Cooks

(Continued from page 53)

president. The thirty-five members are comics, writers and gag men. The club is affiliated with the Bombay Cycle Association of America, the North American Citrus Feelers' Guild, and the Prefix and Suffix Downs Society. The purpose of the club is to have no purpose.

SPEAKERS addressing the Asthma Club are asked to observe one rule—and that is, when talking, stress the bad condition of the motion picture business. At one meeting the secretary reported that club members might be interested to know that "there is good deer hunting now in the balconies of all the motion picture theaters."

THERE is an unwritten law, in the Asthma Club, that no member shall ever strike the president. But members can say what they please, or leave the room. Or both. Which was the course Donald Ogden Stewart took at a recent meeting. After he had departed (and he waved good-bye, thumb to nose), President Marx observed:

"What a nice club this is after Stewart leaves."

There was a silence. And then Don Herold spoke up.

"But," he said to the president, "you should attend a meeting some day when you're not here and see how nice it is."

BE that as it may—

Jean Harlow is wearing a red wig at formal evening affairs.

Ethel Barrymore will star with John and Lionel, and half a dozen writers are trying to prepare a script to suit them.

Dietrich and Chevalier may be teamed in a stage show which Lubitsch is eager to stage in January.

There are now 346 experienced child actors on the studio casting lists in Hollywood.

Eighteen guest rooms were added to Pickfair to take care of people Mary and Doug are entertaining during the Olympic games.

Helen Hayes plays opposite Clark Gable in "Bridge vs. Bridge" as soon as Gable finishes "China Seas."

When Jack Warner was handed a gavel at a meeting of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, his first remark was: "I better lay this thing down before I knock myself out."

When Al G. Barnes' circus played Los Angeles, all the billboards carried posters showing a saucer-lipped Ubangi chieftain from Africa.

"Very smart," observed a Poverty Row m.p. producer, "for dot circus to cash in on Chevalier's popularity."

AND they hang all kinds of stories on Samuel Goldwyn in Hollywood—and probably have him say things he never said. In fact, many of the dialogue lines in the stage satires on Hollywood are remarks originally attributed to Samuel Goldwyn.

There's the time, for example, when he had just signed Ben Hecht to write

a play for Ronald Colman. Placing an arm around Hecht's shoulder, Sam is alleged to have remarked:

"We can't go wrong. When we have an actor like Colman, and a good director and a first-class playwright, we have the mucus of a successful organization."

WITH Warner Brothers wringing their hands and moaning low about expenses, George Arliss agreed to a cut of \$20,000 salary per picture.

Which means \$60,000 instead of \$80,000.

DOUg FAIRBANKS has a short answer for picture people who don't know where their next Rolls-Royce is coming from.

"You can live in Tahiti for ninety cents a week," Doug tells them.

RERI, the 19-year-old native girl who played in "Tabu," spent a few days in Hollywood, where she rehearsed and then went out for forty weeks with Fanchon and Marco.

She is accompanied by her guardian, Mildren Lubber, a native of Warsaw.

RERI wears a gold locket at her throat. The words, "Tabu: Forbidden Love" are engraved on the locket. She also wears gold earrings, a wrist-watch and carries a gold perfume box. All are gifts from a Greek florist in New York.

SHE plans to make a trip to Germany to lay flowers on the grave of Murnau, the director who discovered her in Tahiti and taught her how to pluck her eyebrows.

And to some of us it seems there's nothing more regular than the recurrence of motion picture cycles, unless it's the recurrence of announcements that there will be no more cycles.

For years and years we've heard just how

The gals who stoop to folly would Come to no good end. Ah, but now

Films show all's well that ends in Hollywood.

OUT in Staunton, Illinois, the Hon. Mr. Chaw Mank does a little radio announcing and leads the Chaw Mank Blue Ribbon Dance Band. But that's not all. He owns, operates and guides the Clara Bow Club and the Movie Fans' Friendship Club. For fifty cents a head, the whole world can join Chaw's big-hearted organization.

Chaw has dashed off a little verse which reveals one of his major ambitions. Here it is:

*Oh, Clara Bow, dear Clara Bow,
The Movie Fans are hoping so
That on the screen in every show
We soon shall see our Clara Bow.*

HE also operates a "Pick-a-Pen-Pal" department, through which one Clara Bow enthusiast can write to another.

Chaw gives a prize each month to the club member who sends him the most stamps.

The progressive acting of Miss Crawford, Joan, Makes some people cheer and some people groan.

But still all opinion should be most emphatic

That she is a gal who is very dramatic,

For how she can act (Ah!) and wildly emote (Oh!)

When striking her pose for a news roto photo.

GARBO'S unrelenting aloofness has amused, annoyed and puzzled Hollywood. But her superb acting in "Grand Hotel" won her a triumph that sent her spirits soaring. For the first time in months she appeared at the studio in a happy frame of mind—apparently free from the melancholia which engulfed her. Or was this sudden change in manner due to the fact that she was leaving this country in search of more complete isolation? She became gracious, light-hearted. Strangely enough, the quick transition from depression to ecstasy paralleled her rôle in "Grand Hotel."

THIS is one reasonable explanation of Garbo's psychic dilemma which may mean little or much. As a girl, she grew rapidly. Doubtless she passed through a stage when she was very conscious of a physical awkwardness. She was very tall. Too tall. Psychologists will tell you that the doubts and uncertainties of adolescence take a terrifying grip upon a personality. It sometimes takes years to shed the embarrassments of adolescence—to forget the doubts and fears of youth. Perhaps, all along, Garbo has never been quite sure of herself. Or of the public. And certainly unsure of Hollywood's attitude. She found escape in remaining aloof—the psychologists sometimes call it crowd phobia. A final assurance of artistic success, such as Garbo must have realized after "Grand Hotel," could have, and perhaps did, go a long way toward releasing her spirit.

Fancy writing, that, eh, what?

**Though dealing with ladies who're loose, or with crooks,
The very self-satisfied Mr. Clive Brook**

**Refuses to weaken, relax or relent
In his technique of showing that he is a gent.**

But still it is soothing, both soothing and restful;

'Twould sadden us much to find him growing zestful.

BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME

Our circular, "Brighten Your Home with Color," gives charts and explicit directions for choosing the right colors for every room of your house. Send 10 cents, plus 4 cents postage, to The Home Beautiful Editor, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Can Mary Pickford Come Back?

(Continued from page 25)

story which will give us Mary Pickford, the woman, one of the great actresses and personalities of the screen, as they once gave us Mary Pickford, the girl?

I happened to be at Frances Marion's home when this telegram came:

"Frances, darling: On my way home at last. So happy I can hardly breathe over the thought that we are to be together again and work on a beautiful story as we used to do. Meet me at San Bernardino. Devoted love. Mary."

Frances handed it to me, and I noticed that her eyes were wet.

For the new Mary Pickford picture isn't going to be just a motion picture—just another business venture. It's going to be the culmination of an ideal, the justification of a great work done which two women who did it believe mustn't be allowed to crumble away.

"Mary's such a great actress," Frances Marion said. "No one has more to give than she has. But they just haven't known how to handle her."

NOT so very long ago, Mary Pickford, standing in the garden of Pickfair, looking rather wistfully out at the distant silver line of the sea, said: "You know, Frances understands me so well. I want to make a great picture—but somehow I feel we should do it together."

And as I watched her, the stately, queenly little lady who in the heart of Hollywood is still enshrined as the First Lady of the screen, I remembered those two young things, starting out so blithely to conquer the world, and so blithely succeeding. Pictures came to my mind—Mary and Frances, giggling like schoolgirls behind a set while they planned some mad Irish prank to discommode a dignified executive. Mary and Frances, driving together in Frances' big roadster, in the days when Mary was almost as much a mystery as Garbo is today—and I saw again the famous golden curls and the gleaming bronze ones, and two pairs of shining, eager young eyes, peeping out at the world which paid them so much honor.

Somewhere, in the years between then and now, Mary Pickford lost her way.

Success after success she had piled up. One on top of another. Together she and Frances made thirteen box-office knockouts in a row, without one failure. The world's record, as far as I know.

Then fate—and business—and many things separated them, and somewhere, Mary lost her way.

And Mary Pickford cut off the curls that had been the symbol of all that she meant to audiences everywhere. The golden curls that had made her America's sweetheart, the pattern of girlhood, the idol of age and of youth alike.

It was a great gesture.

YOU must never forget that Mary Pickford loved motion pictures as no one else has ever loved them. Her whole life had been motion pictures, and the industry had grown with her and by her and she had ruled it. She

(Please turn to page 96)



Actual photograph of Miss Hester Hatch after and before using VANKAI Wave Set

Is your hair a PANIC at a picnic?

Keep it lovely, soft, wavy
—with VANKAI Wave Set

Be honest. See yourself as others see you. If your hair's a stringy, straggly fright—spoiling your looks and your picnic fun—tell yourself so. And then—resolve that next time you're going to trust VANKAI Wave Set to keep your hair alluringly curly. Finger waves last ever so much longer

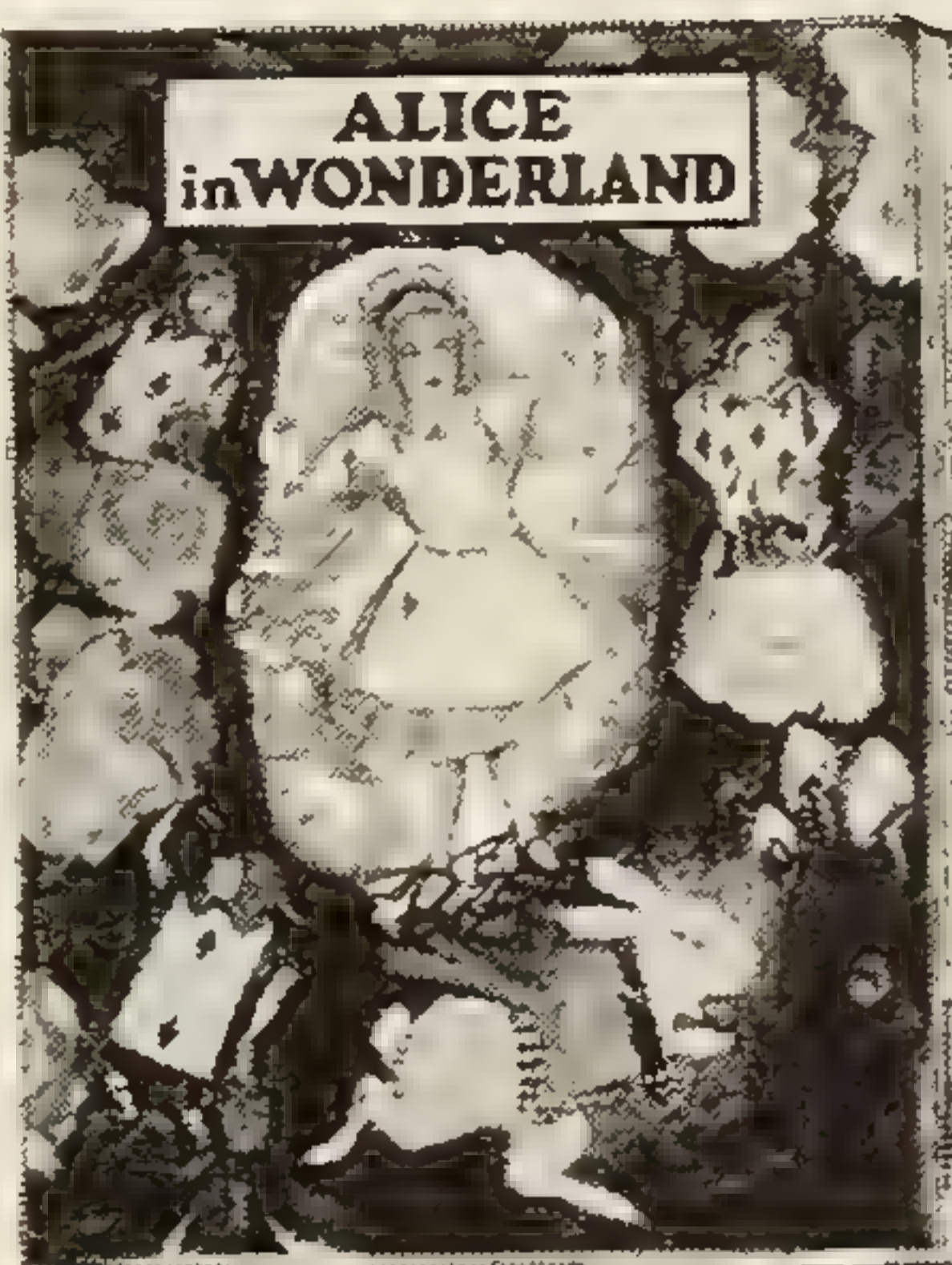
—so do permanents—and you save ten minutes in morning make-up time! VANKAI Wave Set makes your hair softly lustrous, naturally curly. Beauty shops know—thirty thousand of them use and praise VANKAI.

Buy the extra-large 10c bottle at most 5 and 10c stores (25c size at drug stores). For trial size send 10c to Briar Products Co., Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

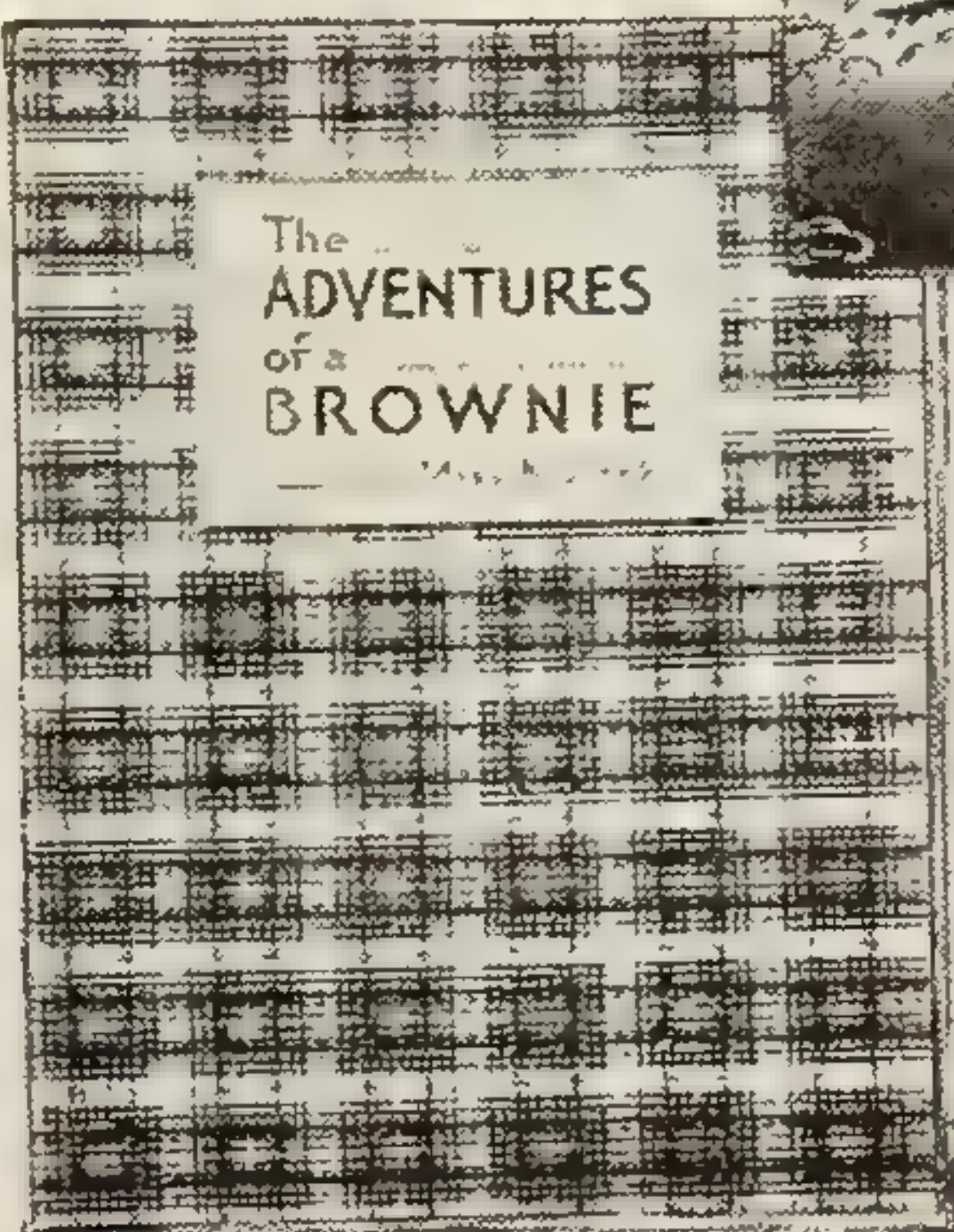
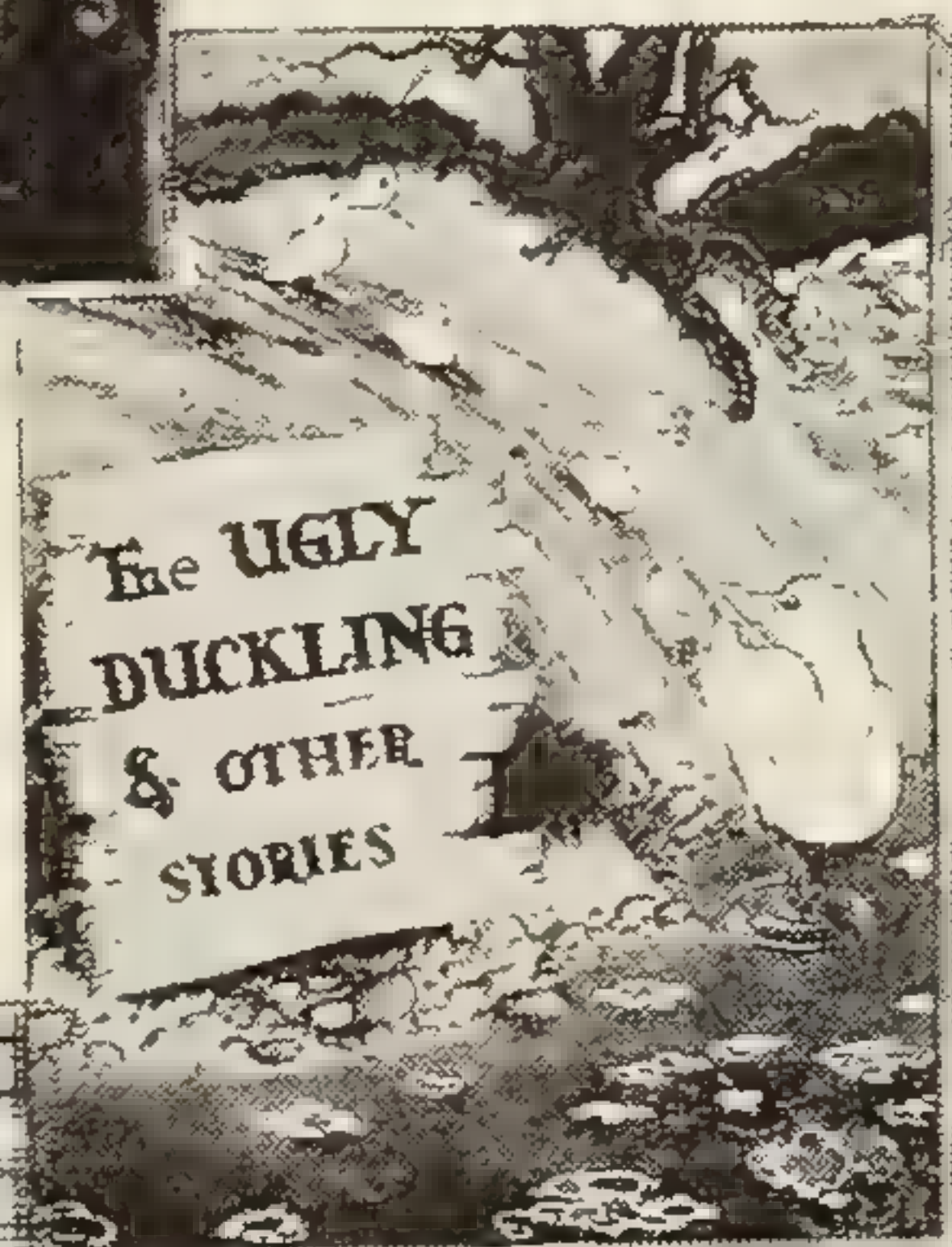


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It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

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Can Mary Pickford Come Back?

(Continued from page 95)

didn't come from the stage, she didn't come from any distance. She had watched pictures grow into a great art and they were her life.

But she didn't seem able to make for herself the necessary adjustment to new conditions.

Funny, how simple it all seems.

All she needed was the right story—the story that would bridge for her the great gulf of the world's change, the great gulf of her own change from the little girl with the curls to the woman without them.

Just a story.

And so it was that across that gulf the two friends looked at each other and remembered. Mary, with a divine faith in the old partnership and a complete belief in Frances. And Frances with a great understanding of Mary's genius which must be saved.

After all we are made of our memories. Take them from us—and we are no longer ourselves.

Memory brought them many things.

What fun they had always had together. How they had laughed and played while they made pictures. How easily the inspirations had come which made such great things as "Stella Maris" and "Daddy Long-Legs." How surely Frances had known exactly what Mary could do best and how Mary had lifted the body of Frances' scenes into glowing life.

Then there were so many other things.

YOU see, though they happened to win the love and stir the imagination of a world, these two started out exactly as any two girls in high school might start, and they went through all their private griefs and joys, sorrows, troubles, triumphs together.

When they met, neither of them had achieved fame. Frances was a commercial artist, drawing theatrical posters and street-car ads. Mary was just beginning to be known in the then much smaller field of picture audiences.

But Frances had an idea for a story germinating in that ever-active, fertile brain of hers. So, very shy, quite frightened, she made her way into a picture studio—it wasn't so hard in those days—and told that story to another shy, rather frightened girl whose name she had seen upon a picture screen.

That story was "The Foundling," Mary Pickford's first great success.

"It's funny," Mary told me once, "but the moment I saw Frances I knew we were going to be—best friends, as we used to say when we were kids. You know, in those days I was very shy, and I never went anywhere, and I worked very hard. I didn't have any friends. But Frances and I just seemed to find each other at once."

So from that time on, Hollywood became used to Mary and Frances. You seldom saw one without the other. Whatever came, they shared. They wore each other's clothes, read each other's mail, thought up stories and pranks indiscriminately, talked over everything that came into their lives.

Mary married Douglas Fairbanks and Frances married the world's champion athlete, Fred Thomson, and the four of them went to Europe on a honeymoon.

Then, business separated them. The picture industry had grown very big and very important. Everybody took things much more seriously. The old happy days when Mary and Frances and Marshall Neilan used to get together and work out stories and go and shoot them all in the spirit of a grand picnic, were gone.

SOMEHOW, without quite knowing how it all happened, Frances found herself working for other stars for fabulous sums—and Mary found herself hiring famous and very important English playwrights.

As friends, as women, they were never separated.

When Mary lost her idolized mother, it was in Frances' arms that she cried out her dreadful grief.

When Fred Thomson died in the prime of his manhood and left his widow desolate, it was Mary who rushed to her side and gave her such consolation as might be.

"You know," Frances said to me the other night, "old friendships are the greatest things in life. I know that now. You can't tear apart lives that are grown together by years of things shared."

So came the day when the highest paid and most famous writer in Hollywood—so far as Hollywood is concerned—looked across at Irving Thalberg and upset all sorts of enormous plans and important programs by asking for a leave of absence to go back to Mary Pickford. The day when Mary, having searched the world over for writers, for stories, among the great, ready to pay any price, turned back to the girl who wrote "The Foundling"—the great success of her early youth, who wrote "Stella Maris," the great success of her great days.

Will this coming story be the one that will win again for Mary her old place in the sun? Will they together, inspiring each other as they used to do, click with a final box-office success to add to that impressive list?

Maybe I'm a fool. Maybe I still believe in Santa Claus.

But I know they will. There is, there must be, power in faith and love and joy. There must be a moving force in loyalty and devotion. There must have been between those two kids who started out so blithely and gaily to reach the top, and who reached it beyond their wildest dreams, a spark of something greater than we are.

The picture that Mary Pickford and Frances Marion are doing together, the fourteenth picture in their long, unbroken line of successes, just must have a lucky star over it. It isn't just a picture—it's a culmination of something beautiful, an offering upon the altar of friendship.

I think we who loved Mary Pickford as we've never loved any other picture star, will see her again—not as she once was. We don't want to. But we will see the woman we always knew she must become—and, after all, women are much more interesting than girls.

And the new generation of picture fans, who don't remember Our Mary, will at last understand why we have never quite been able to replace her.

They made history once, believe me! They'll do it again!

Platinum Turns to Gold

(Continued from page 41)

suburban home about thirty-five minutes out. Never cared much for dolls. Wanted living things like pet lambs and dogs and even calves which grew into cows and had to be relinquished. Went to dancing school and to parties and never dreamed that she would be an actress.

At sixteen she fell in love. Grandly and completely. With a boy of twenty. So they ran away and were married. Jean went to California as a bride. The families forgave, and all was well.

But that very young and very grand present didn't last. Before she was eighteen Jean was divorced.

Pure chance brought the movies. California was California to her. Not Cinemaland. . . . She went with a girl friend to a studio one day. And while she waited for this other girl, Jean was seen. Someone gave her a letter to the studio's casting director. Jean took it home and forgot about it.

Then, at a party, she mentioned the letter. Her friends told her she didn't have the nerve to try it. . . . So she did. Played a few extra bits. It was fun. But only fun.

Hal Roche offered her a contract in his comedies. Jean thought it was swell. She signed and appeared in two or three two-reelers. In one of them she wore a lacy black thing called teddies or something like that. . . . Now, back in Kansas City, Jean had a grandfather and he saw the comedy in which Jean wore the lacy thingamajigs. . . . And nothing else except her platinum hair and her white skin. The wires were sizzling that evening, and the next day Jean asked Hal Roach to release her from her contract. He did.

She thought her picture days were over. But at a dinner one evening she met Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall. They talked Howard Hughes into giving her the rôle of the girl in "Hell's Angels." And they talked Jean into playing it. . . .

ONE day the youngster from Kansas City awoke to find she was a screen siren of the deadliest variety. Didn't know what to do about it. Living with her mother and her stepfather in an old English house, she scarcely had the siren background. . . . So she decided to do nothing about it. Just to be Jean Harlow.

That's what she is. Just Jean Harlow. And terribly young. . . . Likes dogs. It used to be Great Danes. Now it's wire-haired fox terriers. She loves to ride horseback and to swim. In a white bathing suit with a shiny black skull cap. Only a tiny bit of the famous white hair peeping out underneath. But that's enough. You know the effect.

Her dinner parties are great. She seems to know just the right people to make a good combination of wit and

fun. An excellent hostess. And what a cook! Not fancy stuff. Real, honest-to-goodness food that hits the spot.

Jean's mother fits into the picture perfectly. She is as good-looking as Jean. . . . In a different way, of course. Her hair is sleek instead of fluffy, blonde rather than platinum.

Jean wears little jewelry. One or two really good pieces, that's all. She drives a swanky coupé, a popular model. Not foreign or conspicuous. Uses only one kind of perfume. A happy mixture of the exotic and the flowery odors. She always carries a tiny jade elephant for good luck.

She loves black and white. White for evening. Black tailored clothes for daytime wear. Likes pearl earrings. Large ones to add a touch of sophistication to the simplicity of her street clothes. Hates to shop. Her mother buys all her clothes. Fittings are the bane of Jean's existence.

EVERY week she shampoos her hair. Does it at home. . . . Prefers showers to tub baths. A warm shower followed by icy cold each morning. Another warm shower before going to bed. She sleeps eleven hours almost every night. Otherwise she feels dull the next day. . . . Religiously cold-creams her face night and morning. When she's not working she uses only lip rouge for make-up.

Her upper lip is short. Gives her a charmingly childlike look. When she talks seriously, she holds her head down and looks up at you. Her lashes are amazingly long. Real, too. . . . And she has dimples. Deep ones which flash when she smiles.

Likes to typewrite. Admits shamefacedly that she is writing the Great American Novel like everyone else in the country. Types with two fingers and goes surprisingly fast. If she weren't an actress she thinks that she'd try to get a job on a newspaper. . . . Reads a lot. Nothing in particular. Anything that looks interesting. . . .

Always wears pajamas when resting. Likes to sit cross-legged on the floor. Never eats candy. Is crazy about spareribs and sauerkraut.

Her voice is low, with a ring of sincerity or something which attracts instinctive attention. Rarely uses slang. . . . Is a little bewildered by what's happened during the last few years. Was unhappy over the parts she played. Didn't want to be typed as tough and cheap. Is thrilled and excited over new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Never hesitated a minute when asked to change her famous platinum locks to red in order to play "Red Headed Woman."

She loves parties. Loves work. Loves life.

Jean Harlow from Kansas City!

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GETS
"Thirsty" TOO!



Restore its natural moisture with this famous Olive Oil Face Powder

WHEN the sun's hot rays beat down on your skin, the tissues soon dry up...grow drawn and shriveled.

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OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder replaces the missing, natural oils. Its unique Olive Oil base (found in no other powder) keeps your skin marvelously smooth and supple...gives your face the radiant glow of youth. Satiny in texture, OUTDOOR GIRL clings for hours. Yet, it is soft, dry and fluffy as any powder you have used.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover how it will protect your complexion...keep it young and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Large size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and \$1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 10c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the Olive Oil and Lightex face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

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You can use Ivory Snow lavishly because it is pure and mild—and that nice, big package costs only 15¢!

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Music of the Sound Screen

(Continued from page 78)

HERE'S one by Coon-Sander's Orchestra I know you'll all like, "I Want To Go Home." It's a beautiful tune. No doubt you are all familiar with this really great band and when I tell you this is one of the best that ever bore their name, it should be comment enough. I should like to take this opportunity to express my sorrow at the death of Charleton Coon, one of the greatest men in the music game, whose passing is mourned by musicians, everywhere.

The other side is by the same orchestra, "Round My Heart," a livelier tune and very danceable. Joe Sanders sings the vocals on both sides. (This is a Victor record.)

"LET'S Have Another Cup O' Coffee" is the title of the next one, played for us by Enrico Madriguera and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. This is a nice, swingy tune and you'll like the way the band plays it. There is a very nice vocal refrain.

The other side, by the same orchestra is "Lovable." There's too much fiddle work in this one to suit me. (This is a Columbia record.)

FOR those who like vocal records, here's a good one. "Dream Sweetheart" is the title, sung for us by the Pickens Sisters, who certainly know their vocalizing.

The other side is by the same artist singing "Lawd You Made the Night Too Long." No reason why you shouldn't like this one either. (This is a Victor record.)

"WHEN Lights Are Soft and Low" is the title of the next, and although it's played by the Waltz King, it's a fox trot. Wayne King and his band do the recording honors and a very good job, too. If you want something soft and drowsy, you won't go wrong here. Ernie Birchill sings the vocal chorus. The other side is by the same orchestra, "A Moment In the Dark," and I think it's a terrible tune. (This is a Victor record.)

"EVERYTHING Must Have An Ending" is the title of the next, played for us by Peter Van Steeden and his Orchestra. This is just one more record.

The other side is by Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra and again we have "Lawd, You Made the Night Too Long." I prefer Louis Armstrong's recording. (This is a Victor record.)

HOT-WEATHER MEALS

Do you dread cooking on warm days? Do you find it hard to plan meals that your family will like, and at the same time will allow you to keep cool? Send for our leaflets on Hot-Weather Cooking. They contain recipes, menus and suggestions for warm-weather bills of fare. Write to Rita Calhoun, care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing ten cents, and the circulars will be mailed to you.

Is Radio Going the Way of the Movies?

(Continued from page 51)

Radio, with its peculiar talent demands and its obvious limitations, has not drawn as liberally from other fields of entertainment for its artistry as had been anticipated. With the exception of occasional "guest" appearances, the great favorites of the talking screen have had little to do with broadcasting. The stage, likewise, has contributed but little. The musical world has given more freely. But within limits.

When the Metropolitan Opera Company decided to pick up an extra penny by permitting its performance to be broadcast from the stage, the matinee performances were those selected despite the fact that the loss of listeners, due to this choice of time, may be counted by the million! The fear still persists that radio has a definite and harmful effect on box-office receipts.

Except for its potential publicity value, broadcasting has been found to hold small appeal for movieland's stars. A Greta Garbo, reduced to the mere shadow of a voice—even a beautiful voice with a charming accent—leaves the most ardent Garbo fans cold when it emanates from a loud speaker in the home. Maurice Chevalier was an outstanding example of how a great screen personality may suffer at radio's hands. I considered the Chevalier personality as flat as the proverbial pancake, without the Chevalier smile and antics. Lawrence Tibbett is an air favorite solely because he possesses a golden voice—his acting ability and screen personality are of no use to him here.

TURNING the cards over it is found that radio has contributed even less in the way of real artistry to the screen and to the theatre. Little real artistry is necessary to suffice the microphone. The radio personality, like the successful radio voice, has rarely been able to hold its own outside the broadcasting sphere.

A few of the more popular crooners and blues singers have made personal appearances in local motion picture theaters and drawn S. R. O. signs, usually on the strength of their radio following; a few have made talkie shorts, and others have been sent out on concert tours by their respective radio managements; but, withal, the results

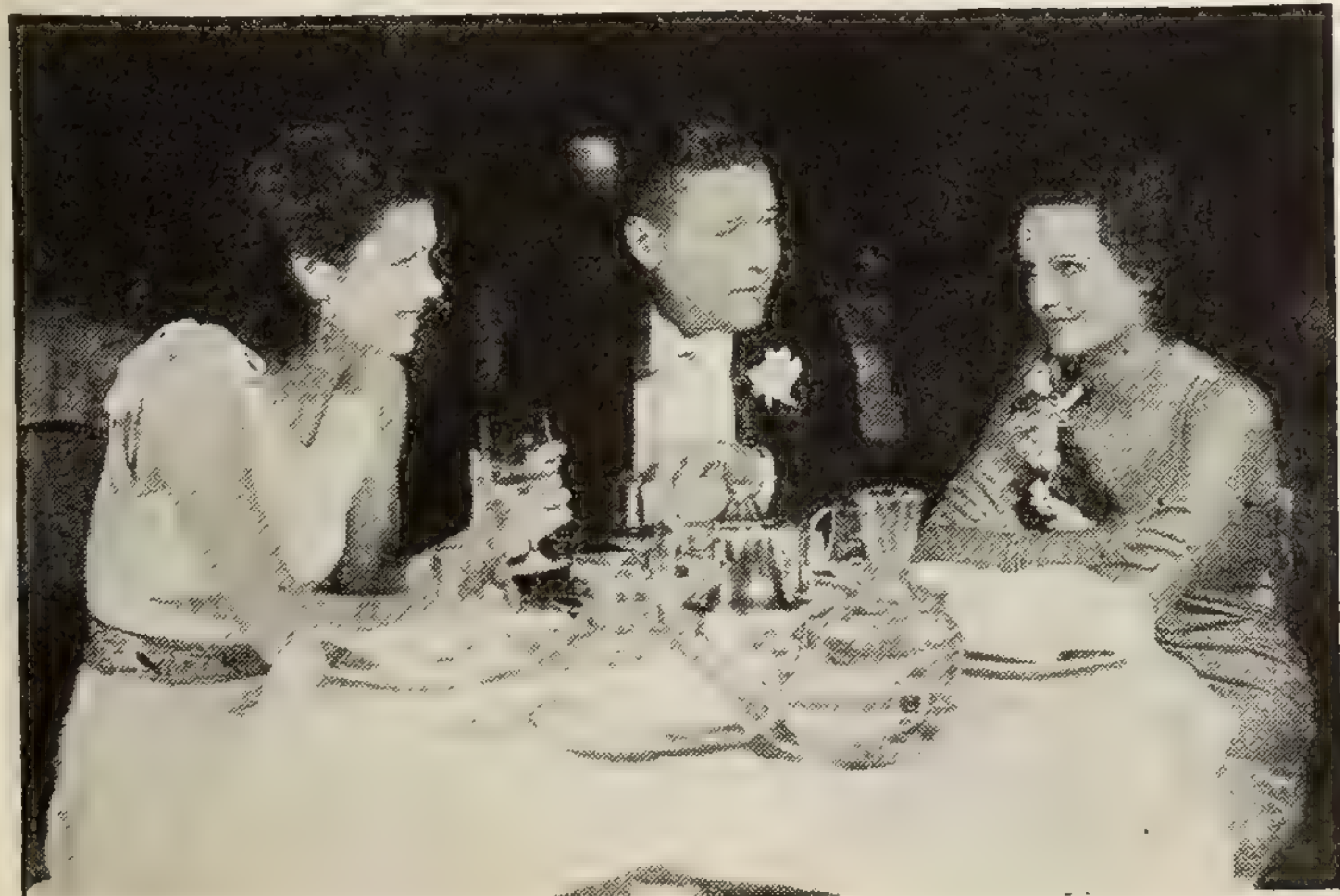
have been negligible. Even the inimitable "Amos 'n' Andy," with everything Hollywood could give them, could not carry their astounding air popularity beyond what, the critics were agreed, proved a mediocre screen production.

Measuring the popularity of radio's favorite sons and daughters with a Hollywood yardstick would tend to emphasize one of the most vital weak spots in the broadcasting structure. Where Hollywood builds talent with the view to collecting dividends on its investment for many, many years to come, radio broadcasting contents itself with creating a few over-night sensations and then sets about to destroy its own handiwork through the expedient method of excessive exploitation. There is no guaranty that the laurel crown it places upon a crooner's brow today will not be faded and wilted within a few months.

THE competition between the two national network companies, which has never been of a friendly sort, has been in the main responsible for the over-emphasizing of sensationalism on the air. It has led both companies into the perilous by-path of extravagant expenditures.

The race to obtain signatures of prominent artists on exclusive broadcasting contracts has led the broadcasters to pay those very same Hollywood salaries which they, in their saner moments, sought to avoid. In one instance such a contract called for a guaranty of \$50,000 annually and within the year, after all efforts to find a commercial sponsor willing to foot the bill had failed, the company bought back the contract for \$60,000.

Hollywood learned in time that headlines are an expensive luxury as well as dangerous business. It has grown positively conservative in its taste for scare-heads in the public press, but this has come only after a long, hard and bitter experience. That broadcasting will escape a similar lesson seems hardly probable, for it is even now concentrating on becoming the world's greatest publicity medium. Radio is paying, and paying high for its existence at present but it is nothing compared with what it will pay as its obsession for sensationalism grows.



Jack Oakie (shown at left with Patricia Wing, at his left, and Rochelle Hudson at his right) has come out of an appendix operation with his tonsils also missing. And a couple or more spare parts for luck.

Photo by International

SWANCREST CLEANS

Suede—Buckskin—Fabric

SHOES

and

- Felt Hats
- Summer Furs
- Silks
- Woolens
- Upholstery



FOR WHITE AND BLACK SHOES

And first aid to summer clothes—Swancrest Cleaning Powder quickly removes perspiration stains, spots of oil, grease, fruit or food stains, tea or coffee, also water marks. Rub it over your light felt hats and see them take on new freshness. The powder comes as needed through the sifter brush. Swancrest does not affect colors, has no odor, leaves no ring. It removes the rings left by many liquid cleaners.

Cleans Felt Hats



Use **Swancrest**
CLEANING POWDER
Both **BLACK and WHITE**

Swansales Corp., 101 Park Avenue, New York.

I enclose.....cents, for the following:

White Swancrest 10c Black Swancrest 10c
(for all light colors) (for dark blue and black)

Sifter Brush (Fits either can) 10c

COMPLETE SET 25c

Name.....

Address.....

It's Easy to Change DARK Colors to LIGHT Colors

—with wonder-working
Tintex Color Remover



1. Supposing you have a dark dress (or any other dark-colored article) and are pining for a lighter-colored one



2. Tintex Color Remover will safely and speedily take out all trace of color (including black) from any fabric



3. Then the article or fabric can be redyed or tinted with Tintex Tints and Dyes in any new shade to suit yourself—either light or dark.

On sale at drug and notion
counters everywhere

Tintex

COLOR REMOVER

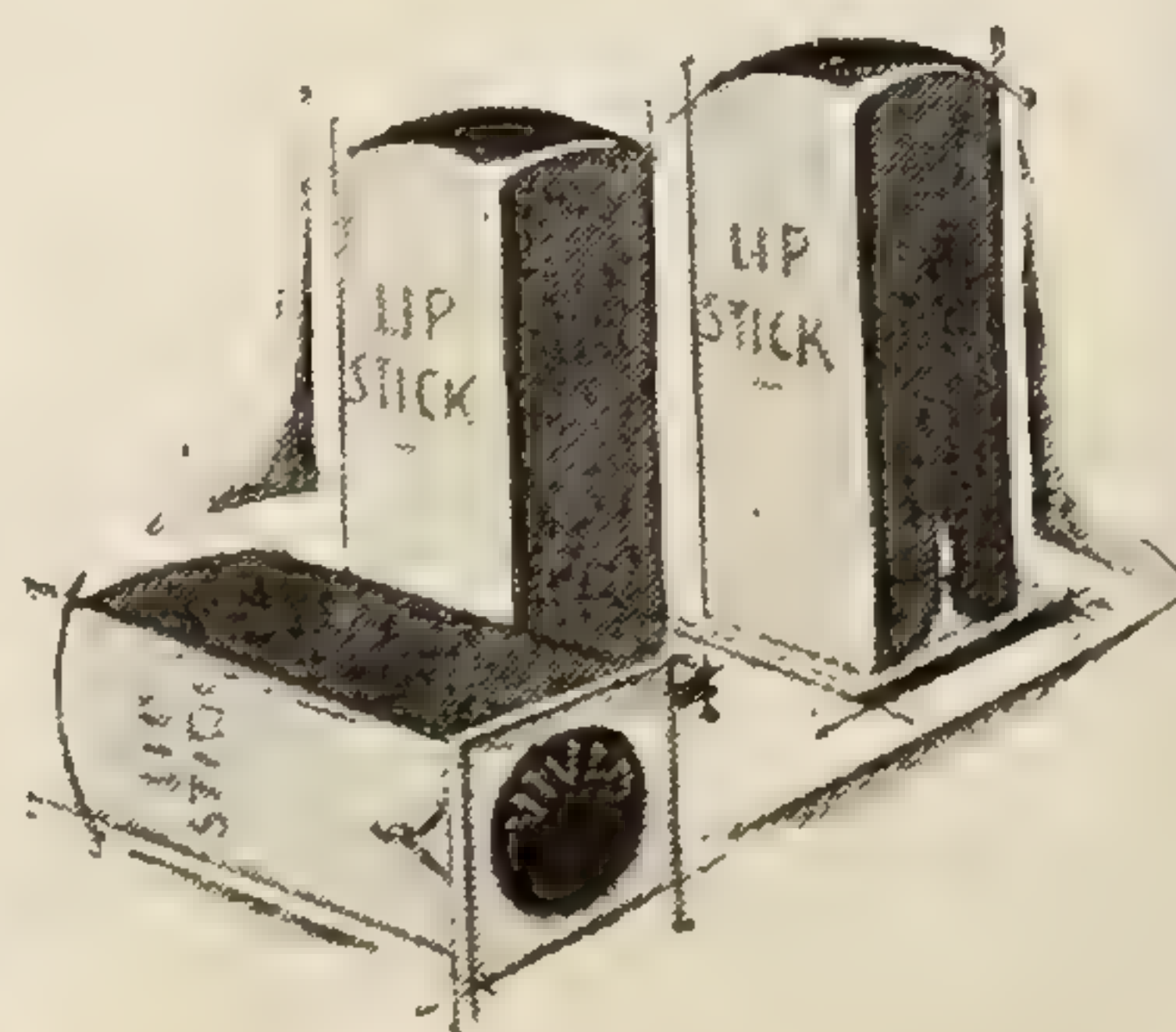
The MAKE-UP BOX



NUANCES in powder tones are demanded more and more by the particular woman, and she's certainly getting them. A new and unusual powder combination is on the market, planned particularly for those who realize that a different tone of powder should be used under the electric lights than is used during the daytime. In a diamond-shaped box come the proper shades for each of the three general classes of skin—fair, medium and brunette. The night shade is exotic and interesting—particularly the green tone planned for brunettes and the pale lavender that brings out fair skins under the bright lights. But don't be misled and think you'll look a weird green or orchid because the powder changes color on the skin and blends in perfectly.

Three new perfumes selected by you and me from among numberless samples are now on the market in two sizes, a small one for the purse and a larger size for dressing-table use. The odors are labeled morning, noon and night and each fits the time of day it is planned for. You will probably want to use all three and you can because they are not expensive.

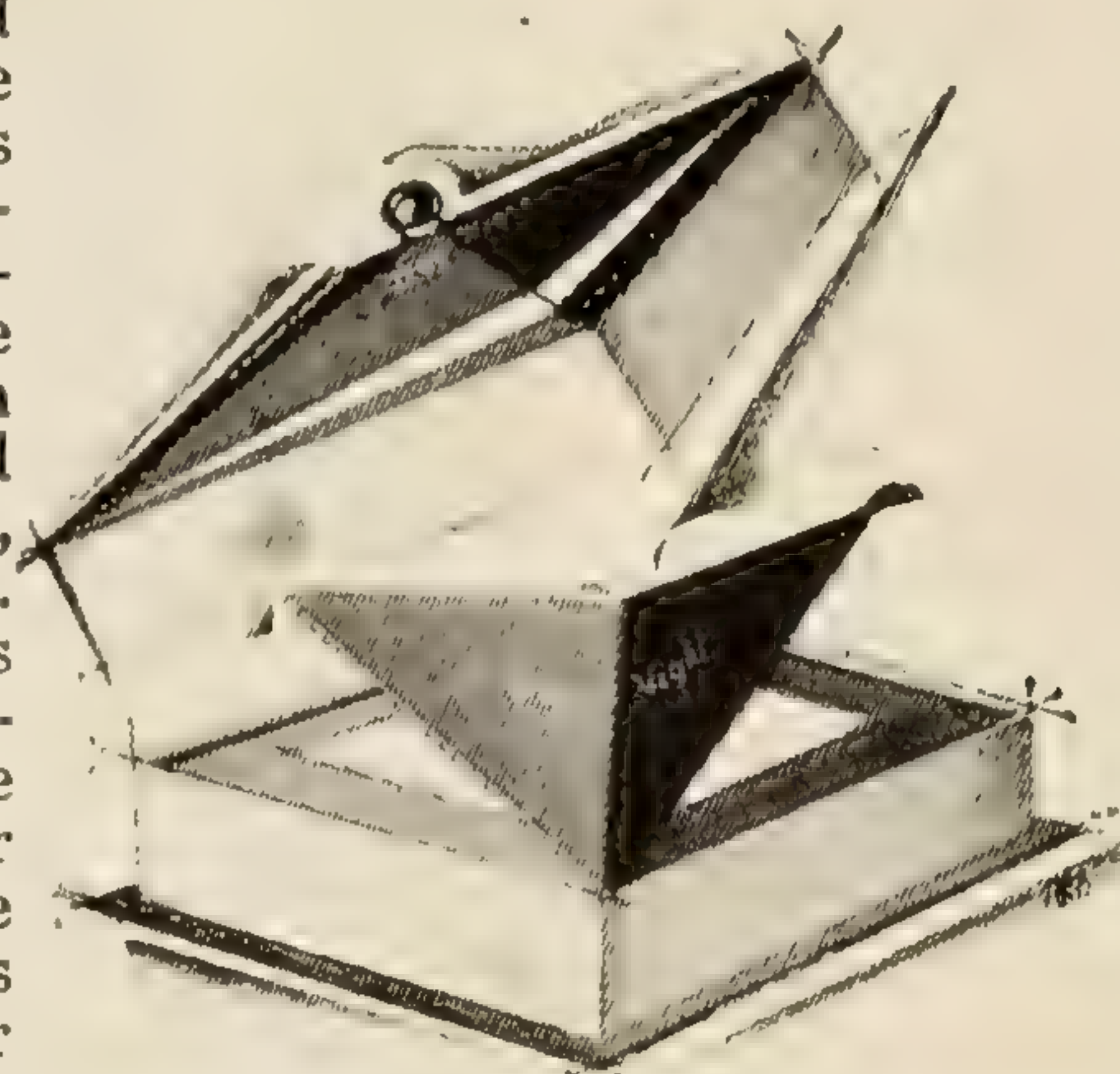
Lipsticks are growing in popularity and variety. We just were admiring a new little lipstick—inexpensive and yet made of the best materials and in the newest and most appropriate shades. It comes in squat, little blue containers and the edges of the stick are smoothed off ready for action so that you don't have to spend a week or two breaking it in.



A lipstick that pops out with only one simple operation.

Short, squat and inexpensive new lipstick.

(Right) A well-known deodorant in a new package.



Two tones of powder in one box—tinted for evening wear and for daytime.



Three new perfumes in slim little bottles for dressing table or for purse.



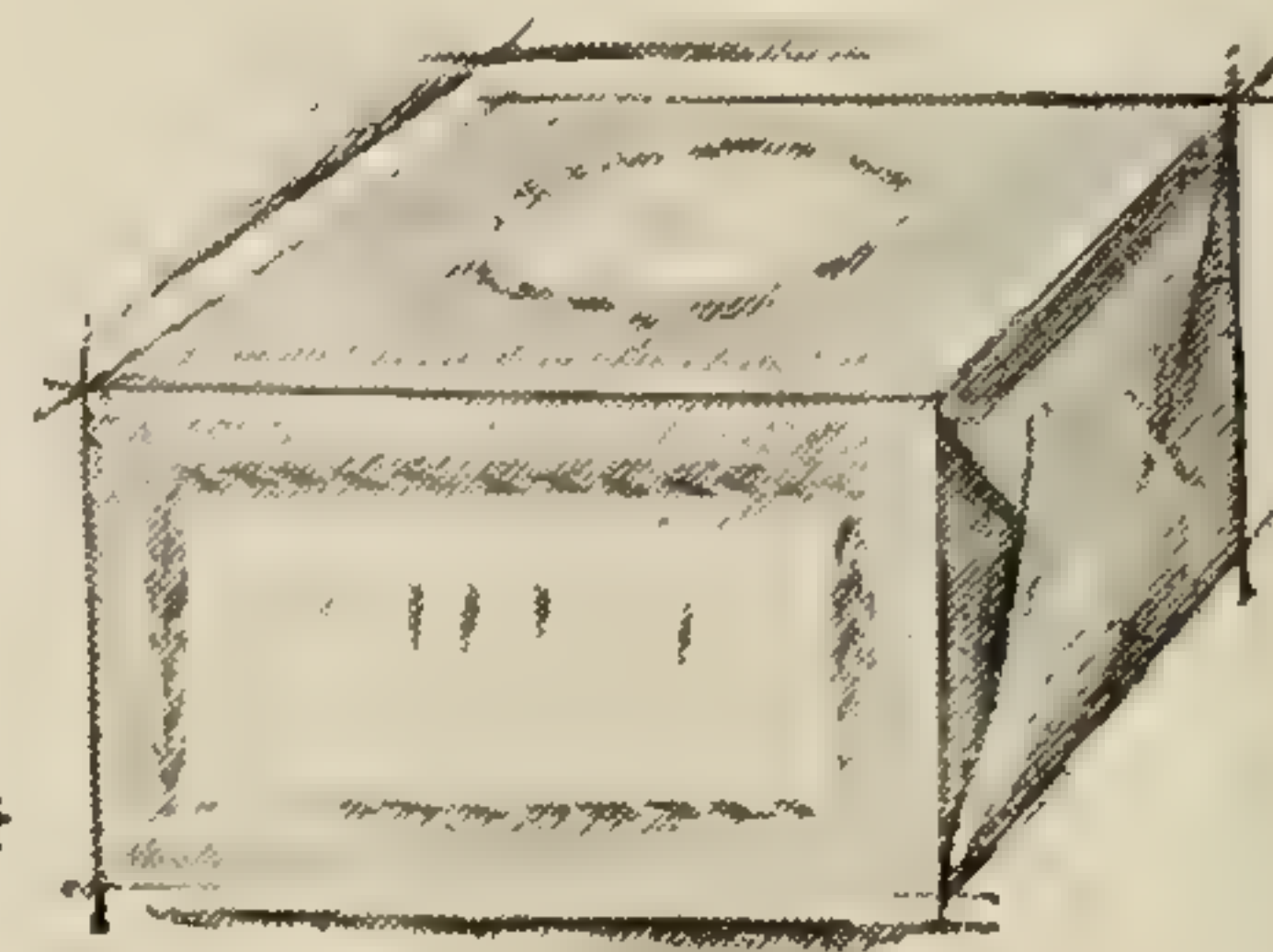
And another lipstick that found its way to our desk is a marvel of mechanical perfection. One twist and the cover sinks inside and the lipstick pops out—all in one operation. The company that developed this stick is also presenting another innovation—lipstick tissues, put up in folders similar to matches. You pull off one little square at a time and save the towels and your larger tissues. But the best thing about them is that they may be carried along in the purse.

A long established deodorant—of the white paste type—is appearing now in a new package, simpler and very dignified—and it's wrapped in cellophane.

And then there's that new dry shampoo, maybe you've heard about. It's non-inflammable, containing no alcohol or other material that might catch a blaze, and it not only cleans the hair but takes the excess oil out of it. You dab it on with cotton, allow it to dry and then brush out the powder left by it along with the dirt. It's particularly recommended for use between shampoos as it does not disturb the wave and for those who are ill with a cold.

And, speaking of powder again, the dark sun-tan shades aren't being used so much this summer. Just a faint tone of tan is being added to winter shades. One company has added a warmer tone to two of its most popular shades. Now they are engagingly called apricot tan and rose beige tan.

If you wish to know the names and prices of the articles described here, write to the Beauty Editor, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope.



Suit Yourself

(Continued from page 46)

into the evening hours with perfect propriety. In these dresses she can let her desire for delicate flowery colors run riot. They give her a dressed-up feeling, she explains, without being obviously partyish.

She divides her affections between her sports clothes and her evening gowns. Karen has never outgrown that little-girl love for party dresses. For the after-dinner hours she tries to find frocks which will have an air of youthful and unstudied sophistication, long, trailly, well-cut gowns, which follow the slim lines of her figure without definitely outlining them.

When Karen was elected as one of the year's baby stars, she chose for the big party a gown of soft, powdery blue satin, trimmed simply with clusters of pearls. In spite of its extremely low back and its smart design, that dress managed to be young and nonchalant. It is Karen's favorite gown and she tries to recapture its spirit in all other evening dresses which she buys.

THIS Morley girl is a strange mixture of youth and maturity. There are thousands of girls like her, girls who have a genuine and charming youthfulness in their sports clothes and who with an evening gown and dangly earrings, can suddenly become young sophisticates. It's a great combination and these girls are far more fortunate than their sisters who are one sort of person all the time. All styles and fashions are becoming to them.

"There is a wide chasm between carelessness in dress and slovenliness," Karen says in explaining her clothes creed. "To me there is nothing more charming than a casually dressed girl or woman, a girl who looks as if her clothes belong to her, not as if she belongs to her clothes. And, in the same way, there is nothing more unattractive than a slovenly person.

"I like to see immaculately groomed and polished women—you know the kind—whose every hair seems to be in its place, but I'm not that type of person. I feel all wrong when I'm trying to dress as the last word in grooming and worldliness. But, when I'm wearing a comfortable, becoming dress, when I know that my accessories are correct and well-chosen, when I can be conscious of rightness and yet not of my clothes, then I feel and act my very best self."

She uses very little make-up for the street but is scrupulously careful in the care of her skin. She never touches the lids of her wide-set hazel eyes with shadow, but she does color her lips with a faintly yellowish red which matches the tawny glow of her skin and hair.

THEY say, people who claim to know about fashions and such things, that French women are the smartest in the world, American women the most beautifully groomed and English women the most charmingly careless. Well, Karen must have a few drops of British blood somewhere in her thoroughly American veins. Of all the young girls in Hollywood she manages to give most completely that effect of nonchalant ease in her clothes.

If you are slim and blonde and gracefully lithe you can be like Karen, attractively yourself.



Tint or Dye It at Home With Quick, Easy Tintex and Save Money!

Perfect Professional Results Assured

No Muss—No Fuss—No Spots—No Streaks

Go over your wardrobe today! Pick out all the faded "washed-out" garments or those with unfashionable, unbecoming colors...

In just a few minutes, and at next to no cost, Tintex will restore all their original color-freshness or will give them new and different colors, if you wish!

And it will do the same for household fabrics, too! Curtains, table-runners, bed-spreads...any decorative fabric may be made to bloom with bright new color easily and quickly.

See the Tintex Color Card at any drug or notion counter. 35 beautiful colors from which to choose! Marvelous results assured from your very first trial! Try it today!

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old dark color from any material so it can be dyed a new light color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

On sale at drug and notion counters everywhere

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES



SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

Famous women

KNOW
THIS
SECRET



Since the days of ancient Egypt, it has been known that woman's most effective beauty is in her eyes. Not their color—not their size or shape—but the *expression* of which they are capable when properly made up. Cleopatra knew this secret. Stars of the stage and screen know it too. Famous beauties—including the one whose picture appears above—know the charm-value of the "expression" made possible by dark, long appearing, luxuriant lashes. And they know that the NEW, non-smarting, tearproof, harmless Maybelline is the easy way to acquire such lashes instantly. Try it yourself. You will be delighted with results. The New Maybelline, Black or Brown is 75c at all toilet goods counters.

The NEW
Non-Smarting
Tearproof

Purse Size for Trial, at all
10c stores or sent for dime and
coupon below.

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Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name.....
Street.....
Town..... State.....

News & Pictures of Forthcoming Films

(Continued from page 67)

Crooner—Warner Brothers: The rise and fall of a college crooner, who finds ultimate happiness in his old sweetheart and his old associations. David Manners is the crooner. There are also Ann Dvorak, Ken Murray, Alan Vincent, Guy Kibbee, Sheila Terry, and J. Carrol Naish. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. From a novel of the same name written by Rian James.



Merrily We Go To Hell—Paramount: Fredric March as the newspaper reporter, and Sylvia Sydney as the wife who loves him, are the young couple who go to hell merrily, but not happily. Adrienne Allen is the Other Woman, and in the cast are Skeets Gallagher, Kent Taylor, Cary Grant, and others. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.



Without Shame—M-G-M: Bayard Veiller's story of very modern youth, Helen Twelvetrees as the girl, Robert Young as the brother who kills her sweetheart, and Robert Owsley as one of the weak wooers. And with Jean Hersholt and Lewis Stone. Directed by Harry Beaumont. And with another courtroom scene, too, for good measure.



Speak Easily—M-G-M: Buster Keaton as an ex-college professor with a fortune, who picks up a cheap theatrical company, takes them to Broadway, and puts them over in a big way. With Jimmy Durante, Ruth Selwyn, and Hedda Hopper. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Oh, and Thelma Todd as the Broadway dazzler.





Hollywood Speaks—Columbia: Another movietown picture, with Pat O'Brien rescuing Genevieve Tobin from suicide. So he aids her to screen success, and gets himself accused of murder. But Genevieve rescues him by sacrificing her career—and everyone's happy. Directed by Eddie Buzzell.



Million Dollar Legs—Paramount: A great comedy cast supporting Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti—W. C. Fields, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin and Hank Mann. Directed by Edward Cline. And all about an out-of-work brush salesman in a mythical republic, who falls in love with the president's daughter. Many of the scenes are being made in the stadium used for the Olympic games.



Madame Racketeer—Paramount: Alison Skipworth, of the spoken stage, as the mother just released from the penitentiary, who entangles the troubled affairs of her husband, Richard Bennett, and her two daughters, Evalyn Knapp and Gertrude Messinger. By the authors of "Hell Divers." Should prove interesting.

...a slide, powerful mind and a six-feet-four-inch steel body, he dominated everything in his own world by sheer force of character.

Often since I have thought of old Sam Johnson's words about another fellow when word came of his death. "He was very kind to me," said the ponderous scholar. "If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him."

Oklahoma Red was very kind to me. When he died, I took his gun and his money and went on to Dallas, feeling that if I did not, the railroad detectives would.

I watched the moon slant across his handsome, life-scarred face as I left. I did not know then that the great desperado was not dead. He was born again in my subconscious. He was, years later, to electrify the elite of New York in the person of Charles Bickford. No less a person than George Jean Nathan was to say of him—"a powerful man." But let us leave Oklahoma Red along the railroad track

the dead Oklahoma Red's money in my pocket. The thunderous applause I did not hear.

George Jean Nathan touched my arm. We went to a little place in the Village, which sold milk, I think. And there sat Burns Mantle and Percy Hammond. They were not drinking milk.

The next morning, three red-headed rascals shook hands with destiny—Charles Bickford, James Cagney and Jim Tully.

THE play ran all winter. I bought a new suit.

Bickford and Cagney arrived in Hollywood. Adios to Jimmy Cagney and down the road with Bickford.

Cecil De Mille immediately engaged him for "Dynamite."

Not even the hocus-pocus of that film could hurt him. He went on as *Matt Burke* to "Anna Christie" with Greta Garbo.

(Please turn to page 106)

Some say IT'S LUCK! some say IT'S FATE!



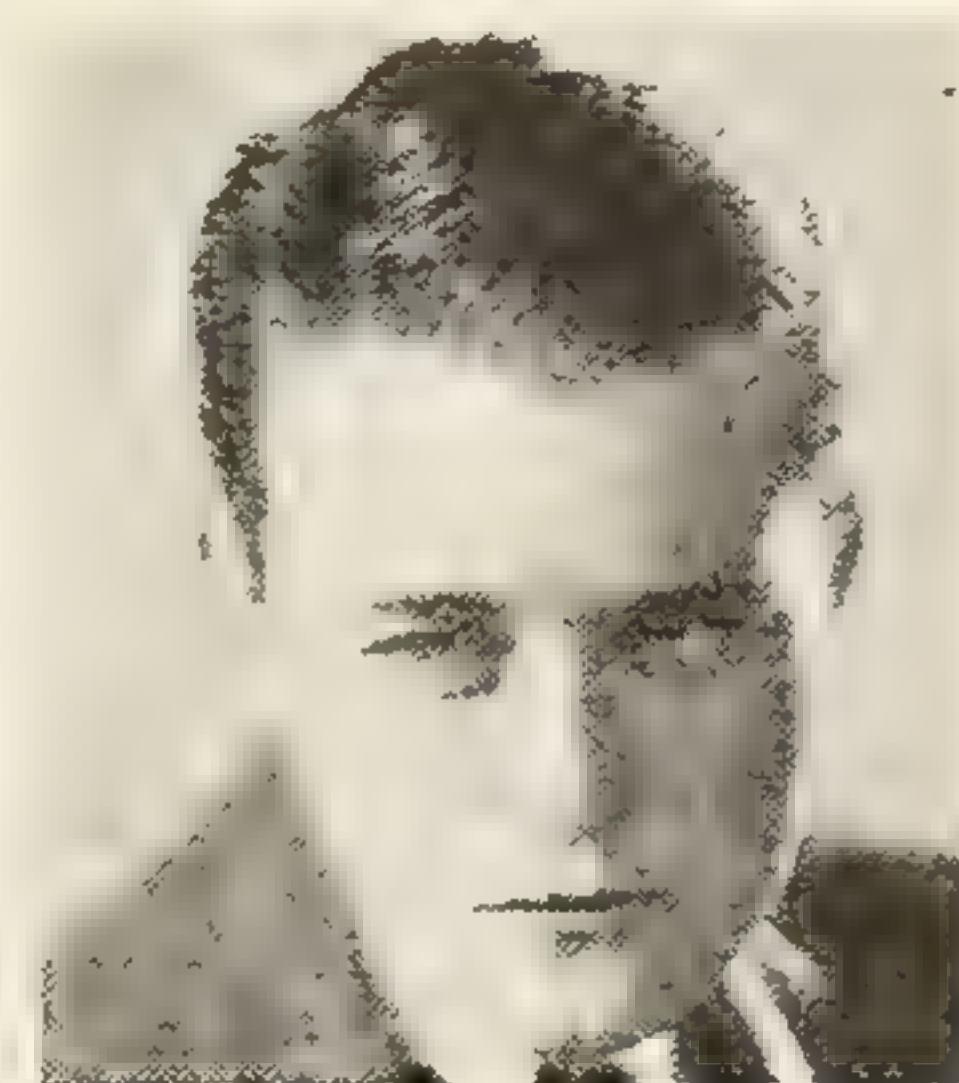
CONSTANCE BENNETT

LEW AYRES went to a tea dance, met a film manager who liked his looks and gave him his movie tryout. He says, "That was luck!"

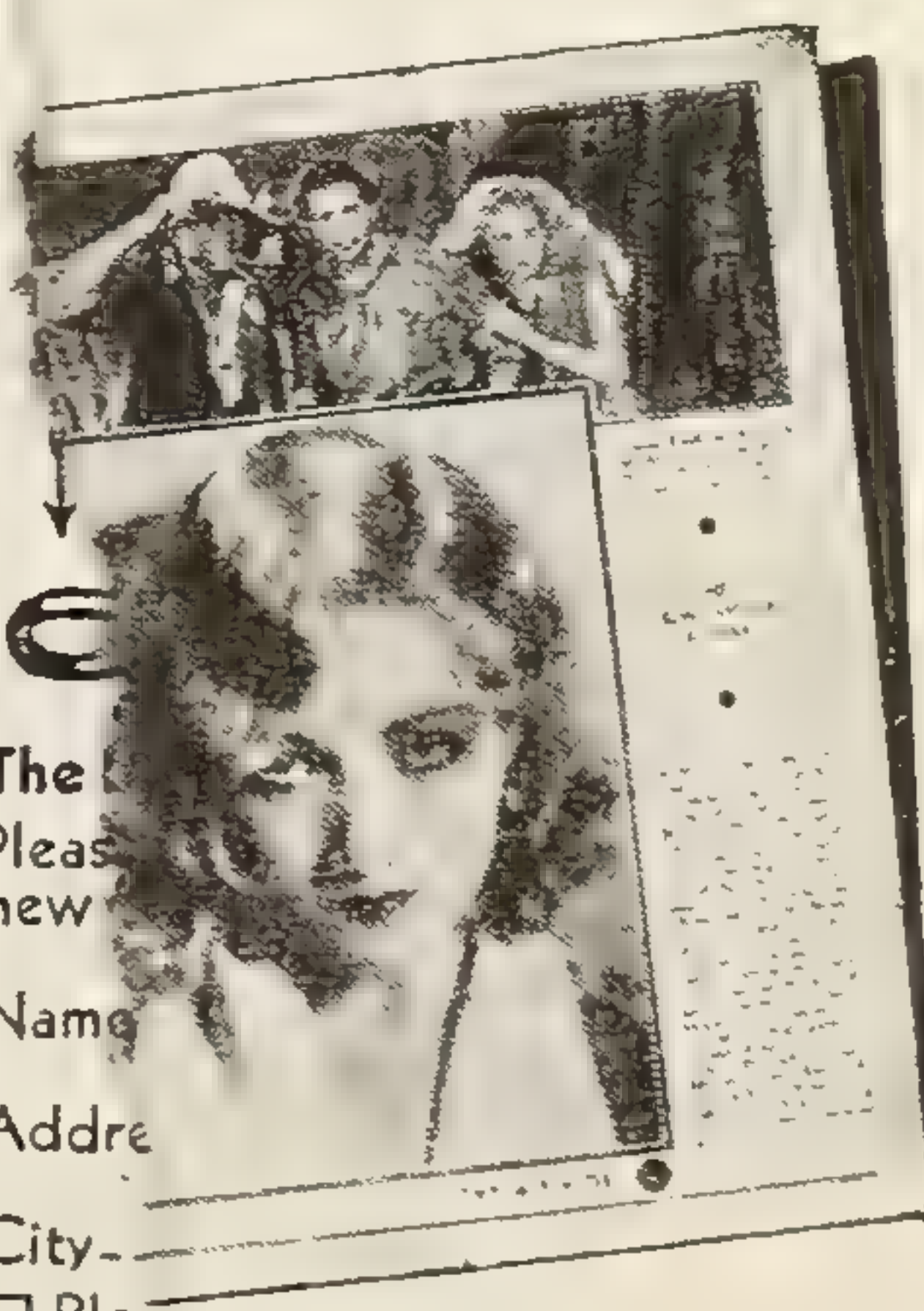
Constance Bennett started out to be domestic, despite her dramatic background, met a big producer at an Equity Ball who persuaded her into the movies. She says, "That was fate!"

Beautiful pictures of the stars, intimate stories of their rise to fame, their luck, their fate, call it what you will, the whole glamorous story is there in the "New Movie Album". You're

going to enjoy pending 10c plus postage for it.



LEW AYRES



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COWDER BOOKS, Inc.
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Her beauty is skin-deep

It's a kind of beauty that every woman envies . . . the beauty of a fresh complexion—the loveliness of a flawless skin.

And this is the first beauty-lesson . . . face-powder must be pure! It is impure powders that cause blemishes and roughness . . . but a pure, fine powder means *protection* for your skin.

That's the secret of Luxor powder. It's made in our own laboratories . . . of tested and retested ingredients. So it's the purest, safest product modern science can devise. It's mixed and sieved and sifted through layers of tight-stretched silk. So it's soft and fine, of artful blend and delicacy.

Don't cover up imperfections—cultivate the beauty that is skin-deep . . . that comes from a skin glowing with health *all the way through*. Use Luxor powder to protect its texture, to perfect its finish, to bring it subtle, natural radiance!

Luxor products are all expertly made and none are costly: The face-powder 50 cents a box, rouge 50 cents, lipstick 50 cents.



Luxor, Ltd.



LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st St.
Chicago, Illinois TG-G

I'd like to try Luxor. . . . Here's ten cents half-month's supply.

(Check)—Rachel, —Flesh, —White

Name _____

Address _____

08-8
the box
proof
Brown

Hollywood's Rebel

(Continued from page 35)

learning to admit him to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He remained one year and gained in that time a smattering of engineering knowledge.

He soon left Cambridge, and after wandering about the country, arrived in Butte, Montana, a powerful, red-headed, blue-eyed, belligerent young hobo.

HE gave evidence at this time that character, once formed, seldom changes. Sauntering along a side street in Butte, as hungry as if he were already an actor, he saw a young fellow in a blue uniform standing beside a sign upon which was painted a large battleship. Standing on the deck was an admiral and three common sailors chatting about democracy. Mr. Bickford was more pleased than a club-woman mistaking a Maxfield Parrish for a Whistler. He pointed to the sign and asked the young man if all he saw was true. The young man replied, "Yes, siree—that ain't the half of it." He talked earnestly to the red-headed hobo. Mr. Bickford confided to the young man that he would gladly chat with an admiral, if by joining the navy he would be sent to San Francisco to do so.

The young man agreed to arrange matters. The next consignment of future admiral-talkers would leave for the Pacific Coast in a week. The young hobo was given twenty-five cents each day to remain in Butte that long.

A week passed. The young hobo appeared, ready to go westward. He was told that the consignment was leaving for the Great Lakes Naval Training Station in Illinois instead. In spite of strong persuasion, Mr. Bickford stubbornly refused to go. At last the young man allowed him to remain in Butte ten more days, at the enormous sum of twenty-five cents a day. When the California consignment was ready, the young hobo, like Abou ben Adhem, led all the rest.

When he arrived in San Francisco, having joined the navy to see the world, he decided to view it through a port-hole. He became a stoker.

The months passed, heavy as the coal he shoveled. He became a stoker with

he were a bathroom floor. Bickford stayed the six rounds, in many different positions.

The battle ended, his pride was hurt more than other portions of his anatomy. As cocky then as now, he did not feel that a man in the world could defeat him. The man's name was—but I dare not tell. He was not a film producer.

The future actor walked down Market Street, with swollen eyes that had seen the world through so many port-holes. He watched the ships in the Bay and wondered what he would do now that his career of coal-shoveling and leather-pushing was forever behind him.

Night came on clouds of fog, and his heart became heavy. The lad with the bright blue eyes and teeth even as pearls in a row, who was ten years later to thrill the most blasé of New York ladies, now stood, of all places, at the entrance to a wine room. His shirt was open at the throat. His red hair was in long curls. He jingled the money of defeat in his pocket.

A young woman, carefree as himself, pushed him out of the door, saying, "What's you doing here, Beautiful Manhood?"

Before the chap who was later to dominate Garbo in a scene could answer, the girl asked, "Would you like to buy a lady a drink?"

Bickford seated himself at a round table with a push-button in the center.

The girl took her drink and ordered another before the waiter could leave the table. She looked closely at the future actor. "Didn't I see you fight last night?" she asked.

"You might have seen me," answered Bickford, "but you didn't see me fight." The girl smiled.

"Boy," she said, "if you had hit him with all them you missed, he'd be fallin' yet."

Soon another gentleman and lady joined them.

The gentleman looked at Charles Bickford.

"In the profession?" he asked.

"What profession?" asked Bickford, who was beginning to have doubts.

"The theater," the man answered, as he looked at Bickford's Roman nose,



Speak Easily — M-G-M: Buster Keaton as an ex-college professor with a fortune, who picks up a cheap theatrical company, takes them to Broadway, and puts them over in a big way. With Jimmy Durante, Ruth Selwyn, and Hedda Hopper. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Oh, and Thelma Todd as the Broadway dazzler.

Hollywood's Rebel

more ginger ale for the company.

BEFORE the place closed, Bickford had consented to become an actor, or, rather, to join the chorus of a musical comedy. That he could not sing made but little difference. Neither could the chorus.

His salary was forty dollars a week. Within a short time he said to himself in the mirror, "Where've you been all your life—shoveling coal and getting bounced around in the ring when there's an easy racket like this?"

Before the season closed he was getting seventy-five dollars a week. He stayed two years with this company. Happier days he was never to have.

And the girl who met him at the entrance to the wine room—we will call her Sally. She was one of those beautiful, happy-go-lucky people who keep the heart of the world from growing cold. We leave her for a moment.

The red-headed ex-hobo returned to Boston, more serious than when he had left it. He had found his life work. We will linger only long enough on the next ten years to say that they were full of hard work in different stock companies, which played in different cities in the East. Several times in Boston and New York Bickford became "a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week leading man."

That such an epic of a man should pass unnoticed on the American stage for ten years seems idle to believe. He went his dreary and dynamic way from one stock company to another, while in Hollywood another Irishman was paving a road upon which two red-headed ex-hoboes would step jauntily to shekels and glory.

I WAS at the time living with a taxi driver, far down on his luck. The author of one book, and still destitute, I had written another. Against the advice of a so-called shrewd publisher who wanted me to write about a Hollywood woman, I decided to stick to the memory of my bitter boyhood. The book was called "Beggars of Life." There was in it a magnificent yegg whom I had seen perish along a railroad in the South. Born for a mightier destiny, he was a blue-eyed, red-headed, hook-nosed Irishman who could have held his own with Jack Dempsey in a brawl. With a crude, powerful mind and a six-feet-four-inch steel body, he dominated everything in his own world by sheer force of character.

Often since I have thought of old Sam Johnson's words about another fellow when word came of his death. "He was very kind to me," said the ponderous scholar. "If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him."

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and hurry to another man, the subject of this story.

MY book was turned into a play called "Outside Looking In." I journeyed to New York in a suit from the highest shelf in a second-hand store. The characters from my turbulent past were being rehearsed at the Greenwich Village Theater.

Unannounced, I went into the theater. Strutting across the stage as if his body were rubber and steel, was an immense, blue-eyed actor who might have been the brother of Oklahoma Red. The likeness stabbed to the sentimental heart of me. Wise, through seven years of vagabondage, in the deep lore of the road, I knew at once that the man on the stage had been a hobo in many rough places.

Near him was another red-headed Irishman. I went up to both sorrel-tops and said, "My name's Jim Tully." "Mine's Charles Bickford," said the larger actor, putting out his hand.

"And mine's Jimmy Cagney," said the little wiry fellow, who was playing the part of me.

We chatted for a while, and all speaking the same language, we understood each other at once. That was about eight years ago. The stars of both have long since risen high. I find them both today, strident, belligerent, charming and gentle fellows. We are all three, I am very proud to say, still friends.

The play opened. A group of hoboes talked in the jungle. The atmosphere was tense.

Finally there walked upon the stage a yegg in a worn, well-fitting blue serge suit. The other vagabonds looked from one to another. A man was among them.

Before the play had finished, ladies of the intelligentsia, cold as Grant's Tomb on Christmas Eve, got a vicarious thrill out of the handsome ruffian billed as Oklahoma Red.

WITH my understanding friend, George Jean Nathan, I watched Charles Bickford impersonate my boyhood friend.

When the play ended, I sat in a daze. The most civilized of men was not at my side. I was back again to my hungry, wind-whipped days. I could hear the dead Oklahoma Red's money jingle in my pocket. The thunderous applause I did not hear.

George Jean Nathan touched my arm. We went to a little place in the Village, which sold milk, I think. And there sat Burns Mantle and Percy Hammond. They were not drinking milk.

The next morning, three red-headed rascals shook hands with destiny—Charles Bickford, James Cagney and Jim Tully.

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Bickford and Cagney arrived in Hollywood. Adios to Jimmy Cagney and down the road with Bickford.

Cecil De Mille immediately engaged him for "Dynamite."

Not even the hocus-pocus of that film could hurt him. He went on as Matt Burke to "Anna Christie" with Greta Garbo.

(Please turn to page 106)



blonde



CONCHITA MONTENEGRO
Popular Screen Star



EDWINA BOOTH
Lovely Screen Star

or

brunette

Seven out of eight debutantes know this

A WOMAN is as beautiful as her hair-dress. A single pin showing, mars even a perfect coiffure—be it long, bobbed or growing. That's why HOLD-BOBS are the invariable rule among well-groomed women.

HOLD-BOBS are invisible. The small, round heads cannot be seen. The smooth ends cannot scratch. One of the flexible legs is crimped to hold the most wayward strand in place. And HOLD-BOBS come in light or dark colors.



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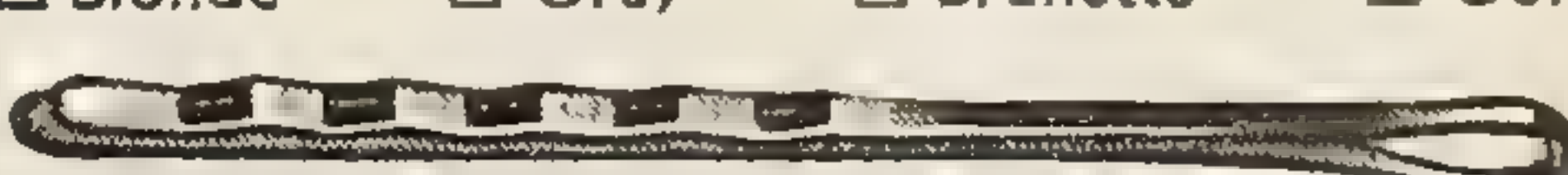
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Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and new "Modern Hair Culture" booklet.

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City..... State.....

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold



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Hollywood's Rebel

more ginger ale for the company.

BEFORE the place closed, Bickford had consented to become an actor, or, rather, to join the chorus of a musical comedy. That he could not sing made but little difference. Neither could the chorus.

His salary was forty dollars a week. Within a short time he said to himself in the mirror, "Where've you been all your life—shoveling coal and getting bounced around in the ring when there's an easy racket like this?"

Before the season closed he was getting seventy-five dollars a week. He stayed two years with this company. Happier days he was never to have.

And the girl who met him at the entrance to the wine room—we will call her Sally. She was one of those beautiful, happy-go-lucky people who keep the heart of the world from growing cold. We leave her for a moment.

The red-headed ex-hobo returned to Boston, more serious than when he had left it. He had found his life work. We will linger only long enough on the next ten years to say that they were full of hard work in different stock companies, which played in different cities in the East. Several times in Boston and New York Bickford became "a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week leading man."

That such an epic of a man should pass unnoticed on the American stage for ten years seems idle to believe. He went his dreary and dynamic way from one stock company to another, while in Hollywood another Irishman was paving a road upon which two red-headed ex-hoboes would step jauntily to shekels and glory.

I WAS at the time living with a taxi driver, far down on his luck. The author of one book, and still destitute, I had written another. Against the advice of a so-called shrewd publisher who wanted me to write about a Hollywood woman, I decided to stick to the memory of my bitter boyhood. The book was called "Beggars of Life." There was in it a magnificent yegg whom I had seen perish along a railroad in the South. Born for a mightier destiny, he was a blue-eyed, red-headed, hook-nosed Irishman who could have held his own with Jack Dempsey in a brawl. With a crude, powerful mind and a six-feet-four-inch steel body, he dominated everything in his own world by sheer force of character.

Often since I have thought of old Sam Johnson's words about another fellow when word came of his death. "He was very kind to me," said the ponderous scholar. "If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him."

Oklahoma Red was very kind to me. When he died, I took his gun and his money and went on to Dallas, feeling that if I did not, the railroad detectives would.

I watched the moon slant across his handsome, life-scarred face as I left. I did not know then that the great desperado was not dead. He was born again in my subconscious. He was, years later, to electrify the elite of New York in the person of Charles Bickford. No less a person than George Jean Nathan was to say of him—"a powerful man." But let us leave Oklahoma Red along the railroad track

and hurry to another man, the subject of this story.

MY book was turned into a play called "Outside Looking In." I journeyed to New York in a suit from the highest shelf in a second-hand store. The characters from my turbulent past were being rehearsed at the Greenwich Village Theater.

Unannounced, I went into the theater. Strutting across the stage as if his body were rubber and steel, was an immense, blue-eyed actor who might have been the brother of Oklahoma Red. The likeness stabbed to the sentimental heart of me. Wise, through seven years of vagabondage, in the deep lore of the road, I knew at once that the man on the stage had been a hobo in many rough places.

Near him was another red-headed Irishman. I went up to both sorrel-tops and said, "My name's Jim Tully." "Mine's Charles Bickford," said the larger actor, putting out his hand.

"And mine's Jimmy Cagney," said the little wiry fellow, who was playing the part of me.

We chatted for a while, and all speaking the same language, we understood each other at once. That was about eight years ago. The stars of both have long since risen high. I find them both today, strident, belligerent, charming and gentle fellows. We are all three, I am very proud to say, still friends.

The play opened. A group of hoboes talked in the jungle. The atmosphere was tense.

Finally there walked upon the stage a yegg in a worn, well-fitting blue serge suit. The other vagabonds looked from one to another. A man was among them.

Before the play had finished, ladies of the intelligentsia, cold as Grant's Tomb on Christmas Eve, got a vicarious thrill out of the handsome ruffian billed as Oklahoma Red.

WITH my understanding friend, George Jean Nathan, I watched Charles Bickford impersonate my boyhood friend.

When the play ended, I sat in a daze. The most civilized of men was not at my side. I was back again to my hungry, wind-whipped days. I could hear the dead Oklahoma Red's money jingle in my pocket. The thunderous applause I did not hear.

George Jean Nathan touched my arm. We went to a little place in the Village, which sold milk, I think. And there sat Burns Mantle and Percy Hammond. They were not drinking milk.

The next morning, three red-headed rascals shook hands with destiny—Charles Bickford, James Cagney and Jim Tully.

THE play ran all winter. I bought a new suit.

Bickford and Cagney arrived in Hollywood. Adios to Jimmy Cagney and down the road with Bickford.

Cecil De Mille immediately engaged him for "Dynamite."

Not even the hocus-pocus of that film could hurt him. He went on as Matt Burke to "Anna Christie" with Greta Garbo.

(Please turn to page 106)



blonde



CONCHITA MONTENEGRO
Popular Screen Star



EDWINA BOOTH
Lovely Screen Star

or
brunette
*Seven out of eight
debutantes know this*

A WOMAN is as beautiful as her hair-dress. A single pin showing, mars even a perfect coiffure—be it long, bobbed or growing. That's why HOLD-BOBS are the invariable rule among well-groomed women.

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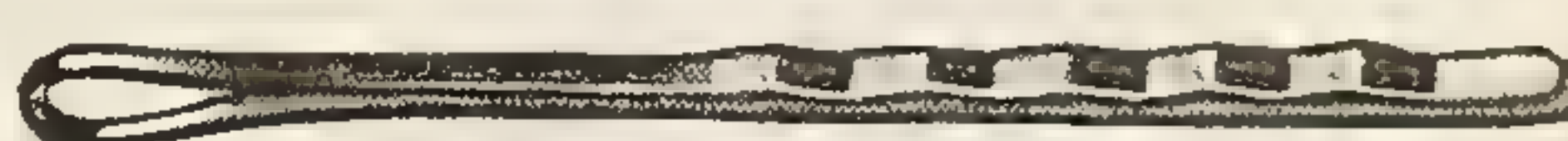
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TOWER BOOKS
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Hollywood's Rebel

(Continued from page 105)

Not even she could "steal" his thunder in this film. When it was completed, two other stories were ready for him. Bickford thought they were bad, and said as much.

The same lad who as a young hobo refused to go to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station when he wanted to go to California, now said to the producers, "Remember—I'm not going to be made a prop for Garbo." He refused to play the stories.

Not a sycophant, with plenty of courage and integrity, the grovelers at the gates of opportunity soon spread the legend that he was hard to get along with.

Bickford keeps his word. He expects others to do the same.

Recently he made a contract for "top billing"—his name at the top of the billboard. The company made thousands of "twenty-four sheets." Bickford's name was not at the top. He calmly said, "Gentlemen, if you release those bills I'll tie your picture in a thousand legal knots."

Bickford got his top billing.

On another occasion, a girl made her role in a film as important as Bickford's. At the ex-coal shoveler's suggestion, she received top billing with him.

A MAN who has made honesty and defiance pay in Hollywood, he receives five thousand dollars a week. His downfall is constantly predicted.

Like the eagle, he is above the petty storms. He owns oil stations, hog ranches and the most innocent blue eyes in the world.

His left hand knows not what his right hand does.

Going into a famous Hollywood restaurant, we were met by One-Eyed Connelly. A former hobo like ourselves, he became known as the greatest gate-crasher in America. But in these depressing times the gates are closed.

Bickford shook hands with him casually.

Hours later One-Eyed Connelly said to me: "He slipped me a five spot. He's our kind of people, Jim." The hand of Bickford had been too fast for me.

During the filming of "Thunder Below," the director made ready for an emotional scene between Charles Bickford and Tallulah Bankhead.

The imperious Tallulah walked before the camera. The director and his assistants looked about for Bickford.

Forgetful of all around him, he was chatting with a charming extra player.

His name called, he hurried before the camera.

I said nothing. Neither did Bickford, nor the charming woman.

She was the girl who had called him Beautiful Manhood so long ago in San Francisco.

Another episode in the Land of Make-Believe.

Would You Put Your Child in Pictures?

(Continued from page 49)

he'd be able to look over the book without stretching his neck, plopped his book down on my desk, and without any preliminaries started turning pages and giving his spiel. He talked without drawing a breath for ten minutes straight, informing me of parts he had played, directors for whom he had worked and press notices he had received. As he concluded his glib ballyhoo he folded his book, stepped down from the improvised footstool and started nonchalantly away. He paused only to add, 'Just let me know when I'm to begin working on your picture. . . . And remember—I don't work cheap.' And out he stalked!"

He didn't get the job.

DIRECTOR SANTELL told me he finds that the motion-picture child has an abnormal superiority complex. When only one child happens to be working on a picture, adult members of the company are inclined to make a fuss over him, tease him, indulge him, and in many other ways make him feel important. When there are several children on a picture there is a constant rivalry among them. They argue over their work, quote directors' praise of them. They don't even seem to play like normal children, but are constantly showing off—exhibiting their latest dance steps, speaking pieces, "registering" emotions. And when they get in

front of the camera they know all the tricks of a temperamental star. They even "hog" the camera every chance they get!

"But," conceded Santell in closing, "most of the movie children could be practically normal if it weren't for their parents."

I HEARD so much about parents that I decided to see one. Mrs. Wynonah Johnson has seven children, ranging from a few months to seventeen years, and all "on call." Dick Winslow and Cullen Johnson are probably the best known to the fans.

The Johnsons live in a small gray home in a rather drab district of Los Angeles, seven miles from Hollywood. If there are normal children in pictures, I'd say they are these youngsters. But theirs is an isolated case!

In the first place, children in large families are less inclined to be spoiled. They learn a give-and-take adjustment to their problems very early. No one child is apt to be allowed to feel superior.

In this family there is no maid. It is a tribute to Mrs. Johnson's management that each child helps care for the home. The children do the housework and get the meals and enjoy it. They study home-work and visit their friends in the neighborhood.

The oldest boy works in a drugstore,

Would You Put Your Child in Pictures?

ZASU PITTS SAYS:

Only direct necessity would cause me to allow my two children to go into the movies. I am not opposed to the movies as a career for them after they have grown up and completed their education, but I would want them to make the decision themselves. . . . My opinion is that children are happiest when they are with other children their own size and age. A child working in a studio has very little opportunity for the games and sports that appeal most to children. . . . Plunging the child into a world of make-believe is not, to my mind, the best influence for character formation. . . . I have no quarrel with parents who put their children into the movies. Perhaps the tots are possessed of such insistent and outstanding genius that it would be unfair to deprive either them or the public of its expression. . . . But, so long as I can, I will keep my two children in normal paths, going to school, playing the games of childhood, and building up character for adult life and a rational mind in a sound body.

and one of the others has a paper route "between pictures."

"Working in the talkies gives children a sense of responsibility," Mrs. Johnson said. "They become ambitious early in life and gain self-confidence. They learn to accept situations and people in a way that non-picture children do not because their scope is limited to their immediate family and the static group of school friends. I consider picture work a real preparation for life for my children."

Each of the Johnson youngsters has his own bank account. A strict total is kept of each one's earnings. This money is to be used for each one's education—just ordinary public school and colleges, nothing "fancy," explains their mother.

Yes . . . the Johnson kids seem normal. Of course they are tremendously interested in showing a visitor their scrapbooks and "stills," but then another child takes the same interest in displaying his dolls and A-B-C books. Their absorption in their work actually has an element of the impersonal in it. They take the same pride in their brothers' or sisters' stills as in their own, which is really amazing—in a motion-picture child!

"THE kids in Our Gang don't know they're working in pictures—it's all just a game to them," declared Robert McGowan, their director. "When a new kid is signed up, he's often inclined to be smarty. He feels important over having a contract. But he soon gets over it. If a child is too hard to manage, I 'fire' him—send him home for the day. That brings him around. I don't have any trouble with the kids—they're just nice, normal, healthy,

happy youngsters. But when we do find one that's spoiled and forward and affected, it's the mother's fault!"

And that is what their teacher, Mrs. Carter, thinks, too. If a spoiled child joins the movies he soon "has it taken out of him." A motion-picture child simply must be well-behaved. He must be obedient, courteous, prompt, and interested. In this respect, at least, working in pictures is actually beneficial.

Doting parents nearly spoiled Mitzi and Anita Louise, to cite a couple of the many representative cases. Mitzi's adoring father used even to carry her schoolbooks for her and get up to give her his more comfortable chair when she entered a room. Anita's mother waited on her lovely daughter hand and foot, even stooping to put on her shoes like a maid.

WEALTH is keeping little Robert Coogan from enjoying a normal childhood—even his famous brother Jackie says so! Jackie is quoted as having said: "Chicken'll never be any good as an actor. He's always had it too soft—maids and nurses and luxuries all his life." The Coogans live in one of Hollywood's swankiest apartment houses and pay rent that runs into four figures. Is such a childhood normal?

Perhaps little Mitzi would still be living at the Roosevelt Hotel had not her teacher wisely persuaded the Greens to move into a little bungalow with a generous yard. Mitzi, a stage product, came to Hollywood "full of notions." She was precocious, ritzy, affected. But working in pictures has completely changed her. . . . Pictures (Please turn to page 108)

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD SAYS:

Up to the present none of the children have shown any desire or inclination toward picture work. Peggy (Marjorie Elizabeth) occasionally tries her hand at story-writing. So far she hasn't called them screen plays or scenarios. . . . Harold and myself have discussed the situation many times and have decided that it is entirely up to the children to mould and map out their own careers. Should they choose the stage, screen, medical profession, teaching or what, they will be given every opportunity to enter it well equipped for success. . . . Should any, or all of them decide on pictures, I feel that Harold will be glad to aid them in every way to attain their goal. I'm sure I will be. . . . However, their careers will in no way be allowed to interfere with their education or physical development. . . . I don't want to sacrifice their youth. We plan a normal childhood for them. Then, when they are grown and educated, it is up to them to choose, and we will help them to make good.

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European or American Plan
French and German Cuisine

Would You Put Your Child in Pictures?

(Continued from page 107)

and her very normal boy-friend, Jackie Searle. . . .

"It's an endless fight to keep motion-picture children normal," admitted Rachel Smith, who, though a very attractive young person, has been teaching motion-picture children for ten years, the last seven at Paramount exclusively.

"But I find that the child who succeeds is the one who has really lovely qualities—the normal sweetness of average childhood. It is difficult to keep children normal in the picture industry. They hear themselves discussed constantly in the studio and at home by unwise parents; they attend theaters and hear the audiences' reaction to their antics; strangers point them out on the street and rush up for autographs; interviewers question them and make them feel that their opinions are of tremendous importance. They are constantly on parade. It takes an exceptionally wise mother to prevent a child's becoming abnormal in this industry. Probably the most nearly normal child is Jackie Searle—thanks to an extraordinarily sane and homey sort of mother."

Miss Smith constantly fights against abnormality among picture children. She considers it her sacred trust to help the children forget they are on exhibition. Because of her influence, certain youngsters who lived the private lives of goldfish now enjoy happy, average home lives.

WILLIAM BEAUDINE, the director, considers the agitation against children working in movies just so much nonsense.

"My four youngsters have all worked in pictures—and look at them!" I had to admit, after spending an afternoon romping on the beach with them, that they were unspoiled and natural. But there again is an isolated case. The Beaudines live like average small-town people instead of in the luxurious style they could command. A family of several children is less inclined to abnormality. And these children work for their own father. You see, this makes a mighty big difference! Beaudine tells me that his children regard the money they earn by acting in the same light that another child would look upon money earned from a paper route. Are motion-picture children normal? Decidedly yes! says William Beaudine.

But his pretty young wife, overhearing the discussion, cried, "No! They are far from normal! They show off every minute and have no idea how to get along with average children! It's almost always their mothers' fault." She doesn't consider her youngsters "motion-picture children" because if they work it's under their father's eye!

IT is especially significant that, though most of the stars could place their children in pictures, the majority guard them closely from all studio contacts. Harold Lloyd's and Gloria Swanson's children do not realize that their parents are famous, and have never been inside a motion-picture studio. "My children are not to be exploited!" is the cry of such stars as

Norma Shearer, Clive Brook, Nancy Carroll, Will Rogers, Victor McLaglen, Joan Bennett, and dozens of others. Why? Because they, who are so very close to the pulse of the industry, believe that childhood cannot be prostituted for the amusement of the world and yet remain normal!

I CARRIED my question to a dozen other sources—to the wardrobe mistresses and designers, the make-up specialists, the publicity writers, electricians who work on the sets, to shopkeepers who see the little darlings in their off-screen moments, even to neighbors of these tiny screen celebrities. *Are motion-picture children normal? Should they work in films?* Oh, the replies I received!

"Children who work in pictures are like animals in a zoo!"

"They are exploited for the comfort of their parents. . . . When the children grow up they will demand an accounting from their parents of every cent they have earned, and a world of bitterness will result." (This has happened several times in motion-picture history, you will recall!)

"It's cruel to make a child cry for the camera."

Little Mitzi is the only child in pictures who can cry easily—and like it! Once, during the filming of "Young Donovan's Kid" they made small Jackie Cooper cry by threatening to give him castor oil. When the scene was taken and he realized that it was a hoax, he piped up, "Now, how'll you get me to cry? That castor oil gag's all shot!" So precocious is Jackie that it has even been rumored that he is a midget, not a child of eight. However, he is a child. . . . A motion-picture child.

The language on the average motion-picture set is not always for little pitchers to overhear. There are stars and directors so talented that they can swear five minutes without repeating a word. They sometimes forget there are children near.

The working hours of a motion-picture child are often irregular and tedious. During the making of a certain epic production, many scenes of which were filmed after dark, a mother kept her two-year-old child awake throughout the long nights by slapping him. The little fellow's tired terror added realism to the picture; but was it right toward the child?

Another question arises: How will motion-picture work fit a child for earning its living when it grows up? The child knows nothing except acting, is not trained for another profession like other children. The actor's salary is exorbitant in comparison with that of the average working man. Can a child who has drawn \$100 to \$1,500 or more a week in a job which offers constant variety settle down to \$50 or \$75 in the routine job of an average worker? Even if, in childhood, he earns and saves enough to keep him in comfort the rest of his life, can he adjust himself to loafing in a world of busy people?

What chance has such a child? Can a motion-picture child ever really be normal?

Pet Oddities of the Stars

(Continued from page 62)

around that wild Irishman now. It's worth your life.

Robert Montgomery is almost as bad about whistling in his dressing room as Jimmy is.

And Bob makes sure of his idiosyncrazy by wetting his thumb and sticking it against a piece of scenery before going into a scene.

GRETA GARBO? Yes, this is one time when Greta falls in line. She believes that thirteen is her hoo-doo and she tries to avoid starting a picture on the thirteenth of the month.

Anything that has to do with peacocks can get a rise out of Ramon Novarro and Edwina Booth—except that with Ramon it's unfavorable and the opposite is true of Edwina. Ramon thinks that peacocks, even in decorations, are bad luck, while Edwina thinks so much of the bird that she likes to use the feathers decoratively.

What with the new hats all having little feathers tucked in the front, side or back, Edwina's idiosyncrazy strikes us as being particularly timely for her millinery.

If Jack Gilbert woke up in the middle of the night and so much as suspected that his shoes were in a right-to-left position under the bed, he'd get up and change them.

Jack still sticks to the old susceptibility for knocking on wood. But Marion Davies prefers the one that requires salt to be thrown over her shoulder. Marion is one of the most generous persons in Hollywood, and she makes numerous gifts, but no one can ever boast that she gave them a purse for a present. Marion thinks that pocketbooks are such bad-luck things to buy that she won't even buy one for herself. The ones she has have been presented to her by friends.

WE'VE known a lot of people who had a horror of throwing out scraps of bread—but Marie Dressler is the only sensible person we ever knew who had an aversion to throwing away scraps of meat. Marie cooks them into a stew on the back of her kitchen range.

Joe E. Brown's idiosyncrazy is the numeral Seven. Joe would stake his reputation on the number. Wasn't he the seventh child in his family? And doesn't that prove something or other in favor of the numeral?

When you sit down to write a letter, then decide that you can't write letters—it just isn't in you—think of Charles Butterworth and be consoled. Charles abhors letter writing. He thinks the world would be a better place if there weren't any letter writers. Then he stops, catches his tongue between his teeth and amends his statements by adding that fans are the only ones who should be permitted to send things through the mails. With the proviso,

of course, that they treat him gently.

Joan Blondell is James Cagney's idiosyncrazy. Now, there you go, getting us all wrong. We mean that James thinks Joan is just about the luckiest item that ever happened into a man's life, *careerly* speaking, of course. It wasn't until 1929 when he got his first big chance in a New York play, "Maggie the Magnificent," that Cagney ran across Joan. They played opposite each other and both scored heavily.

Later on Cagney found himself opposite Joan again in "Penny Arcade," playing on Broadway. Still later, when he was cast in the screen version which emerged as "Sinners' Holiday," Cagney found that Joan was his leading lady. So you can readily see why Joan is an idiosyncrazy—as well as a perfectly adorable little blonde.

BESIDES Joan, Cagney's other idiosyncrazy concerns early-morning telephone calls. Some people in Hollywood have a habit of seeing just how early they can get up to annoy a star. The first thing they do is rush to the telephone and call up, heedless of whether the star had to work late the night before or just sat up until ten P. M. twiddling his thumbs. It's people like that make Cagney crazy, without the idiosyn.

Believe it or not, but Doug Fairbanks, Junior's, idiosyncrazy deals with work. He says he doesn't particularly like to work—has no yearning to work in any way, shape or manner—and does so only from necessity. But when he does work, he works hard.

Another of his idiosyncrazies deals with grand opera; he says it's the most ridiculous form of art.

Ben Lyon's weaknesses include a liking for Ford cars, antiques and good books. But Ben is no highbrow, even in his idiosyncrazy about books. He'll read almost anything at hand and get a big kick out of it.

If you have a liking for polka dots, midgets, fortune tellers, lettuce, lime juice and flannel cakes, don't hide it because you think it's unique among idiosyncrazies. You're in the same class with Winnie Lightner.

Winnie believes everything fortune tellers tell her; that's why she stays out of airplanes since one warned her against going up in the air.

Not long ago Winnie gave a swimming party to a troupe of midgets playing in Hollywood—and spent most of the day rescuing them from deeper parts of the swimming pool.

If Winnie had her way she'd retire, get fat, and do nothing but loaf around all day listening to good music. But, since one of her main susceptibilities is for the movies, she'll probably never get a chance to retire and grow fat. Especially if she eats enough lettuce and lime juice.

PATTERNS FOR SUMMER NEEDLEWORK

To obtain circulars described on page 74, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all eight. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers beside the description.



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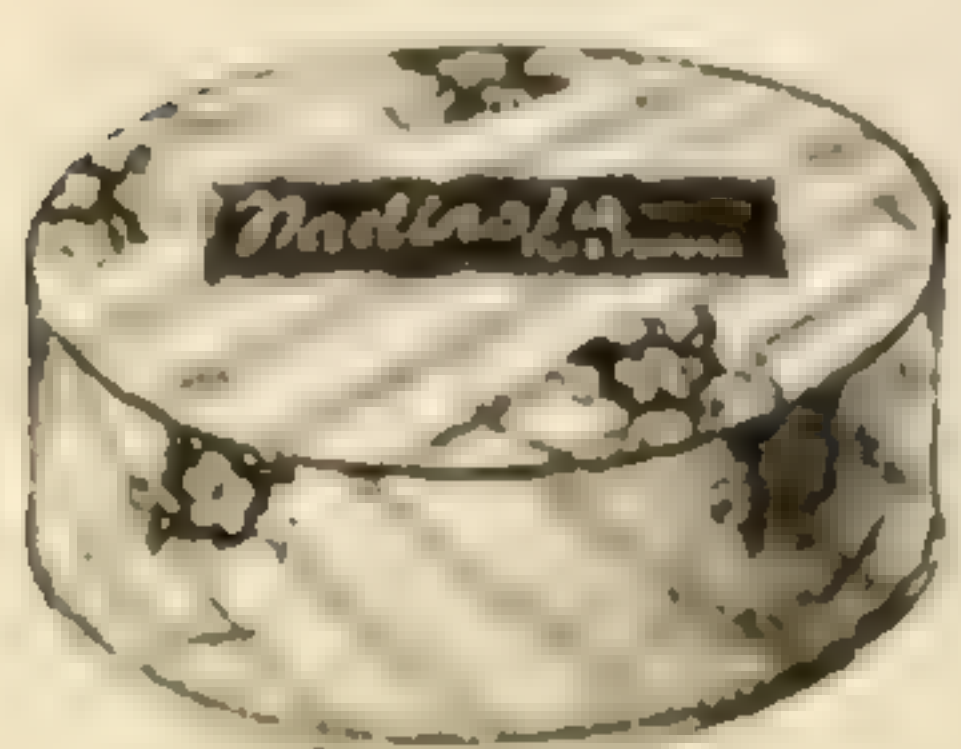
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BRILLIANT 10c PACK-
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FACE POWDER

All the extra richness and purity of costliest powders . . . so pure and fine it *actually* helps the skin . . . so smooth and fine it brings out *natural* loveliness without that chalky, powdery look. Try it today.

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Clear, Smooth,
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You can have an irresistible, velvety, smooth, ivory-white skin. Clear your complexion of blackheads, pimples, and ruinous, unnatural impurities, with Nadinola Bleaching Cream. It is the simple, quick and satisfying method.

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Get a big 50c jar of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at any cosmetic counter; begin using tonight, and tomorrow you will see a hint of the wonderful results to expect. Money back guarantee in every package.

If you can't buy Nadinola Bleaching Cream where you live, write National Toilet Co., Dept. T-5, Paris, Tenn., for the big economical dollar size. Send no money. Just pay postman on delivery.

HAY FEVER

Successfully Treated by New Method

The secret of reducing hay fever attacks, and in many instances preventing them altogether, has been discovered by a St. Louis physician.

The reason some people get hay fever, while others do not, is that the nasal membranes of hay fever victims are SENSITIVE to pollen. Therefore, he figured, why not build up a resistance to hay fever—make those membranes stronger—less sensitive?

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Thousands of people who formerly suffered the misery of hay fever, have already found Sinasiptec a genuine blessing. Actual letters on file from enthusiastic and grateful users, show this treatment to be a magnificent success. Right now is the time to start using Sinasiptec. Use in warm water in a nasal douche and bathe the nasal passages regularly. It will give your head a gloriously clear feeling. You will breathe with ease. Headaches and sinus "flare-ups" will become a rarity. And above all, you will be building up that nasal strength which staves off the agony of Hay Fever and Rose Cold.

All druggists supply a large bottle of SINASIPTEC at modest cost and guarantee satisfaction. Don't delay. Tear this out so you remember the name SINASIPTEC. Circular on request. © American Drug Corp., 2122 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

SINASIPTEC
(Pronounced "sina-sip-tek")



Paris vs Hollywood

(Continued from page 55)

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Paramount Player: "Decidedly yes, is my answer to the new Paris edict for the shorter bob. I have already had my hair shingled at the back so that the hairline the hairdressers are so rabid about shows distinctly. However, I have left the hair at the sides slightly longer so that it can be water-waved to dip over the cheek and then curl back, falling into line with the shingle. I may even go for the bangs Paris is so insistent about this season, that is if I can screw up enough nerve."

NORMA SHEARER: "The new short haircut is a boon to the average woman. It combines the two qualities which everyone desires, smartness and convenience. To me there is nothing more attractive than a sleek, well-groomed head. The short haircut, which outlines the shape of the head, is becoming to almost every feminine type with the exception, of course, of the very youthful, ingenuish girl to whom a fluffy, flyaway sort of hair dress is a part of her personality. The new haircut and the new small, close-fitting, but tip-tilted hats usher in a season of smartness in place of the careful carelessness of other vogues. You can't wear the chic hat of this season with loose ends of long bobs trailing against the clean-cut neckline necessary to the smartness of the hats. But, to the woman whose head and face contours don't suit the ultra-short haircut, there are ways of achieving the same close-cut effect. I know of none better than the coronet braid, which winds snugly close to the head and gives the same smooth, regular impression that is given by the short bob."

CAROLE LOMBARD says: "I want to cut my hair shorter if my next picture permits it. A motion picture player is rather limited as to the length of her hair. The long bob is ideal because it can be curled to appear short, and is long enough to secure extra pieces for long hair coiffures."

"The new Parisian style, however, is very chic, and I have already adopted the bangs. The shingled effect at the back showing the hairline is something I may never be able to attain."

SYLVIA SIDNEY: "Give me time. I have just bobbed my hair for the first time. It's a long bob, but it seems a great adventure to me. I am not ready for a shorter coiffure for a long, long time. The sketches of this new Parisian style are quite alluring, but I believe only a few women can wear them well. That sleek off-the-face-and-ears effect is not too flattering to the features . . . and the bangs are also rather trying."

ANN HARDING, who wears her soft, straight ash-blonde hair parted in the middle and drawn loosely over her ears into a knot at the nape of her neck, will never join the ranks of "boyish bobs." She has a good reason for this. She says:

"I prefer originality to imitating any style, whether it be in hairdress or hats. I think every woman should

wear her hair in the manner most becoming her. I should feel a stranger to myself if I cut my hair and wore ringlets."

GENEVIEVE TOBIN: "I'm crazy about the new coiffures. The more eccentric ones where shellac is used (of course, it's merely a preparation that makes the hair look that way and is not injurious in the least) are just fascinating. Wish I could play a role that would stand such a hairdress. It would be even more amusing than my 'Mitzi' bangs!"

"The woman who has a perfect natural hairline all the way around, however, is the only one who should take a chance on the very extreme coiffures. Fortunately, I've never had to do anything to my own. When my hair is short, and I prefer it that way, it is never clipped up the neck, so the new Parisian "hairline" merely offers me another opportunity to indulge my penchant for variety in coiffures. My record has been—a different hair arrangement for each different role. Naturally, I'm enthusiastic and hope to create a distinctive style along these lines that will be imitated—everywhere!"

DOLORES DEL RIO, who wears her lacquer-smooth, dark hair severely drawn from a center parting, exposing her ears, to a low knot on her neck, is another to turn down the latest fad from Paris. Here's what she says about it:

"I think one should study and emphasize one's type in the dressing of the hair. I have adopted the coiffure I feel best suited to my features and my personality and do not intend to change to the close-cut fashion, which Paris now declares is the height of fashion. I should not dream of changing from my distinctive coiffure to follow a passing fad. For myself, I like the dignity of long hair and the sleekness of straight hair."

JEAN HARLOW: "I don't think that I shall ever wear the very short haircut which is gaining so much popularity. It is not because I don't like it—I love to see it worn by women to whom it is becoming, but because it is not suited to the shape of my face, as is a fluffier, fuller haircut. It seems to me that women with larger features and rounder faces can wear this style of hairdress much more effectively than can girls with small features and faces."

ANITA PAGE says: "The average girl will look at the convenient, comfortable closeness of the new short hair-bobs with longing, but after many months of training and gaining the medium-length locks which have been so popular and becoming to almost all girls, she will hesitate a moment when it comes to using the scissors on her carefully acquired hair. I am facing that problem now, like thousands of other girls. With the coming of warm weather and the buying of the clever little hats on display in all the millinery stores, the short, close bob becomes steadily more and more attractive."

Hon. Ogre

(Continued from page 43)

called "Grandy Hotel." He fill that hotel so full of stars that it bulges. Count them, if you can. 1 Crawford, 1 Stone, 1 Garbo, 1 Beery & 2 Barrymores."

"Why they not got 2 Beerys?" I require.

"Something about 18th Amndnt," he suggest. "Maybe some day we can have light wine & Beery, then both Wally & Noah can appear on same program, full strength. But listen at me, Togo. Last night I incorporared myself as Famus Folks Flim Co., Inc. We must have the greatest play ever written, acted by the greatest actors that ever will be. What are the greatest play in all languages?"

"Abie's Irish Rose," I ollicute exactly.

"Then we must have one like that called something else."

"Mickie's Jewish Tulip," I suggest.

"Goshes, what thinkers we find in Japan!" he lapse. "That play are good as written." He start walking from places to places, saying to himself, "300,000\$, 600,000\$, 2,681,498.-001\$." This sound deliciously like Pres. Hoover inventing a new Natl Cash Register. "I can do!" he say so. "I are the Master Mind that control the Foxes, the Zuckors and nearly ¾ of the Warner Bros. And now what? Ha & ha-ha. I have a plan to shake the wood out of Hollywood."

"Excuse me when I loose my breath," I rampage.

"Togo, what I tell you now are strickly confidential. Do not tell a living sole, except the police, the Mayor of Los Angeles and the reporters. My first movement will be this. I shall fire everybody in Hollywood."

"No!"

"Yes!!!"

"Oh!!!"

(Please have your printer put a lot of punctuation on these adjectives.)

"AND after they are fired," he snaggle, "I shall hire back stars to make such a Hitt that the world will come to an end, or do something else."

"Goody," I chub. "Hon. Mr., what are a Star?"

"A Star are a actor (male & female) what can burst his contrack and get richer with every burst. Togo, the slogum of my Famus Folks Flims, Inc., will be 'Nothing But Genius Allowed.'"

Hon. Ogre get so excited he commence to holla like a Congressman. Now I know why the Xtras on the Lott call him "More Barrymore." That are because he can rore like a Lionel.

"Now!" he rore like enraged megaphone, "we must think up a plot for 'Mickie's Jewish Tulip.' Let us begin. We dishcover Miss Tulip Smith, a Jewish florist, starving on the streets of N. Y. This part will go to Miss Nancy Carroll."

"But Hon. Nancy are Irish," I collapse.

"I have no racial prejudish," he dib. "And there goes 100,000\$ for first rehearsal. But on with the story. On a wetish night in Janruary the Rev. Hiram Drinkwater, goody man of virtue, go into a Slumm. There he see Miss Tulip. O what a headache gets into his heart! He sing a song, 'Really

I Am Fond of Flowers.' This song will be played by N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Okestra, 99 pieces, all solo artists."

"But who will take part of Rev. Drinkwater?" I require.

"The Marx," he show down.

"But there are four Marx, by axual count," I say.

"THEY work so well together," he explain, "that most folks think they are one (1). At this junction in the story we will fetch in 2 newschil-dren to holla Huxtry with papers. They will be the two Jackies, Coogan & Cooper. Then we will have—"

"Hold up!" I snarrel. "You say you will have a Alstar Cast of 6 persons. Already you got 99 solo horn-blowers, 4 Marx, 2 Jackies & Miss Nancy Carroll—"

"Arithmetic are made for merely bookkeepers!" he grouch. "Do not interrump my genius when it is burning up. Now I shall tell you the Big Scenery in my flimdrummer. When Rev. Drinkwater prove unworthy of the hand, or even the foot, of beeoottiful Tulip, income Hon. Mickie O'Hooligan, playing a Spanish zither. 'Sure begob & begorra,' he say-so, 'hoot mon, ye're the sonsie lassie, Miss Tulip.' Then they love. Love conkers all, do it not? It do. Quick fad-out."

"Who will be this Hon. O'Hooligan in reel life?" I ask to know.

"Maurice Chevalier," he snuggle. "Would not Hon. Emil Jannings be more good for that part?"

"I have thought of him," he improve, "but he are not so axpensive to buy this week as Maurice Chevalier. Now, Togo, since we got our show ready, prattically, let us get together our Cast and start a rehussle. Kindly elope to talefone and ring up all those people I mention."

Well, Mr. Editor, I tell you. When I ring up those Stars they was doing nothing but coming right away. When I say 10 a.m. in the morning they couldn't bearly wait. Next morning they arrive so fastly you would think they got a date with Sax Appeel, or some other big shoot in Filmland. And waiting in parlor of the Ogre House were so many stars they look like this:

YES sir, there was such a quantity of Stars that it look like American Flag without any stripes.

Getting together an Alstar Cast seem so easy it appear deceptive. Was Hon. Marx Bros there? Oyes. In such numbers that I thought they must of had twins. And Hon. Maurice Chevalier? Yes. He say Excuse It because he were only ½ minute early. But azzfor Hon. Nancy Carroll, she get there before brekfast.

Then Hon. Ogre say, "Welcome, Famus Folks. Come into my Thinkery and we will commence." So they all intrude into there. Shut door. Silences for 2 days. I set outside, reminding myself that Art, when it are working, must not be bursted from the outside. Once Hon. Ogre, with some

KURLENE The Eyelash Grower



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Discovery Promotes
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GROWTH**

Long Lashes are all the rage



The sanitary tube. Jar is shown below



LASHES that are long and silky! Lashes that everybody admires! Marvelous German discovery, Kurlene, actually promotes growth of beautiful alluring lashes. No matter how short and stubby your lashes are now, give them the benefit of Kurlene. See them become brilliant, softer. Soon you may expect long lashes that any woman could be proud of—and all your own. Sanitary tubes, 50c. For economy, buy the dressing-table jar, \$1. At toilet counters.

KURLASH Curls Lashes Instantly



Do it yourself at any time. No heat, no cosmetics. Just insert lashes between the Kurlash bows and press. At once your lashes are curled. And look—your eyes appear so much brighter, larger, more alluring! Note the increased personality and charm! That's why Hollywood stars use Kurlash. Even short lashes appear long. Toilet counters everywhere, \$1.00.

Lashpac—Compact (brush and stick mascara).

Shadette—Intensifies eyes' natural color.

Lashtint—LIQUID FORM mascara, perfumed, water-proof, pliable.

Lashtint—CAKE FORM in attractive metal compact—sponge moistener, tiny brush and mirror.

Tweezette—Automatic painless tweezer. All \$1 ea.

Write now for free booklet, "Fascinating Eyes and How to Have Them." Beauty secrets told in pictures.

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet. The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited 955 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.



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Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. Send for sample.

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THANK YOU--

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 282, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Hon. Ogre

(Continued from page 111)

of his hair gone, poke out head and corrode, "Send for Allah Nazimova."

"I, I, sir," I salute.

"Nope! Come back! Send for Pola Negri instead."

"I, I, sir!"

So I fetch forth Hon Pola and chuck her through that door. 23½ hours later Hon. Ogre stick head gain.

"Send for a lawyer," he dabble. I commence going, but he holla, "Halt! Send for 6."

I fetch them, thank you, and lock them into that Thinking Studio.

Two more days passover. Sometime I awake up to bring in a milk can, or give the stimulation of soup to those Thinkers inside there. Once in a while they holla, "O glasswater!" feebly, so I fetch that with ice.

THEN pretty soon, after 4 or 5 days have collapsed, door bust open and out walk all Stars, down to Jackie Coogan & Mother. They look tired but weary. Because I must know what was, I go to Hon. Harpo Marx, that little chattering-box who always talk too much. "I are so sick of Marx," he dib, "that I cannot look at another without swallowing my hair. But this were a great Confrence for Art. This are the Picture of the Age."

He go somewhere to faint from ax-austion.

Then I uprun to Hon. Maurice Chavlier. With haunted eye-brows I ask, "Have you finished everything?"

"Prattically everything," he nob. "Axcept for a few details the Picture are completed."

He dishappear with wore-out expression like a man going to commit suicide or take a bath.

Then I encroach rudely to Hon. Pola Negri. "Pola-Pola," I narrate, "tell me this information. What were accomplished when the 6 best Cellars of Movieland was glued together for 5 days with the Mussolini of the Screen?"

"Everything," she retork. "Nothing remain now for anybody else to do."

SO they go their separated ways to find ham and eggs, sleep, haircuts, soap, babies, relidgeon, facial massages & all the things which make life so beautiful.

At lastly I find Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, walking very limp toward bedroom where Miss Caramel Sweet still studied painting.

"This long meeting of No. 1 Brains were a great triumph, not so?" I require.

"Since sound & motion have combined in the Pictorial Art," he scrape out, "there have been nothing like this. Nothing like it before or since. Ha! Now we have something New!!! The hardest part are over, fortunely. I can sleep for 6 months."

"You have been rehussing the picture in there all this long time?" I ask

very much requiring to know.

"Nope. Nothing so insignificant."

"You have been writing it then, maybe?"

"Huh. No time for such insignificance."

"Then what you been doing to turn your great brains inside out so completely and uttermost?"

"We have been signing contracks," he divludge.

I stand ghastr for that phenomenal. Then my mind got inflated with one enlarged Thought.

"Listen at me, Hon. Ogre," I negotiate. "Have you noticed something? Have you noticed that you have not gave your Wife some part in that Alstar Cast?"

"O goshes! O cats and dogs!" he holla, while snapping his thumbs till they broke. "What an undersight. I are always forgetting something. So glad you remind me of that. I must seek the bedroom of Hon. Wife (referring to Miss Caramel Sweet) and explain to her why I left her outside of my Famous Folks. She will understand, will she not?"

SO with fearless boots Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, Dictator of Hollywood, stomp upstairs. He encroach into Hon. Caramel Sweet bedroom and make door-bang. Not wishing to overhear what he say, I put ear to key-hole.

Following sounds come out:

"O sobb." Female sound. "O Geo., how did I marry such a species of fried ant?" Silence (female). "O glugg! What newspaper told you that Woman are a actress? Don't kiss me. Don't come withing 4 yds of me. How dares you insult me again in another way from usual?"

"But, dolling, precious lemon marang pie." Male sound. Then I hear noise of 88 lipsticks hitting a window amidst furniture, glasswear and female warcry of "O, what can poor, weekly woman do to defend herself from such horror?"

Then outrush Hon. Ogre with nearly all his shirt sacrificed and one (1) eye awfully mashed.

"Togo," he say so, "rapidly telephone newspapers that Hon. Geo. F. Ogre have changed his great mind into something else. Tell them I have gave up idea of Alstar Cast. Tell them that I are going back to ole fashioned One Star Play, persenting Miss Caramel Sweet in the perfectly heartbroken flimdrammer 'Poor Little Woman.' Do this at oncely or I shall ring your kneck."

"When you have sunshine in your home," I renig, "you do not need stars to heat you up."

I am feeling like cotton.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

WATCH FOR TOGO EACH MONTH

Everybody is enjoying the Hollywood adventures of Wallace Irwin's inimitable character, Togo. Mr. Irwin assures us that the adventures of Togo in the screen capital in the next few months are the most hilarious which the Japanese schoolboy has yet met, and he says it with a twinkle which promises much. Watch for the next Togo exploit in the September issue.

Box-Office Critics

Dorothy, You're Good

Wilmington, Delaware

Congratulations to Dorothy Mackaill. As Gilda in "Safe in Hell" she was simply wonderful. Dorothy has always played her sophisticated rôles with such understanding that you just had to like her. But along comes "Safe in Hell" and here she reveals herself as a real emotional actress of tremendous force, and I know she won lots of new fans through this picture. Although most magazines classed this picture as not being so good, I thought it was really wonderful. Of course, Dorothy's acting really made the picture. She is so real and natural, and she seems to actually live the character she portrays. She reminds me of a girl who would never high-hat any one.

She is my favorite actress, and has been ever since I can remember (I am 16), and I know she will always stand highest in my favor. I can hardly wait for her next picture to come to Wilmington, because I know I will see some really worth-while acting.

(Miss) Jerry Mason,
2412 West Street.

Tribute

San Diego, California

The play was "Amateur Daddy" with my favorite actor, but he did not act, just lived the part and took us all with him.

The tender bedtime scene, his personality, his voice, the little song, the sleepy child, will be for me a beautiful memory. I was young again and rocked and sang to sleep the "littlest one."

I am 79, and I just love Warner Baxter.

Mrs. A. M. Gurwell,
2952 Fir Street.

Tired of it All

Seattle, Washington

A little more sincerity scattered in the publicity stunts would benefit the players more than some of the press-agent stuff offered to us at present.

For instance, our family was (notice past tense) a staunch Garbo fan; now

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



we don't bother about her at all. Why? Just because we're weary of the eternal raving about her "big feet" and "woman of mystery" idea. If she's bashful and reticent and dumb why not let her alone? She'd probably elicit more sympathy then.

The same applies to Lew Ayres' sensitiveness; Joan Crawford's intense marriedness and failure to understand life (or is it herself?), Constance Bennett's sex-appeal, etc., etc.

Fran Melrose,
6220—37th N. W.

Cuckoo Comment

Lawndale, Philadelphia, Pa.

Why in the name of good movies don't they give Richard Arlen a break? To my mind he is 100% perfect. Can't

imagine why he isn't given a good part. He has looks, build, pleasant voice, and is so natural in any rôle.

Paramount must be cuckoo to let him slide. And there are plenty of others who feel the same way I do about him.

Anyway, no matter what happens to him, he'll always be my favorite.

Margaret Conrad,
828 E. Levick Street.



Miss Swallow Raves

Newport, Mon., England

Mr. New Movie, do me a favor. Give me just a little space in your great magazine to give a little praise to my favorite actor, Walter Byron. I think he's great, marvelous — aw! what's the good of raving? I just can't express my opinion properly. Well! Here's wishing him luck and a couple of boosts. And now I've got that off my chest. A thousand thanks to a swell magazine, and a hasty retreat for a crazy movie fan. Well, so long!

Betty M. Swallow,
14 Corporation Rd.

All Right, Let's

Oak Hill, W. Va.

Three cheers for Cecila Parker, the newcomer to the screen. Give her bigger and better pictures, and show the world what she can really do. Help her to climb the ladder of success quickly. Here's wishing her luck.

Marie Vest, Box 243.

From a Shut-in

Clinton, Oklahoma

Although I have been ill for the last two years and have not been able, personally, to attend a theater or see a picture, I believe I know the stars about as well (Please turn to page 114)



Hurrell

STOP the cause of
offensive **ODOR**
..save your clothes!



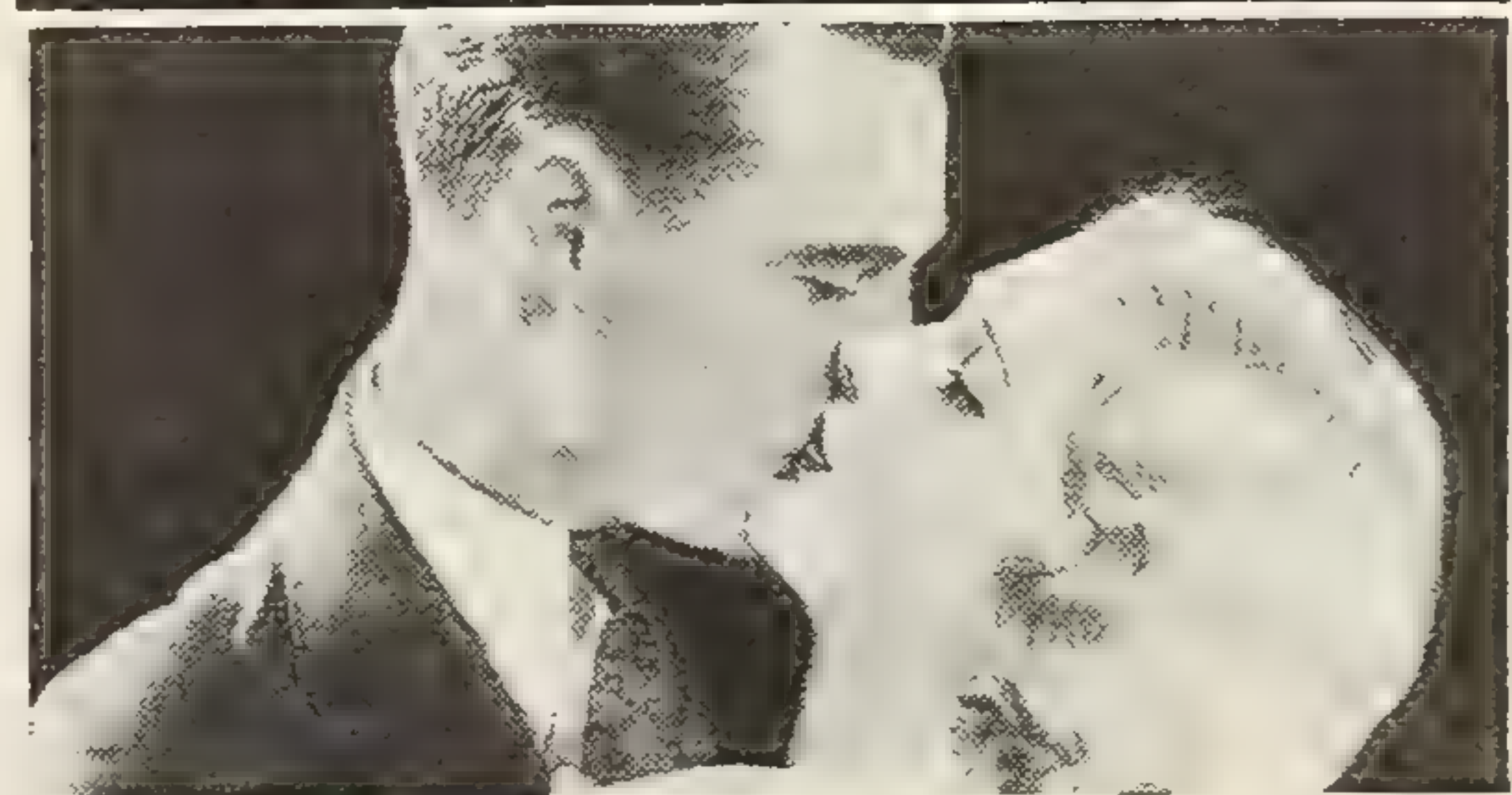
The needless perspiration of the shut-in underarm stains and ruins dresses—and causes offensive odor that spoils your charm.

Odorono is a doctor's prescription that harmlessly diverts underarm perspiration to areas where it escapes unnoticed. Odorono saves your clothes and prevents repulsive odors.

There are two kinds of Odorono. Odorono Regular is for use before retiring—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

Standard sizes, 35¢, 60¢, \$1—fitted with the original Odorono Sanitary Applicator.

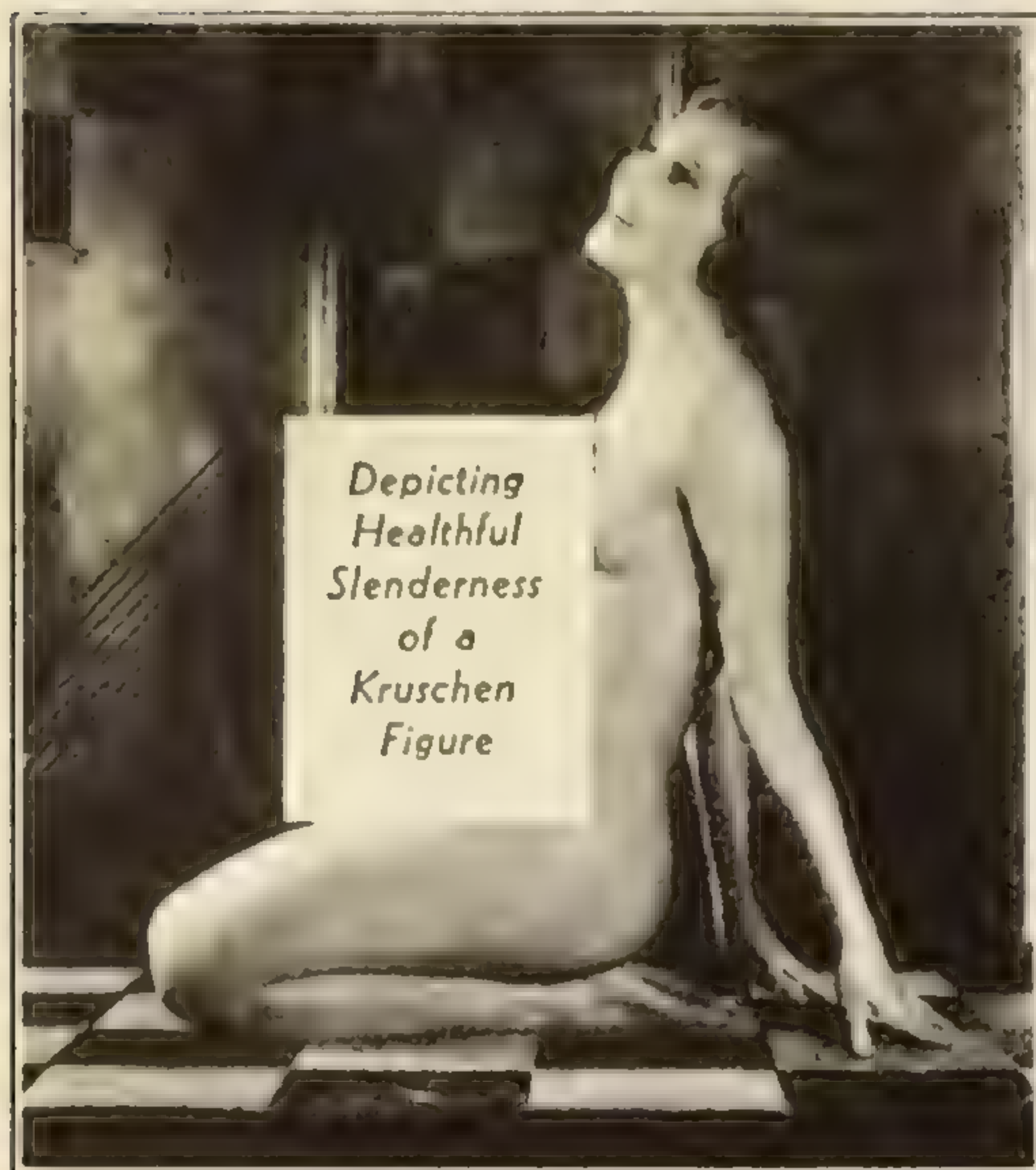
ODO • RO • NO



For Blondes only!

EVERY blonde takes secret delight in the strange power she has over men's emotions. That is why it is such a tragedy when lovely blonde hair is allowed to fade, darken or become streaky. BLONDEX, an amazing special shampoo, brings back a lustrous golden sheen to darkened blonde hair. Stringy, unmanageable hair becomes silky-soft and wavy, shimmering with thrilling golden lights. No dye. No harmful chemicals. Amazingly beneficial to both hair and scalp. Try it today, and see the wonderful new beauty it will give your hair in ten minutes! At all leading drug and department stores.

Sensible way to lose FAT



Fat women must take "the leavings" when it comes to choosing sweethearts and husbands. After all, you can't blame any man for preferring a winsome, slender girl!

Start to-day and get rid of ugly fat—the SAFE way—the HEALTHY way with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Kruschen is a splendid blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland and body organ to function properly and throw off poisons and waste accumulations.

Surplus fat gradually leaves until weight is restored to NORMAL. And what glorious good health you'll enjoy—more energy, too. Many women hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. J. Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa. reduced 43 lbs. in 3 months with Kruschen—she's overjoyed!

An 85c bottle (lasts 4 weeks) is sold by leading drugstores the world over.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Insist on **THE ORIGINAL-
COTTSCALK'S
METAL SPONGE**
in the Sanitary Cellophane Bag



Now twice the size for the same price. The biggest value ever offered. It cleans and scours everything with less effort and does not scratch—never a splinter to harm the hands. The choice of particular housekeepers. Get one today and be sure it's Gottschalk's.

"The Little Fellow That Does the Big Job"



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DEPILATORY CREAM
Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. All stores. Giant Tube 50c. Small 10c.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
Now Only One Dollar
Permanently Destroys Hair

Box-Office Critics

(Continued from page 113)

Phone Him Sometime

Hollywood, California

You can put me down as a "New Movie" fan—and this is how it happened. Your magazine passed me unnoticed until some months ago I saw a feature article by Jim Tully listed among the contributors. That caught me, and never have I read a more thrilling criticism (it was the article about Barbara Stanwyck)! It showed the motive powers behind her success—chipped off the Hollywood veneer and gave us a picture of a flesh-and-blood woman, rather than a "Movie star".

The next month I squandered another dime to read about William Powell—then Menjou—and so "New Movie" has become a habit with me.

This is to thank you for your fine discrimination in giving us articles by a writer who not only *knows* his subject, but *tells* what he knows!

Anne O'Neal,
1755 1/2 N. Ivar Ave.

And Other Places, Too

New York City

Sometimes, I wonder whether Hollywood is not another "Grand Hotel." People come, people go. A few years ago, there was Maurice Costello. Then Betty Blythe. Wally Reid. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Anna Q. Nilsson. John Gilbert. Who knows of the little tragedies that stalk the lives of the movie great? Who knows when some great star will be pushed aside to make room for a newcomer? People come, people go. Many things happen, but we, like the doctor in the film, do not know what they are. We know only the surface—the parties, the incidents on the lot, the marriages, divorces, births. . . . People come. . . . People go. . . .

Pearl A. Katzman,
555 West 173rd Street.

Service of Mankind

Wilson, N. C.

At last producers are giving the medical profession a break. The doctor is no longer depicted as a fussy old man in a wrinkled suit who peeps from behind his glasses and prescribes pink pills, but as he really is, a quick, efficient person, scientific to the nth degree, but human, too, with a heart as well as a brain. Barthelmess in "Alias the Doctor" and Colman in "Arrow-smith" were splendid representations of the modern M.D.

Through the medium of motion pictures, the public has been "behind the scenes" in the hospital of today. We've been permitted to see technicians busy in the laboratory, radiologists at work in the X-ray room, nurses in their crisp, white uniforms, radiating efficiency, and we've even been taken into the holy of holies, the shining, immaculate surgery, where we've watched surgeons perform difficult operations.

So I say, more power to you producers who have done so much to acquaint us with the doctors, nurses, technicians, and research workers, who are modern crusaders in the service of mankind.

Edna Walters,
300 N. Pine Street.

as others who do actually see them.

I can say freely it is only the movie magazines that make this possible for me. No one but a shut-in knows what a real pleasure it is to be able to keep up with your old favorites, and to learn also about the new stars, even though you can't always see them on the screen.

Joan Crawford is my favorite. I have watched her climb up from a hey-hey girl to the beautiful, poised woman of today.

Clark Gable is one of my newly-acquired favorites, although as yet I haven't seen him on the screen.

Elizabeth Miller,
State Sanatorium.

Where's John Wayne?

Ishpeming, Michigan

Hear ye!

When an actor or actress makes a hit in one big picture, why do they so often do the fade-away act or have their fame die a natural death through obscure pictures? I speak in the cause of one John Wayne, who played the dashing hero in "Big Trail." Please do something about it quick, for he's a jolly good fellow and we like him heaps.

Mayme Mattson,
517 Division Street.

Knives and Yells

Wilmington, Delaware

Three cheers and a tiger for "Tarzan!" The children were mad about it. Nickels and dimes have been hoarded for weeks to gain admittance to "Tarzan."

Every little boy for miles around is carrying a knife, and yelling like a Mohawk Indian. Almost every dog in the neighborhood has been a lion in disguise, and suffered terribly from the grip of little grimy hands at its throat. All the little girls have made plans to go to Africa, and find a man for themselves who can throw tigers, and play ring-around-a-rosie with elephants.

Johnny Weissmuller was made to order; not for a long time will mothers have to make their boys eat their spinach. A few more pictures like "Tarzan" and the children will give you a great big hand.

Virginia Gregory,
1805 Washington Street.

Waited For Years

Philadelphia, Pa.

Well, at last my wish has come true after all these years. What was my wish? Well, I'll tell you.

Back in 1925, I saw a picture called "The Shamrock Handicap." This picture had for its players Janet Gaynor and Leslie Fenton. The former has long been a star, but I always used to wonder what happened to the latter. I used to wish that the studios would recognize talent and pick him out. At last they did, and if you saw "The Hatchet Man" I am sure you will agree with me that Mr. Leslie Fenton deserves to be starred just the same as Gable and the rest.

Lillian Golen,
4028 Parkside Avenue.

Dreams

(Continued from page 68)

And even at eleven he knew he wanted to be an actor, would be an actor! Every night he dragged his weary boy's feet to the public library and pored over Shakespeare and Dumas and Dante. The neighborhood toughs teased him to recite dramatic speeches for them, so they could laugh at him. All day long as he worked he recited to himself. At the lumber mill they called him "that absent-minded kid."

Feeding a yellow pine beam into a whirring circular saw one day, he was saying over to himself one of Shylock's speeches from "The Merchant of Venice." Bright red blood spurted against the wall. Dreaming, he had fed his hand into the steel saw. There is not a finger on either of his hands that is not crushed and scarred. He went from job to job, still dreaming, and every factory left its cruel mark on him.

ONE connection with his adored theater he had. He met an old German who had played as a super with Mansfield and Irving and Mantell. The old fellow guzzled hard cider, when he could get it, and the quarter a week which was John's pocket-money went for cider so that he could sit and listen rapturously to the tales of the footlights. And then the shy little boy returned home to his own neighborhood, where he was a laughing-stock for blocks around. One year passed, then three, five, six, and still he drudged.

One day he committed an unpardonable sin. Unable to bear it any longer, instead of going to work in the morning he went to the library. All his life he had wanted to spend a whole day there, it seemed to him. All day, from nine in the morning until the place closed at night, he sat there, away from the din of the power looms, and read, read, read.

It was the only day of freedom he ever knew in all his childhood. The mill discharged him for it.

Suddenly, then, his mother died. Before he could quite realize what had happened, freedom was thrust into his hands. Now he had only to earn money for himself; and, for himself, all he cared about money was that it could help him get on to the stage.

He saved up enough to take a course at a school of dramatics, at which one of the teachers was Dr. Childs, professor of rhetoric at the University of Pennsylvania. "He's the finest man I've ever known," John still says. In the hardened, toughened little factory boy the professor's keen eye caught the spark. "He worked with me week after week, teaching me how to talk decently, teaching me not to be ashamed of my love of beautiful words, showing me how to study, urging me to go on." It must have been good teaching. It brought him, when he was about eighteen, a small part in a Philadelphia stock company.

Then New York—with no friends, no help, no promises, no money, no reputation, no prospects, only his knowledge that actors are born and that he was one of them. "But my biggest drawback was my shyness," he says. Small wonder when with the exception of two men, a drunken super and a kindly professor, all the world had so far done was stamp on him and laugh at him. In New York, not yet twenty,

he lived in a two-dollar room over a dingy saloon. At rare intervals he found a job for a night "carrying a spear." Day after day he made the rounds of the theatrical agents' offices, but there was no work for him.

He was hardly an impressive-looking candidate. He had one suit, and it was almost in rags. He was pale and thin, living on five cents a day. A bakery near the saloon sold stale cakes for five cents apiece. He had lived on stale, sweetish cake and water for two weeks when an agent said, "I've got a movie job for you. Fort Lee Ferry tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

This was 1912, and the old Biograph Company had started making pictures in New York. John had one nickel left. He flipped it to see whether he should buy stale cake that night, or ride to his job in the morning. The subway won, and he went to bed supperless, lying awake all night and rising so early that he could have walked to work after all.

AT the Fort Lee Ferry a motley gang had collected. Half the riffraff in the city, it seemed, was to serve as the mob for Biograph's war picture. While they waited, shivering in the wind, a row of shining limousines drew up, carrying the leading actors and the directorial staff. There was an hour of squinting up at the gray, clouded sky. Then the big cars, without so much as a look at the shivering mob, drove away. The light was bad. "Back here Monday morning," an assistant shouted from the last car.

That was Thursday. All Thursday, all Friday, all Saturday, all Sunday, John had no food. Monday morning finally came. He walked the nine miles to the Ferry. This time the light was all right. The mob were stuffed into the dirty, wrinkled Confederate uniforms provided by the costume department and taught how to charge across the "battlefield." The cameras started turning. John, trying to run, was too weak. He stumbled and fell. An assistant director jerked him to his feet and cursed him. "Too lazy to run, are you? Just for that, this time you beat it ahead of the others and jump up on that cannon and wave for them to come on."

Just as he got in front of the cannon it boomed. The concussion hurled him back against a tree, nearly breaking his back, and stunned him. In terror of being fired, he staggered on, clambered up on the hot metal and went through the bit of business. The scene was retaken six times. Time after time he stumbled, ran, leaped and waved. He had not eaten solid food in three weeks. He grew weaker and weaker, spots dancing before his eyes, cold sweat trickling down his face.

"Lunch!" some one shouted.

THE five hundred in the mob charged the lunch-wagon like a pack of snarling beasts. John, starved, was too weak to run. When he got to the wagon all the food was gone.

The light failed at five o'clock, and work was done. The theatrical agent was on the spot to take twenty-five cents of the \$2.25. John rode to his gloomy room on the car because he

(Please turn to page 116)

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Dreams

(Continued from page 115)

could not walk, and handed his landlord \$1.95, apologizing for the lack of a nickel.

"What's the matter, son?" the man asked. "You look sick."

"I'm all right."

"You're an honest kid. If you need the money, I can wait for the rent."

Not until then, his shell of shyness broken by the first piece of kindness he had encountered in months, did the boy break down and confess that he had not eaten, that if he paid the rent he did not know when he would eat again. "Five minutes later," he says, telling the story now, "the landlord had me in bed, and his wife was feeding me broth. It was just my shyness."

Shyness—and bravery, perhaps. He does not mention that.

Starvation could lick him no more than the mills could lick him. An actor he was born, and an actor he would be.

THAT incident could be multiplied by twenty, by forty even. The same sort of bitter struggle went on and on, endlessly. Some of us are lucky in that the breaks run against us only nine-tenths of the time; now and then we get a piece of luck. John never did. The struggle never let up.

It was *twelve years* before the critics hailed his work on the New York stage in the play, "Silence." Some of the things he endured in those twelve years John will not tell. They are too cruel, too bitter. But after "Silence" came "The Enemy," and after "The Enemy" came that masterpiece of the ten-twenty-thirty, "Broadway," and then came "Tin Pan Alley." A success at last as an actor, rather to his own surprise he also became a success as a playwright. He wrote "Nightstick," which on the screen became "Alibi," and played in it, opposite Claudette Colbert. He co-authored "The Sap from Syracuse."

Then Hollywood.

He does not quite fit into Hollywood. He is too shy, too modest, too reserved, although he tries his best to shake hands and slap backs and be "one of the boys." They still call him "that absent-minded guy Wray." He does not even dare to drive an automobile—for he is reciting lines, planning situations every minute of the day, and he would be sure to smash against a lamp-post.

He hardly ever goes to a party. He eats, breathes, thinks acting, acting, acting. Actors are born!

In the Hollywood Whirl

(Continued from page 75)

in the flesh and had begged her to show the star to her.

JEAN HARLOW and Chic Sale were discussing dogs, and Chic said that Colleen owned the most beautiful Great Dane in the world. Jean bridled at that. She said *she* owned the most beautiful Great Dane.

Jean looked like a doll in her beige flat crêpe afternoon dress with her pokish white hat. She isn't a bit tanned, but says she means to get that way with sun baths.

"But not my face," she said sensibly. "Which will be a good thing for other girls to remember."

Chic Sale is really a youthful looking man. But he said that his daughter, who is in school, had begged him, "Oh, daddy, please dress up and come to visit my school so that the girls won't think you are an old man!"

I found Fredric March and his lovely wife, Florence Eldridge, sipping tea and eating their sandwiches in a cozy corner of the sun-room, and I asked Miss Eldridge if she didn't mean to do something more on the stage.

"Oh, I like to appear in one play a year," she said, "so as to pay for Fred's Christmas present! I hate to charge it to him."

She confided that she and Fred had no children, but that if they did not have one during the next year they meant to adopt a little one.

Gary Cooper arrived alone. He said he was dying to go back game hunting in South Africa, but that it cost a lot of money.

Jack Pickford showed up at that moment, looking well despite his long illness.

Harold Lloyd and his wife Mildred

were among the guests. Mildred wore a white gown of soft material and a white maline picture hat, which was most becoming.

Billie Dove was looking perfectly lovely in a gown made of Bedford silk trimmed with two shades of fox fur—gray and tan—the fur edging the sleeves in the two-shade combination.

JETTA GOUDAL was there with Harold Grieve. Harold and Colleen are old friends, and there is a real affection among the three. Jetta looked stunning in a black and white gown.

Violet Heming came for a few minutes, and then flitted, and I'm sorry I haven't space to name all the other people who were guests.

OF course there must be a reason or an excuse or something for every party, and what could be a more interesting reason than to do honor to a man like Dr. Arnold Franck, who has ever so many gorgeous out-door pictures to his credit?

Anyhow, frivolous Hollywood decided it simply must meet him at Carl Laemmle's gorgeous home on the Laemmle estate in Beverly Hills.

We found that Dr. Franck couldn't speak English, so we decided that Tala Birell and Margaret Lindsey—the latter the newest Universal acquisition from the London stage—must be the guests of honor. We couldn't find Tala at the moment, though, so we concentrated on Miss Lindsey, who proved to be amusing—as well as amused—at her first Hollywood party.

Margaret wore a dark blue Bedford silk, with white vest, white shoes and white hat—very snappy.

In the Hollywood Whirl

June Clyde was one of the cutest girls there. She is so young looking that it is always something of a shock to find that she is married, but you forgive her when you meet her charming husband, the director, Thornton Freeland. She looked as if she had just stepped out of a Paris fashion-plate, dressed in a dark red flat crêpe, with white sports hat and white fox fur.

Paul Stein was among the guests. He has just come from London, where he directed Corinne Griffith in a picture called "Lily Christine," from a story by Michael Arlen.

Paul said he had had a wonderful time in St. Moritz, where he met Charlie Chaplin skiing every day with Marian Reeze, the Venetian girl to whom he was so devoted, and he said that Syd Chaplin usually was along, too.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were there, Lola cute in a rose-o'-the-morning sports suit.

Tala Birell looked sweet in a brown ensemble with coat and beret, and Lupita Tovar wore a black and white fancy sports suit, and white hat.

A NUMBER of the wealthy patrons of the arts are giving little teas and other pleasant affairs for the Hollywood film folk, these days. One of the very nicest affairs was that given the other day by Harry Holloway, millionaire sportsman and art patron of Beverly Hills. Marguerite Churchill was the guest of honor.

Miss Churchill was looking especially chic in a Paquin afternoon frock of pink crêpe and an Agnes hat made of pink rosebuds. Anita Louise was as lovely as a little flower, in two shades of beige ostrich cloth, with shoes also in two shades, and a little hat to match.

Vivienne Osborne wore a black Main-boucher model gown of flat crêpe material, adorned with black organdie roses, an Agnes hat and a silver fox fur. The dress was made with a cape and had especially graceful lines.

We told Anita Louise she should have brought her harp to play for us! She plays it beautifully, you know. I heard her one day at her apartment. We decided when she gets to heaven and plays a harp she won't look any prettier, as Jack Quartaro, who had gone with his sister Nina, over to the party with me, remarked.

Thelma Todd, who had been ill with a cold, arrived, looking lovely in a flowered chiffon afternoon dress with a large picture hat. Thelma always wears large hats, and they are most becoming.

Lila Lee and Dorothy Tree were talking about Tahiti, where Lila spent so many months, in the home of Gouverneur Morris and his wife, when she was recuperating from her long illness. Lila told us that she got so tanned that the native girls used to laugh in glee because she was darker than they were.

Lila said the world, since she is well, looks like a new world to her. She is looking awfully well—as plump as can be, and all sunburned. She said she had loved the desert, and felt a curious and powerful desire to return to it, even though she had often been lonely down there.

Jan Rubini, the famous violinist, and his lovely wife, the prima donna, Adele

Crane, of Australia, were among those present, and he played beautifully for us.

Our host, Mr. Holloway, seemed the youngest of us all, though he confesses to far over fifty. Jack Quartaro offered to teach him to dance the rumba. The result was quite the liveliest rumba we had ever seen.

Marguerite Churchill, Nina Quartaro and Estelle Taylor tried to learn the dance, too, and really were clever at it.

In fact, you will find everybody at parties nowadays, trying to learn the dance.

Juanita Hansen and Jackie Saunders, stars of a few years ago, were there. Juanita always wears long sleeves, to cover the burns she received on her arms in her bath at a hotel, from which, by the way, she recovered several thousand dollars damages. But her face is entirely unscarred, and is sweet and absolutely without a line. She has many picture offers, too.

Our gallant host had ordered orchid corsages for all the feminine guests. They arrived a little late, but we all congratulated ourselves that they would now serve for our evening dates. Only Irene Purcell was inconsolable because she had no date that evening, but she did hope the flowers would stay fresh in the refrigerator till the next day.

Marguerite Churchill and Nina Quartaro used to go to school together in the east. Marguerite asked Nina if she remembered a certain boy in school—Raymond Guyon? "Oh, my, yes," Nina answered.

"Well, I was told, when I went into 'Forgotten Commandments,'" Marguerite said, "that a certain Jean Raymond was to be my leading man. But when I saw him, who should it turn out to be but our old friend, Raymond Guyon! We simply fell on each other's necks, as everybody else in the cast was a stranger to us."

"TEAS are growing to be more and more the fashion in Hollywood, I see," remarked Ronald Colman.

We were chatting at Josephine Whittell's tea, in her pretty home which hangs like a beautiful bird's nest from a crag overlooking a green valley in Hollywood. The valley is green because it is a golf course—but why bring that up?

Josephine is from the New York stage, you know, and is in Hollywood for pictures.

Ronald is wearing a little mustache, but he says that, for pictures, he always shaves it to a fine line, as otherwise it looks rather walrusy on the screen. And then he assured me again that he wasn't engaged to anyone.

Clive Brook and his wife were among the guests, and Robert Warwick and his present wife, Stella Larrimore, sister of Francine. Robert had once been married to Josephine Whittell, by the way, but they are still friends—and even Warwick's present wife is Josephine's friend, too. Stella had been over all morning—she and Robert live next door—making the sandwiches and a particularly good little toasted cheese hors d'oeuvre for Josephine's party!

Grace LaRue and her husband, Hale Hamilton, were among the guests, and both Grace and Josephine sang some numbers.



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Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 56)

Minnie Goes Highbrow: Conductor Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony, who recently led a band of unemployed musicians in the streets of the City of Brotherly Love, is, as you've probably heard, intensely interested in all modern music—particularly its rhythms.

Small wonder then that Stokey is reported to have fallen for the appeal of "scat" music as exhibited by its originator Cab Calloway—and Cab's sister, Blanche. They say that whenever Blanche Calloway goes to Philly on the vaudeville circuit that Stokowski always goes to hear her. Who knows maybe Stokey's planning a "Minnie the Moocher" Symphony next.

Sleepy Time: On a broadcast during his recent tour Morton Downey fell asleep while Tony Wons was reading his nightly poem, but he says it was only because he was tired out from the train rides.

Downey and Kate Smith each made about \$300,000 last year. Now Mort has seen all the extremes from singing one song thirteen times for the Prince of Wales to sleeping on a park bench.

Pulitzer Prize: Back in 1925 a slim young man named W. Burke Miller of Louisville, Ky., got the Pulitzer Prize for journalism. He's probably the only man from Kentucky who ever did anything and wasn't brevetted a colonel. As a reporter for the Louisville *Courier-Journal* Miller wormed his way several times a day down the narrow shaft to the cave where Floyd Collins was imprisoned and later died. He combined a slight build—he stands about five feet four and couldn't weigh over 120 after an eight-course dinner—with amazing courage or he never could have pulled it off.

He is the same "Skeets" Miller who directs broadcasts of all important news events for NBC. Skeets doesn't like to talk about his daring feat, and we wouldn't be surprised if it was the glare of notoriety which surrounded the Kentucky cave tragedy that made him leave Louisville where he was a local hero. He came to radio not because he was a newspaper reporter but because he has a fine baritone voice. But the press department at NBC got him before the microphone had a chance. Result, he is still potential talent as a singer.

The American Opera: Russell Bennett, one of the whitest hopes of American serious music, is Paris bound to an opera. This year he did all the orchestrations for two smash hits on Broadway—"The Cat and the Fiddle" and "Face the Music."

At the Philharmonic Stadium Concerts last summer, one of his more profound works got a warm reception from the musical intelligentsia but left the public cold.

When Rudy Vallee was on vacation in California this winter, Russell directed four radio broadcasts for Rudy's client. The book for Mr. Bennett's opera, is being written by Robert A. Simon, music editor of the *New Yorker* and member of the radio department of the same large advertising agency which sponsored these programs. Last year Mr. Bennett won two

composition prizes in the \$25,000 RCA contest.

Baton for Blue Pencil: A great friend of Russell Bennett's is William Daly. Mr. Daly conducted the Philharmonic last year at the Stadium for the Bennett and George Gershwin selections. He and Mr. Bennett did all the orchestrations for Gershwin's great Broadway success, "Of Thee I Sing." On the radio Mr. Daly conducts the orchestra for Lawrence Tibbett's Monday Broadcasts. So far as we know, Daly is unique in two ways: He is the only Harvard man ever to conduct a symphonic jazz orchestra anywhere; and he is the only magazine editor who ever dropped a blue pencil and took up a baton. At the age of 24—nineteen years ago—Mr. Daly tossed up his job as managing editor of *Everybody's Magazine* after a fight with his advertising department. He knew he could get away from advertising entirely if he capitalized his musical ability.

So he got a job as a dollar-a-year man, or almost that, conducting musical comedy for Lee and Jake Shubert. Now as a radio maestro the tables are turned again and he's working for two big advertisers. He has an apartment on Fifth Avenue not far from Otto Kahn's, but just the same he never seems to be able to afford a hair-cut.

Strange Moments with Familiar Stars: Buddy Rogers says that he runs two laps around the Pennsylvania Hotel roof every morning . . . Vaughn de Leath missed three vaudeville appearances because she got off her horse before it stopped. . . . Smith (Pavilion Royale) Ballew won his first job to play at a hotel when only a boy in Palestine, Texas, by serenading the hotel owner's daughter. But the girl's father did not understand love, for he fired him within three days.

Let's Peek into the Studios: Look! There's Kate Smith—the girl in the corner with the horn-rimmed spectacles. It's a rare treat because Kate doesn't allow visitors in her studio. And there's little Nat Brusiloff in his shirt-sleeves, his violin under his arm. Now he lifts his bow to start the orchestra and Kate, from behind her mike, leads it with him until it's time for her to sing. . . .

There's lovely Jean Sargent with her hands on her hips, poised before the microphone as if she were facing a whole theater. The little girl is getting the thrill of her life. And why not? For there's Flo Ziegfeld on her right, beaming because he "found" her. And look, on her left! Genuine Ziegfeld Follies beauties. Take a good look while you've got the chance. Tomorrow they'll be married to millionaires.

Oh, and don't miss Harriet Lee, the beautiful blond girl with her hands half outstretched gesturing to the mike. See those red nails. They match her lips. . . .

But wait!—here's the funniest thing. Step in where Jack Denny is leading his band. See that portly gentleman waving his hands in front of Jack's conducting stand. *He's leading Denny.* But Jack isn't kicking. That man is the sponsor and he pays Jack's salary.

Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 18)

LETTERS FROM HIS DOG: Roscoe Ates made his first personal appearance without his dog recently. He said the biggest kick he received out of the trip was the two weekly letters he received from his dog. Roscoe has a servant who has been with him many years and it was he who wrote the letters to Roscoe, the dog signing them by dipping his foot in ink and stepping on the paper.

ANOTHER RAGE? Dick Powell seems to be another fem rage! He was an orchestra leader in Pittsburgh. His mail was heavy with his Pittsburgh fans before he ever started a picture. They declared in no uncertain terms how delighted they were that they were going to be able to see Dick on the screen.

Someone said he looks like Rudy Vallee should look! That means he is romantic and heavy on the sugar. He was originally slated to play the title role in "The Crooner," but David Manners won that role and for some reason Dick was given another.

FILM FUN: W. S. Van Dyke says there is one comfort in taking this trip to the farthest and coldest shores of Alaska. When he comes back they can't think up any worse places to send him!

Van, who has no spirit of adventure in his blood, no desire for travel in his soul, no itch in his feet to go anywhere, but only an overwhelming desire to live a tranquil life in California and shoot pictures on the MGM back lot, is the one who is sent to the far corners of the earth to shoot pictures in actual locales! Such is the irony of life in Hollywood!

Van is now well on his way to Alaska on an old whaler, several hundred tons overloaded. He is not kidding himself he has a cinch. His book "Horn-ing into Africa" is doing very well, and before he left he said: "Every-one screams at me, 'Aren't you just too thrilled? Think how many trophies you can bring back with you this time . . . and you can write another book about it all.' I always answer these morons with 'Oh, yeah? Maybe!'"

Van was disgruntled and not any too cheerful before he sailed. He said he didn't look forward to going into a clinch with an iceberg on the way up there until help arrived, nor did he thrill at the thought of having to hug a fire for a year to keep alive. (There are plenty of chances he and his party don't make it and Van knew it!)

KEYS TO CITY SOLD: When Estelle Taylor auctioned off the furnishings of the home she and Jack Dempsey formerly lived in on Los Feliz Boulevard, practically everything was gobbled up by exalted souvenir hunters.

One of them even bought the key to Culver City given Jack in other days.

With real estate moving so slowly, however, it was more difficult to find a buyer for the house, itself.

"It's terrible having a depression when times are so hard," said Estelle.

Jack Oakie tells one on Gary's trip to Africa:

"Gary was being feted by an African Chieftain. When the meat course happened around, Gary made conversation by asking, 'Is this gnu meat?' 'No, jabbered the host, but it's just as good as gnu.'"

DOG BUSINESS: Motion picture folk are beginning to take their dog breeding seriously.

At the last show of the Los Angeles Kennel Club at the Ambassador Hotel a number of them had entries.

Among them were Hardie Albright, Clara Bow, W. R. Burnett, John Considine, Danny Danker, Marion Davies, Hazel Faust, Charles Furthman, Frances Marion, Hal Roach, Florence Ryerson and Zeppo Marx.

So far as Hollywood is concerned, "the Mystery of the South Seas"—and the only one—is how did Tom Geraghty manage to stay down there so many months without getting sunburned.

"KONG" IN SECRET: Certain sections of the Radio lot these days are like a fortress to get into. "Kong" is to be a complete and total surprise to everyone except the cast, the director and crew, the writer and the producers! And the readers of Edgar Wallace's diary in New Movie.

No one can even approach the sets where they are working on threat of being expelled from the lot. It is to be a sort of "Lost World" affair with great beasts let loose amidst civilization in its most concentrated zones (cities) and in their natural jungle habitats.

Hollywood's jobless have a new racket. They deliver phoney C.O.D. packages to the stars homes when they know the boss is at work.

BILLY AS DECORATOR: Billy Haines had to pay more income tax on his interior decorating and antique store proceeds than he did on his motion picture salary.

Billy has a sixth inspirational sense when it comes to creating atmospheres, perfectly authentic and yet with a warm personal modern touch which no one else seems to equal.

He has just finished redecorating Joan and Doug Fairbanks' home in Early American period, with a perfectly irresistible atmosphere of charm which brings out the vibrant personalities of the two stars who live there!

He decorated Lilyan Tashman's and Edmund Lowe's beach house in a daring ultra modern red and white motif. Someone said: "Turn it inside out and stand it in front of any barber shop and the passer-by would walk right into the shop to have a haircut without thinking twice. . . ." But that was unkind.

He decorated Leila Hyams' beach house in Dutch colonial and gave it a quaint atmosphere so typically Dutch that when one is inside they are transported to Holland and expect to see a great picture-postcard windmill groaning in the wind outside any window!

(Please turn to page 120)



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Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night . . . or your money back! Gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that work. Perfected by 30 great specialists . . . absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast . . . you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream to-night. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

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"Every sunburn patient that we treat says practically the same thing—'It takes the fire and pain out the moment you put it on and heals the burned skin quickly.'"

No need to suffer from painful sunburn this summer. Spread Noxzema on promptly—it soothes—cools—ends pain instantly. And if applied before exposure, it prevents sunburn and allows the skin to take on an even, healthy tan. It's *greaseless* and cannot stain clothes. Get a jar *now* at any good drug or department store.

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TOWER MAGAZINES
INC.

55 Fifth Avenue New York

Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 119)

Richard Arlen continues to add to his collection of sleight-of-hand tricks. They now total fifteen.

Mrs. (Edward "Little Caesar") Robinson, on her recent return to Hollywood from a trip abroad, brought home a funny story concerning her conversation with Hannen Swaffer, London movie critic, who combines one of the sharpest tongues and wits that London has. He is a very much feared critic. One day, when the Robinson party was lunching at the Savoy, he was brought to their table and introduced. Eyeing Eddie critically, he leaned over and said, "You know, Mrs. Robinson, you Americans make us English feel very superior with your gangster pictures and underworld films. You know, we have nothing like that over here."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Robinson. "London seems to me to be full of places where they exhibit the block on which somebody was beheaded or the spot on which someone else was hanged or assassinated."

"Dear lady," said Swaffer, "all those are silent pictures."

That extortion plot against Joan Crawford, which studio officials minimized and District Attorney operatives fumbled, was more serious than you heard.

GARY'S CHIMPANZEE: Gary Cooper had quite a time trying to find a house and a street where they would permit him to bring his chimpanzee! He (the chimp) is a cute little fellow and of course Gary has had a house built in the backyard just for him, but most neighbors think distance lends enchantment to a chimpanzee.

"He's such a cute, friendly little fellow, I simply can't imagine people not wanting him around," says Gary.

But ladies living in the homes next door seemed to feel they wouldn't sleep a wink if they knew their neighbor was a chimpanzee. "That's just it! He might be a bit *too* friendly and climb into my bedroom window some night to chat awhile with me," said one young lady. "He is cute—but at a great distance," she said positively!

Alexander Kirkland has an aversion to jewelry of any kind . . . even his shirt studs are wooden.

AND THAT'S FAITH: And now the Fox Publicity Department tells us:

One of the most prominent and well-to-do screen actors in Hollywood reports daily at the studio carrying his lunch in a regulation tin dinner pail.

He is Warner Oland, and is one man in Hollywood who still has faith in his wife's cooking.

Speaking of a period in his career when his fortunes had reached a new low, Spencer Tracy says:

"My pants were so thin I could sit on a dime and tell whether it was heads or tails."

WE HOPE SO, TOO: Adrienne Allen, that new discovery from merry old England, may be seen in "Merrily We Go to Hell." The studio expects big things of her.

CHIC SALE COLLECTS: Chic Sale added another wig to his collection. He recently visited Death Valley Scotty. He was so intrigued by Scotty's crowning glory that he photographed it and turned the picture over to his wigmaker.

Spencer Tracy recently took a few days off work to run down and give the new Hoover Dam his official okay. His comment was: "What a swell place to fish!"

"CALL HER SAVAGE": Tiffany Thayer, who wrote "Thirteen Men" and "The Greek," is the author of Clara Bow's first starring vehicle on her return to the screen. It is "Call Her Savage" and production is due to start now.

WHAT'S HAPPENED?: Elsie Cort used to be leading woman for J. Warren Kerrigan fifteen years ago, when he was a star in thrillers. She is now head of the information desk at the Fox Studio. And Charlotte Wood who used to be leading lady for Bill Hart and others at the old Triangle Studio, is now in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity office.

The script called for an eight-year-old boy that stuttered to portray the son of Roscoe Ates. What a job the casting director had to find a boy whose tongue would go into a side-slip at the proper time—but he did!

BUSTER'S KIDS: Buster Keaton is father to two little Fixits. Joe and Bob, aged ten and nine, are warranted to put everything out of order that is movable, and to make more trouble than is ordinarily thought possible for even two small boys. One day Buster thought he would take the two varnish removers with him to the studio, with results that still send studio aides into frenzied howls of distress in retrospect.

Things started warming up within ten minutes of their arrival. The camera lens kept getting out of focus. The lights began to go on and off, like a haunted house. Eddie Sedgwick finally gave them a big build-up to go over and see Bill Haines work on another set. Off they went. Then the studio phone began ringing on their father's set. A weary voice said, "I wonder if Mr. Keaton would mind if we sent the boys over to watch Clark Gable. He's doing a very interesting scene."

Bells were ringing steadily from then on. Buster took it big, and remarked, after finally putting the two kids safely in an old tiger cage from "Tarzan" on the back lot, with ice cream cones to hold 'em, "Well, there's one thing sure, those two kids would never stay lost long."

Richard Wallace, the director, is a quiet, unobtrusive fellow with a quiet twinkle in his eye, who sel-

Hollywood Bandwagon

dom misses anything. He had completely fooled a visiting English actor at the Paramount lot, who thought Wallace was swallowing everything he was telling about how superbly and thoroughly everything is done in England. "In England, we have trains that go one hundred and fifty miles an hour, and motor cars that can do two hundred miles," said the actor, getting quite enthusiastic.

"That's nothing," said Wallace soberly. "In this country we have steam rollers that plow up the streets at two hundred and fifty miles an hour."

"Astonishing!" said the Englishman, dropping his monocle. "Isn't that dangerous? Mightn't somebody be knocked ovah?"

"Oh, no," said Wallace seeing he had his antagonist down. "We have a man running in front with a red flag."

WHEN A DOUBLE COUNTS: Tom Kilpatrick, the American toreador, is doing some scenes for Lew Ayres' new picture "Men Without Fear." After all, you wouldn't ask Lew to get in the same ring with a bad he-cow, would you?

LEO AS AUTHOR: Leo Carrillo has turned author. He's writing a book called "The Carnival of Papier Mache" . . . and it's about Hollywood!

Estelle Taylor has purchased a new home at the Malibu.

PARTNERS ALL: A number of those who went to the South Seas with Douglas Fairbanks are to participate in the profits of the picture. Among the partners are: William Farnum, Edward Sutherland and Tom Geraghty.

Sylvia Sidney won her first stage roles because of her ability to scream loudly.

SALLY AT TEA: We saw Sally Eilers at a tea party while she was in New York for her brief visit and Sally looked ravishing in a black tweed suit with black and white stock tie. Sally knew just what would show up her lovely complexion when she chose a black and white close-fitting hat, the white draping, of course, nearest her forehead.

LUPE DRESSED UP. And speaking of good looking Spring outfits, we encountered Lupe Velez at last in a street costume. Lupe's always being seen in gay evening gowns or pajamas or something that you just couldn't copy. But this day she had on a smart bluish-gray crêpe silk suit; one-piece frock with short jacket and the softest blue fox trimming at the elbow-length sleeves. Lupe was wearing long blue suede gloves with this costume.

SUES FOR HER BOOP: Helen Kane, who boop-boop-a-dooped her way into film fancy, is at it again. This time "Ellie" wants a quarter of a million dollars for her boop, because she says she originated it and it's worth a lot of money. Max Fleischer, who designed Mickey Mouse and Betty

Boop, is the defendant in Helen's suit to recover her boop, or Max must pay.

On a preview-critic's postcard the other day appeared the following criticism: "Tom Mix shifts around too much. I don't like the way he wears his Mexican hat. Tom should fight more!" And the postcard bore the signature of Tomasina Mix, his daughter. A man is without glammers to his own family.

IS BUDDY LONELY: Saw Buddy Rogers the other evening getting into a taxi all ALONE. With hundreds of pretty New York girls begging him for autographs and photos, Buddy looks like the loneliest boy in town. We've discovered him several times sauntering along Madison Avenue alone, gazing a bit wistfully into furniture shop windows.

BILLY LEEDS, whose millions and millions were made by those tin pie plates we all use, is beginning to be serious. Maybe Raquel Torres is the reason for he's been seen often at the Central Park Casino with Raquel. Anyway, Billy insists, after all these years of gathering reputation, that he is not a playboy.

James Cruze's daughter, Julie, has taken up baton waving. She has organized a band of fourteen pieces.

PEGGY A PRODUCER: Peggy Fears, the dynamic little Texas gal who first became a chorine with Ziegfeld, then went to Hollywood to marry the millionaire realtor, A. C. Blumenthal, has decided to become a motion picture producer.

PETITE Peggy, all wrapped up in a white flannel dressing gown, snuggled into a big chair at her Ambassador suite on Park Avenue and outlined her plan. First a play version on Broadway, then the play turned into a movie.

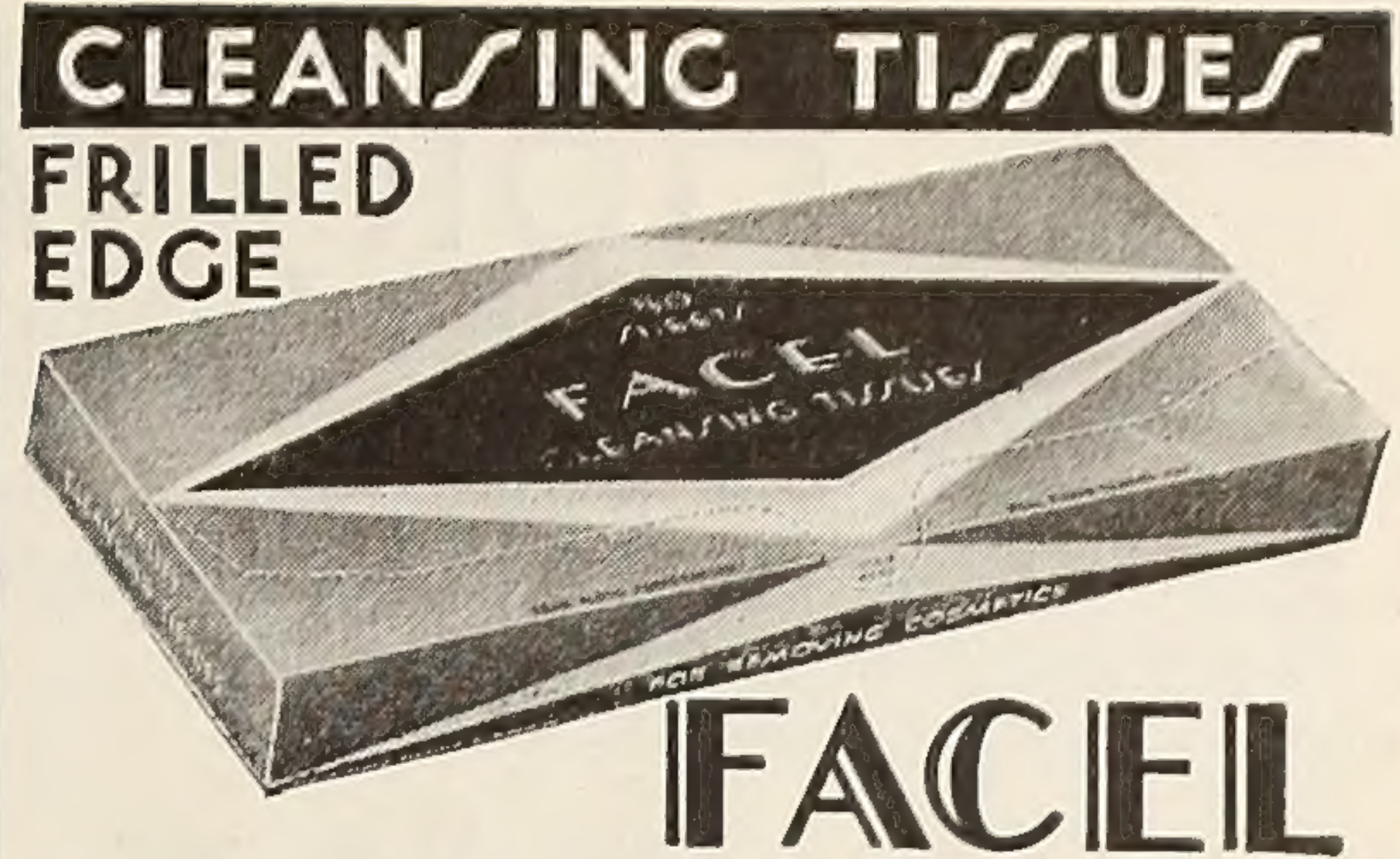
Her first production will be "Child of Manhattan" now running to a full theatre. Clara Bow is to be the star, but insists that Rex Bell play opposite her. So Peggy Fears had a part especially written into the play for Rex. . . . All this, if plans go through.

Wonder what Gilda Gray's shimmy will sound like in talking pictures. Well, we will soon have a chance to hear it in "Minnie the Moocher"—for certainly nobody would write a picture for Gilda without a shimmy!

JUNE AND JIMMY: When June Knight, playing in Ziegfeld's "Hot Cha," heard the news that Jimmy Dunn was going places in Hollywood with Maureen O'Sullivan, 3000 miles didn't mean a thing. June got Jimmy on the phone and later hung up with a smile. When wedding bells ring out for Jimmy, June says she won't be only a bridesmaid!

Oh, death where is thy sting! They are going to title Flaubert's immortal classic, "Madame Bovary"—"Indecent!"

(Please turn to page 122)



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Hollywood Bandwagon

(Continued from page 121)

Ask any producer "Why?—Why?—WHY!"—and he will invariably shrug and give the favorite producer's alibi, "Box Office!"

BILLIE DIZZY: Billie Dove was dizzy considering opportunities when she returned from her rest trip to Florida and New York.

She was approached for a Radio broadcast series! She was urged to go on personal appearance tours by several vaudeville circuits. She was coaxed to accept a European engagement. She was offered so many pictures by major studios that she grew weary reading scripts and trying to decide which one she wanted to do . . . and the marriage opportunities she was urged to consider—well, don't let's go into that!

"Really, I have more fun following my own love affairs in the papers," says Billie. "You see, they are always six jumps ahead of me! Yesterday it was Jack Dempsey, today it is George Rapf, tomorrow it may be Ben Turpin or the Prince of Wales. It's lots of fun to look through the papers to see whom you are 'getting serious over' each day!"

Billie is beautiful, bubbling, full of fun and ready for anything—but Billie at the present writing is not seriously in love with anyone. She says she loves her freedom and loads of good friends and fun—and marriage sort of spoils all that. She will not consider marriage until she is so much in love that everything else is overcast by that one person!

MEET THE VALLEES: Fay Webb, whom New York knows better as Mrs. Rudy Vallee, looks grand since her vacation back in California. We saw her recently with Rudy and the way they looked at each other across a rose-lighted table was enough to put an end, forever, to all rumors of separation.

O-O-O, LA, LA: Fifi D'Orsay has a new perfume which she mixes herself, and it is positively exotic. No, Fifi won't tell just what she puts together because "eet ees the French woman's seecreet, la, la!"

BUSINESS BEFORE BEER: Jimmy Walker tried to get Marlene Dietrich to come on to New York for his famous "Beer Parade" to lend it a touch of German elegance, but Marlene was too busy in Hollywood at the moment.

AND HAVE YOU HEARD? A well known Park Avenue (New York) reducing specialist has been in close touch with Clara Bow lately, and it's whispered Clara will never be bothered with overweight again. It worried her for a while.

LONELY SISTER: We see Rosetta Duncan going it alone in vaudeville and looking a little lonely for her sister when she's through with the day's work.

ROUND TRIP TO FAME: It took a roundtrip ticket to New York to give Dolores Rey her chance in pic-

tures. Dolores was born in Fresno, came to New York where she became an Earl Carroll show-girl. Discovered by Ziegfeld while she was dining at the Casino one evening, Dolores went to work for him. Now she's just signed with Columbia and is traveling back to Hollywood and movie fame. And they say Cinderella's story was a fable.

Cliff Edwards, at a Pierrette party, wanging two forks on the table like a ukulele, while some of Park Avenue's most decorous debts went into their Hawaiian stuff.

KIPLING WAS RIGHT: Speaking of Pierrette, where the movie stars rub elbows with smart New York society every Saturday night, reminds us that Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady seem to be one under the skin. It was a treat to see swanky society doing the Virginia reel—Peggy Joyce lifting her pink chiffon trimmings so that the heels of Vic McLaglen wouldn't catch in the finery.

PARIS TO A HAIR: Rosika Dolly, one of the famous dancing twins, and who, by the way, is Connie Talmadge's sister-in-law now, having married Irving Netcher, looks exactly like what most of us believe the beauty salons of Paris can turn out. Inky black hair, sun-tanned complexion, scarlet lips, flawless eyebrows. And of course, a slinky black gown and long earrings. She was the cynosure of all eyes when she and her new hubby walked into a party we were gracing.

Genius must have its way, we suppose, or that's what the waiters at Lindy's, Broadway gathering place, must think when they see Irving Berlin pull off the crusts from his rye bread and leave the soft center.

AS CUTE AS HER VOICE: Gracie Allen, of Burns and Allen (who do get into such silly arguments in their short reel comedies) looked as cute as her babyish voice sounded when she danced around the St. Regis' roof in New York the other evening. She was wearing a very tailored white satin evening gown. And, oh, yes, she was with her hubby, George Burns.

NOT REALLY, YOU KNOW: Remember George Metaxa, who played the heartless gigolo with Claudette Colbert in one of her pictures? We've discovered that George is quite the nicest kind of man at heart and is safely married to a little lady quite as charming as himself. George runs around New York with the movie crowd although he's playing in a Broadway show at present.

OLD SWEETHEART NOTE: When Leo Carrillo was in New York we happened to be eye witness to a little real life drama when a sweetheart of long ago couldn't resist the temptation to see Leo just once again. Leo stood positively transfixed at the sight of "Marion" and then they went into their reminiscences. The lady, it seems, is married now and the mother of several kiddies.

A CHICAGO CONTINENTAL: And so we learn that Baroness Fern Andra is engaged to marry Ian Keith. Fern is one of the most striking women in all Hollywood, decidedly continental in manner, yet she hails from Chicago. Won a beauty contest when fifteen and was given a trip to Europe as prize. She loved Germany and stayed to marry a Baron.

THE ORIGINAL TARZAN: While Johnny Weissmuller basks in the glory of the spotlight as the current "Tarzan," the original "Tarzan" lives in comparative obscurity not far from Broadway's bright lights. How many remember Elmo Lincoln? Yet he was just as great a sensation in his day as Johnny is now. Lincoln owns the Lincoln Studio in New Jersey, where the first "Tarzan" picture was filmed. He makes a comfortable income renting out the studio to independent producers.

A NOTHER BAD BREAK: Bad luck seems to pursue Charles Ray who, not so long ago, was the most popular actor on the screen. After several years devoted to voice culture and the difficult grind of playing in stock, Charlie thought he finally had a break when he was co-starred in a stage revue with Patsy Ruth Miller. But the revue never got to New York.

MR. GRIFFITH TANGOS: D. W. Griffith is making the most of his inactivity by stepping out to some of the Broadway late spots, often in the company of some charming girl, usually of the blonde, fragile type, somewhat reminiscent of Lillian Gish. D. W. delights in dancing and it is not beneath the dignity of the "old master" to execute the most complicated tango steps.

LILLIAN AND DOROTHY: Speaking of the airy, fairy Lillian, did you know that she is in the midst of writing her autobiography? And they do say that George Jean Nathan, whom she usually accompanies to first-nights, is helping her. If Lillian tells all, it should make mighty interesting reading, for she and her sister practically grew up with the industry. Dorothy Gish, who has been active on the New York stage for the past few years, seems to have far out-stepped Lillian as an actress. She is superb in light comedy, one critic (not G.J.N.) even going so far as to compare her to Lynn Fontanne, than which there is no greater praise.

NOT FOR HER: With practically all of the stage stars stampeding to the screen as the result of talkies, there is one who remains firmly entrenched in the theatre. Her name is Katharine Cornell, and she is reigning queen in her realm. It's difficult to imagine a screen "Barretts of Wimpole Street" without her, yet she has consistently turned down the most flattering offers. Too bad, although there is something grand about her stand in the matter. Wonder who will do "The Barretts"? Helen Hayes would be our choice for the role of Elizabeth Barrett-Browning.

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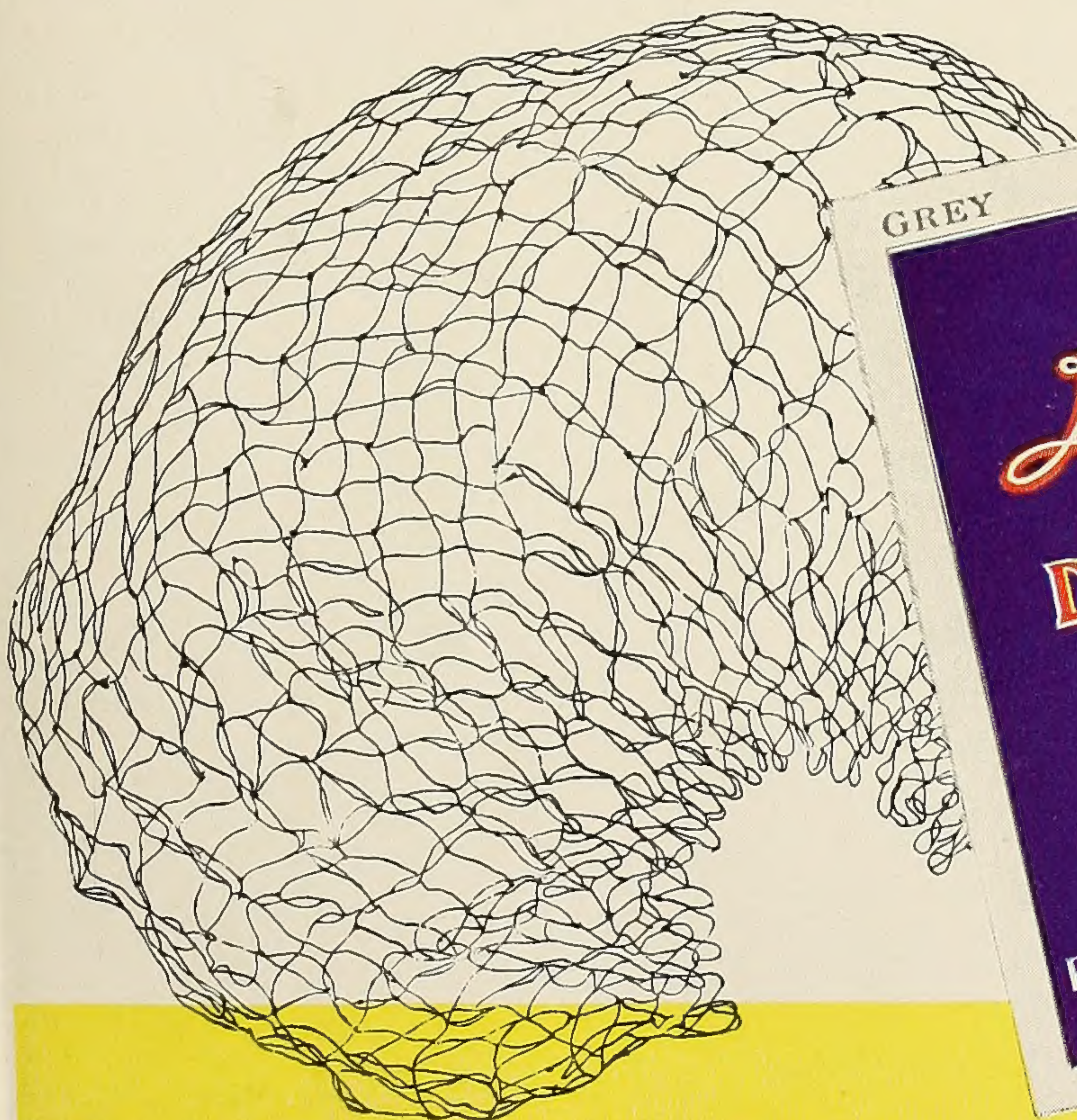
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